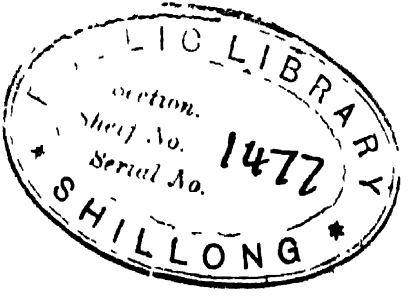


AN

ENGLISH GARNER

VOLUME I



AN

ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE

BY EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.

'Yea, history hath triumphed over time · which besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.' SIR W. RALEIGH, Hist. of the World.

'Airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers' J. MILTON, Areopagitica.

VOLUME I

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Contents of the First Volume.

PAGE

(?) *The late Expedition in Scotland, made by the King's Highness' army, under the conduct of the Right Honourable the Earl of* HERTFORD. (1544) ... 113

Sir P. SIDNEY. *Syr P. S. His* ASTROPHEL *and* STELLA. *Wherein the excellence of sweet Poesy is concluded.* (1581–1584)... 494

E. SPENSER, and others. *ASTROPHEL. A Pastoral Elegy upon the death of the most noble and valorous Knight, Sir* PHILIP SIDNEY. (1591) 249

(?) *The Great Frost. Cold doings in London, except it be at the Lottery. With News out of the Country.* (1608) 77

J. D. Esquire. *The Secrets of Angling: teaching, the choicest Tools, Baits, and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish in Pond or River.* (1613) ... 141

R. PEAKE. *Three to One. Being an English Spanish combat performed by a Western Gentleman of Tavistock in Devonshire, with an English quarterstaff against three Spaniards.* (1625) 621

(?) *A True Relation of a brave English Stratagem practised lately upon a sea town in Galicia, one of the Kingdoms of Spain.* (1626) 601

J. TAYLOR. *The Carriers' Cosmography: or a Brief Relation of the Inns, Ordinaries, Hostelries, and other Lodgings in and near London.* (1637) 223

(?) *England's Joy, or a Relation of the most remarkable Passages, from His Majesty's Arrival at Dover, to His entrance at Whitehall.* (1660) ... 25

N. N. *A Narrative of all the Proceedings in the Draining of the Great Level of Fens, extending into the Counties of Northampton, &c.* (1661) 313

(?) *A Relation of the Retaking of the Island of Sta Helena and three Dutch East India Ships.* (1673) 59

Capt. R. KNOX. *Nineteen Years' Captivity in the Kingdom of Conde Uda in the Highlands of Ceylon, between March* 1660 *and October* 1679. (1681) 321

Capt. R. BODENHAM. *Voyage to Scio in* 1551 *A.D.*... p. 33

Rev. J. BROME. *Curious names of a Jury, at Huntingdon in* 1619 *A.D.*... 32

L. BRYSKETT. *A Pastoral Eclogue* ... 273

J. CAMPION. *The English trade to Scio* 50

C. COTTON. *Winter* 215

Content. *Sonnets* after *ASTROPHEL* .. 595

S. DANIEL. *Poems and Sonnets* 580

Bp. J. EARLE. *Character of a Child* ... 653

Queen ELIZABETH. *Importune me no more* 11

Rev. J. FOX. *A false fearful Imagination of Fire at Oxford University* 101

G. GASCOIGNE. *GASCOIGNE's arraignment at BEAUTY's bar* 63

R. GREENE. *LAMILIA's Song*... 600

Rev. R. HAKLUYT. *The Antiquity of the trade with the Levant* 80

—— *The Voyage of the Dog to the Gulf of Mexico,* 1589 458

Sir W. HERBERT. *The Boat of Bale* ... 644

W. LAUSON. *Comments* on *The Secrets of Angling* 191

E. LEIGH. *Hints to Travellers* 446

T. LODGE. *SIREN pleasant! foe to reason* 14

—— *My bonny lass! thine eye* 456

Sir J. MENNIS or Rev. J. SMITH. *King OBERON's apparel* 17

—— *PHILLADA flouts me*... 310

J. MILTON. *Books* 83

Sir T. MORE. *A Letter to his wife ALICE* 297

A. M[UNDAY]. *Captivity of JOHN FOX of Woodbridge*... 202

T. NASH. *Somewhat to read for them that list* 497

Earl of OXFORD. *Sonnets* after *ASTROPHEL*... 599

—— *What cunning can express?* 57

M. ROYDON. *An Elegy* p. 280

Sir W. RALEIGH. *The recapture of the Island of Sark* 16

—— *Conclusion of his History* 654

—— *Conceipt begotten by the eyes* 44

—— *Could the Romans have resisted ALEXANDER?* 65

—— *Lord JOHN TALBOT compared to ÆMILIUS*... 83

—— *The Infancy and Age of Time*... ... 121

—— *The last refuges of the Devil to maintain his Kingdom* 199

—— *The Life of Man described*... 139

W. SHAKSPEARE. *Life of Man described* 138

Sir H. SIDNEY. *A very godly letter made unto PHILIP SIDNEY his son* 41

Sir P. SIDNEY. *Letter to his brother ROBERT* 305

T. STEVENS. *A Letter written from Goa* 130

Sir J. SUCKLING. *Why so pale and wan* 24

—— *Fourth version of CUPID's attack* . 651

The Privy Council. *A Brief note on the benefits of Fish Days* 299

THOMAS, Lord VAUX. *The assault of CUPID upon the fort* 74

T. WILSON. *Eloquence first given by GOD* 464

(?) *A praise of Mistress Ryce* 38

(?) *A wilful wife* 31

(?) *An Epitaph upon Sir PHILIP SIDNEY* 291

(?) *An excellent Sonnet, wherein the lover exclaimeth against DETRACTION* ... 460

(?) *BEAUTY's fort*... 128

(?) *Love Posies* 621

(?) *Ranks in the British Army about* 1630 463

(?) *Report to Lord BURLEIGH of the cost of deliverying wine in England* 46

(?) *The Bride's "Good Morrow"* 67

FIRST LINES OF POEMS AND STANZAS.

	PAGE
A day, a night, an hour	598
A gentle shepherd born	251
A grievous sigh	282
A King gave thee thy ...	292
A little board !	153
A sail ! a sail !	216
A shoe to bear	153
A sort of shepherds suing	257
A strife is grown	529
" A sweet attractive.....	284
" Above all others	286
Affection follows	44
Ah, bed ! the field where	552
Ah Lycon ! Lycon !	274
" Ah, no ! It is not dead	263
Ah, where were ye this..	256
Ah, wretched boy !	257
Alas ! have I not pain ...	510
Alas ! whence came this	546
Alcides' speckled poplar	281
Alike they bite	175
All these and many more	158
All these are good.....	174
All things are ready ..	49
All summer long aloft	176
All the world's	138
All winds are hurtful ...	184
All you that will hold ...	593
All you that love !..	596
" Although thy beauty..	286
And after him, full	264
And as a ship in safe ...	179
And as in Arden	173
And as it is the soldiers.	75
And as a skilful fowler..	168
And blust'ring BOREAS..	148
And do I see some cause	536
And even with the	75
And every one did	260
And farewell, merry.....	296
And female Courage ...	128
As good to write, as for .	523
And as it is now	461
And in the midst thereof	259
And I, that in thy time .	291
And in the stream.....	176
And let your garments..	155
And look where mantled	219
And many a nymph.....	253
And now we are arrived	189
And now beholding	161
And O my Muse !.....	565
And see the seas	217
As ships in ports	45
And speak of such	167
And since that I have ...	76
And that which was.....	282
And these have wider ...	172
And thou sweet Boyd ...	148
" And though this	64
And to entice them	162
And when I heard my...	40
And when you see	174
And when the floods ...	185
And while I followed ..	289
And with this bait	175
And yet some poets fain	45
" And you compassionate	283
As Lady, she	462
As then, no wind at all ..	280
" Astrophel ! " said she..	573
Astrophel with Stella ...	571
At Beauty's bar as I ...	63
At length I might.....	282
At length they did	641
Aye me ! to whom shall I	260
Back to the camp, by ...	293
Banisht the countries ...	218
Be your words made ...	549
Because I breathe not ..	530
Because I oft in dark ...	516
Before, I taught	164
Behold what hap	586
Behold some others	171
Besides, in hunting such	254
Besides, when shepherds	184
Better place no wit can.	562
Between themselves.....	159
" Break now your.....	262
But all for nought I do.	462
But at the last	163
But by the way it shall..	172
But ere I further go	170
But every fish loves not	175
But first his sister that...	261
But hark ! what merry...	596
But he for none of them	253
But here, O NEPTUNE ..	165
" But he them sees	263
But here my weary	163
But here experience.....	187
But how this Art	159
But if the weather	185
But if you let your	595
" But live thou there ...	264
But murder's private ...	566
But now that hope is ...	564
But now again see	169
But, O fool ! think of ...	560
But out alas ! in vain I..	461
But stay now I discern..	597
But take good heed	173
" But that immortal.....	263
But the wrongs love.....	579
But then your line.....	176
But time will these	579
But valiant rebels oft in	567
But when their tongues .	572
But when in time	162
But when the golden ...	177
But where friends fail us	221
But your reasons	570
Carp, eel and tench	286
Colin ! well fits thy sad .	273
Come Death ! the anchor	591
Come forth ye nymphs !	265
Come, let me write	520
Come Sleep ! O Sleep ! ..	522
Conceipt begotten	44
Cupid ! because thou ...	509
Cupid which doth.....	599
Dear ! why make you ...	532
" Death ! the devourer..	262
Desire ! though thou my	539
Dian, that fain would ...	551
Desire himself runs out.	44
" Did never love	287
Doth sorrow of thy ...	598
Doubt you to whom my	558
Doubt you to whom my.	559
Doubt there hath been ..	532
Down fell I then upon...	64
Drawn was thy race.....	292
Eftsoons, all heedless of	255
England doth hold thy ..	293
Envious wits ! what	555
Faction that ever dwells	599
Fair Cynthia's silver ...	58
Fair eyes ! sweet lips ! ...	524
Farewell to you ! my ...	296
Feigned acceptance	14
Feigned acceptance	14
First, when the sun	148
Fie ! school of Patience.	532
First, if the weather.....	185
Fly ! fly ! the foe	220
Fly ! fly ! my friends ...	523
For as the seeds in	44
For beauty beautifies ..	568
For fancy's flames of ...	436
For from the time that...	252
For he could pipe, and ..	252
For long before	260
For Nature, that hath...	280
For since he learned to.	620
Forthwith the stones ...	161
For this you must.....	274
For there are times	278
Fortune swears	599
For what avails to brook	279
From first appearing ...	288
From whence, each	87
Full many maidens	253
Go my flock ! go get ...	574
Good-will, the Master...	75

	PAGE
Good brother Philip ! ...	544
Go, wailing verse ! the ..	580
"Grant ! O grant ! but ..	572
"Grant ! O Dear ! on ...	572
Great gifts and wisdom .	492
Grief ! find the words !...	550
Haply, the cinders	289
Happy in sleep ; waking	590
Hark all you ladies that	595
Hard-hearted minds.....	294
Hark ! how the routed ..	215
Hark ! hark ! the noise .	217
Hark ! hark ! their voices	218
Hark ! how the	219
Hark ! Hark ! I hear ..	215
Have tools good store ...	154
Have twist likewise	154
Have I caught my	560
Having this day, ...	523
Hear then ! but then ...	570
Heartsease and only I...	296
He only like himself	295
He was (woe worth that.	295
Her tongue, waking.....	560
Her yellow locks	258
Hereof when tidings . .	259
Here then you see	183
Hid whole in heaps of...	460
Highway ! since you my	545
Him great harms had ..	517
His bait the least	167
His care was all, how	256
His cork is large	170
His mother dear, Cupid	511
His pallid face	258
His rod or cane	170
His shank hould neither	152
His sports were fair, his	252
His word "was slain,"...	288
Hope ! art thou true ...	536
How many weeping	12
I count it better pleasure	258
I curst thee oft, I pity...	526
If he had pleased, he ...	642
If thus his very foes he..	643
I heard when Fame	38
I mean not here..... ...	156
I might--unhappy word	519
I never drank of	540
I once may I see, when	593
I, on my horse ; and.....	527
I said thou wert most ...	564
I see my hopes must ...	600
I see the house !	545
If a true heart and faith	587
If Beauty bright be	590
If floods of tears could...	600
If love might sweeten so	561
"If more may be said...	574
If Orpheus' voice had ...	561
If so it hap the offspring	581
"If that any thought ...	137
If this be love, to draw...	974
"If those eyes	555
"If to secret of my	574
I loathe the ling'ring ...	460
In a grove most rich of ..	571
Indeed it is a life	157
In highest way of.....	514
In martial sports I had	529
In midst and centre	282
In myrtle arbours on the	595
In nature apt to like ...	511
In prison, they him shut	642
In skills that all do seek	145
Incontinent with	283
In this array the Angler	155
In this rude sort began...	162
"In this surmise	287
Into a vineyard	641
In truth, O Love ! with .	508
In welt'ring waves my ..	460
I sent to know from.....	652
I should consume to.....	457
Is that love ? Forsooth .	576
I then resolved to starve	651
It is most true—that ...	505
It fortuned as he, that...	255
It were not meet to send	164
In wrestling, nimble .	254
Jealous the gaoler	64
Kent, thy birthdays . ..	292
Knowledge her light ...	295
Late tired with woe	534
Leave a wretch in.....	575
Leaving at large	214
Let dainty wits cry on ..	504
Let him our little castle	222
Let them that list	157
Let us therefore, cry ...	31
Light rod to strike	188
Like an invader.....	218
Like some weak lords ...	517
Lo in a little boat	167
Look in my griefs ! and..	580
Love born in Greece, of.	507
Loving in truth	503
Louder and louder	218
Love ! by sure proof.... .	535
"Love makes earth	573
Love more affected	569
Love still a boy, and oft	539
Love whets the dullest ..	597
Lo ! you grow proud ...	566
"Madam," quoth I	462
"Madam," quoth I	76
Made my approaches	651
"March !" "March !"	652
Mark what a line	170
Methinks I hear the.....	216
More ease it were	156
Morpheus ! the lively ...	519
Muses ! I oft invoked ...	530
Music doth witness call	569
Music more lofty swells	569
My Cynthia hath the ...	587
My bonny lass !..... ..	436
My cable is a Constant..	644
My decks are all of	645
My keel is framed of ...	644
"My lord," quoth I.....	63
My love bound me with	597
My mouth doth water ...	582
My Muse may well	538
My mainmast made of ..	644
My sailors are my	646
My saint I keep to me ..	600
My Sighs shall serve me	644
My words, I know, do ..	525
My years draw on my ...	592
Nations, thy wit ; our ...	293
Nearer and nearer	216
Nearer she comes	217
"Ne ever sing the love.	262
Ne her with idle words..	254
"Never season was	573
Next unto this	181
Niggard time threats, if.	563
Night hath closed all in.	562
No longer Fame could ..	40
No more ! my Dear ! . .	535
No, she hates me	576
None may resist	129
Nor that admirer	166
Nor with that fish..... .	166
Nor with that Ork	165
Not at the first sight ...	504
Not that I take upon me	165
Now I find thy looks	14
Now I see, O seemly ...	15
Now falls it out.....	178
Now fins do serve..... ...	216
Now for to take..... .	172
Now lest the Angler	188
Now rhyme, the son of ..	296
Now see some standing.	171
Now sink of sorrow I ...	295
Now stars concealed ...	216
Now that of absence the	547
Now that the Angler ...	186
Now you may see his ...	219
Nymph of the garden ! .	544
O absent presence ! . ..	556
O dear life ! when shall I	576
O Eyes ! which do	524
O fate ! O fault !	549
"O God ! that such	285
O Grammar rules !	534
"O grief ! that liest.... .	283
Oh ! what a pain	320
O happy Thames ! that..	554
O how the pleasant airs .	542
O Joy ! too high for my	537
O kiss ! which dost those	543
O let me rather	157
O my Thought ! my.....	577
"O sun !" said he	283
O sweet kiss ! but ah !...	561
O Tears ! no tears but ...	553
O world's deceit	269
O you that hear this.....	588
Of all the Kings that ...	540
Of Angling and the Art	147
Of lead likewise	154
Of thine eyes, I made ...	14
"Of thousands whom in	642
Oft and in vain my	584
Oft with true sighs, oft	533
"Oh, Death ! that hast	262

	PAGE
Oh ! now I know them...	218
On Cupid's bow, how ...	512
On force of words she ...	128
Only joy ! now here you.	562
Or as THAUMANTIS	152
Or if I myself find not...	576
Or to beguile another ...	157
Or when cold BOREAS ...	283
Or when land floods	284
" Our Astrophil did	286
Our then Ambassador ...	643
Out ! traitor Absence !...	547
Pardon mine ears ! both	528
Pass forth in doleful.....	460
Peace ! I think that.....	579
Phillisides is dead !	275
Place pensive wails his ..	295
Prime youth lusts not ...	25
Proceeded on with no .	651
Phœbus was judge	509
Prostrate they fell.....	160
Prudence and chastity	129
Queen Virtue's Court ...	507
Quit ! quit for shame ..	24
Quoth Beauty, " No! ...	63
Quoth Beauty, " Well !	64
Reason ! in faith, thou ..	508
Raising my hope on	594
Reign in my thoughts !	585
Restore thy treasure ...	586
Rich fools there be ...	515
Round handsome hooks	171
See how she dives into...	217
See ! see ! the Rearward	220
See the hand that.....	560
See the main body . . .	219
See where a liquid	216
See where another	170
She beaten bark	211
She calleth first on	128
She comes ! and straight	541
She needs must	129
She, when she saw her. .	257
Sigh they did, but now ..	571
Silence augmenteth	294
Since sweet sleep her ...	560
Since the first look that.	588
Sit then THALIA	167
So as he raged amongst.	256
So deadly was the dint..	296
So doth the bullhead ...	187
So for the roach	168
So must the Angler	179
So neither if Don	283
So shalt thou have	140
So then it shall be	188
So, though the Angler....	165
So to the wood went I	599
So when the leaves	184
So worse and worse	160
Some lovers speak	506
Some youthful gallant	155
Soul's joy ! bend not	587
" Stella, a nymph	285
Stella ! fiercest	575
Stella hath refused me !	575
Stella hath refused me !	575
" Stella ! in whose.....	572
" Stella ! in whose body	572
Stella is sick, and in... ..	553
Stella oft sees the very...	525
Stella ! since thou so ...	556
" Stella ! Sovereign of...	572
Stella the fair ! the	253
Stella ! the fulness of the	528
Stella ! the only planet...	537
Stella ! think not that I..	548
Stella ! whence doth this	521
Stella ! while now.	548
" Stella ! whose voice ...	572
Straight down under a...	597
Such skill, matched	255
Sure NEPTUNE's watery	216
Surely all ÆOL's	215
Sweet ! alas, why strive	563
Sweet Bride ! then may.	48
Sweet kiss ! thy sweets...	542
Sweet swelling lip !	543
Tears, vows and	582
That day their Hannibal	294
" That England is a	642
That glads the hearts ...	39
That herb of some.....	259
That hook ! love	152
That you heard was but	563
The arms the which	74
The beasts, birds, stones	561
The beaten bark	215
The bending trees.....	288
" The blaze whereof... ..	287
The brave shall triumph	221
The chavender amidst ...	187
The chavender and chub	175
The common Sense	569
The curious wits, seeing	514
The crocodile that weeps	166
The eagle marked with .	289
The eighth is Knowledge	182
Th'eleventh good gift ...	182
The fifth good gift	181
The first is Faith	180
The first and worst	129
The Forlorn now halts ..	220
The tree that coffins.....	281
The general sorrow that.	289
The gods, which all	259
The hills and mountains	258
The lily in the field	57
The lofty woods.....	258
The man is blest	31
The mighty luce	187
The next assault uneven	642
The night is passed	47
The ninth is Placability	182
The noble Duke who	643
The only bird alone	582
The other kind that are.	173
The rest of her	258
The salmon swift	186
The second gift	180
The sixth is painful	181
The sky-bred eagle	281
The sly enchanter.....	585
The smaller end	151
The squadron nearest ...	219
The star of my mishap ..	592
The sun, lo, hastened ..	279
The swan that was	288
The Tablet of my heavy	586
The third is Love	180
The turtle dove with ...	288
The twelfth and last.....	182
The wisest scholar of the	515
The worthy in disgrace.	221
Their caps are furred ...	220
Their ears hungry of ...	571
Their lances are the.....	219
Their partisans are fine..	220
Then adieu, dear flock !	576
Then all our wives	31
" Then Astrophil hath ..	286
Then Beauty bade to ...	76
Then Beauty stept	38
" Then being filled	285
Then buy your hooks ...	151
Then Craft the Crier ...	63
Then did DEUCALION ...	161
Then end to end	150
Then Fineness thought..	39
Then followeth Patience	181
Then first Desire began.	75
Then gathering wind, to	461
Then get good hair	150
Then go into some great	149
Then hoisting sails, they	462
Then Ignorance the.....	461
Then let him go	185
Then let Old WINTER...	222
Then let your hook	152
Then let the chill Sirocco	222
Then look where as that	169
Then must you have . .	153
Then on your lines	177
" Then Pallas afterward	287
Then pushed soldiers ..	75
Then Reason, Princess..	569
Then she spake, her.....	573
Then shall our healths...	222
Then see on yonder side	168
Then Skill rose up and..	40
Then spake fair VENUS..	12
Then take good cork ...	151
Then those Knights	506
Then Three at once did.	642
" Then to myself, will I	261
Then twist them finely..	150
There his well-woven	255
There he was fed with...	641
There his hands in their	573
There is no man, whose	31
There is no treasure.....	48
" There liveth he	264
There might you hear...	75
There might you see ...	74
There saw I Love, upon	74
" There, thousand birds	263
There underground	220
There you might see	280
"Therefore, Dear ! this	574
Therewithal away she ...	574
These amber locks are...	583
These lines I send by ...	644
These prune and cleanse	149

	PAGE
These sorrowing sighs...	581
These traitors ope ...	129
These bind me, captive..	462
These didst thou	493
These kinds of fish	186
They stopped his wound	257
Think now no more to...	565
Think of my most.....	577
Think of that most	577
Think ! think of those ...	577
This day is honour now	47
This discord it begot ...	509
This fish the fittest	168
This night, while sleep..	522
This oracle obscure	160
This pleasant lily white	58
This side doth Beauty...	568
This small light the	562
"This small wind which	573
This spectacle had	290
Those looks ! whose	541
Thou that desir'st	190
Thou then whom partial	565
Though dusty wits dare	516
Though my rude rhymes	274
Thought ! see thou no...	577
Thought therefore	577
Thought ! with good ...	551
Thus bent, he, adding...	641
Thus doth the voice and	568
Thus driven with every	461
Thus have I showed ..	177
Thus have your rod	153
Thus serving them	174
Thus shall our healths ..	222
Thus was the earth	161
Thy grace, thy face, the	457
Thy liberal heart	204
Thy pleasing smiles and	456
'Tis now since I sat	631
'Tis strange the pilot ...	215
Tis that, that gives ..	220
'Tis the plump grape's...	222
To draw her out, and ...	652
To hear the impost of ...	593
"To heavens ! Ah, they	260
To her, he vowed the ...	254
"To men ! Ah, they ...	261
To praise thy life or.....	291
To sink or spoil my	461
"To such a place our ...	652
"Trust me, while I thee	574
Under the black cliff's ...	217
Unequal fate !	172
Unhappy sight !	555
Upon the branches	282
Until at last they saw ...	160
Virtue ! alas, now let me	505
"Was ever eye did see..	285
Weigh but the cause ! ...	588
Well begone ! begone ...	579
We'll drink the wanting	221
Well in absence this.....	578
Wept they had, alas.....	572
Were all the stars	218
We think of all the	221
"What cruel hand	261
What cunning can	57
What fair pomp have ...	596
What hath he lost ? that	293
What ! have I thus	526
What if you new	579
What is not this enough ?	567
What may words say ...	520
What monstrous race ...	218
What pain and grief	31
What pleasure can it be	156
What plague is greater .	598
When Cupid scalèd first	74
When fair AURORA	185
When Fancy thus had...	75
When far-spent night ...	552
When I had done what..	652
"When he descended ...	284
When I was forced from	546
When I was fair and ...	12
When Love learned first	620
When my good angel ...	533
When Nature made her	506
When Phœbus from ...	58
When raging Love	128
When she had said	12
When Sorrow, using ...	557
When the monthly	17
When this did nothing ..	651
Whence to sharp wars ...	292
Where be those roses ...	554
Wherefore good wives...	31
Whether the Turkish ...	518
Wherefore twixt life and	462
Wherewith I saw how...	38
Which link must neither	150
Which when she ended..	264
Which when she saw ...	258
Which daily more and...	252
While favour fed my ...	564
While we together jovial	282
Whilst by her eyes	589
Who hath the breast ...	559
Who hath the eyes	558
Who hath the feet.....	559
Who hath the hair	559
Who hath the hand	559
Who hath the lips.....	558
Who hath the voice	559
Who have so leaden.....	570
Who is it that this dark	578
Whose senses is so evil..	570
Who will in fairest book	538
Why, alas ! and are you	578
Why, alas, doth she.....	575
Why doth my mistress..	583
Why so dull and mute...	24
Why so pale and wan ...	24
With bleak and with ...	219
With heads erect	217
With how sad steps	518
"Within these woods ...	284
With massy trident high	217
With this there is a red	58
With what sharp checks	512
Woe, having made	531
Woe to me ! and do you.	564
"Woods, hills and rivers	261
Wouldst thou catch fish	190
"Yea, Madam," quoth I	64
Yet, alas, before you go	575
Yet furthermore it doth	176
Yet gentle English	566
Yet must you have	155
Yet natheless the more..	128
Yet nothing could his ...	642
Yet Reason soon	39
Yet rich in zeal, though	291
Yet Sighs ! dear Sighs !	550
Yet storm doth cease ...	461
Yet those lips, so	560
Yet to content the willing	159
Yet witches may repent	567
Yet worse than worse ...	566
"You knew, who knew..	284
You Nymphs that in ...	148
Young Astrophel ! the ..	251
Your client poor, my ...	565
Your fair mother is abed	563
Your words, my friend	513
You that do search for ..	510
You that with allegory's	517
You then ungrateful.....	567

PREFACE.



Few of us adequately realize the immense Literature which has descended to us from our ancestors. Generation after generation has passed away; each of which has produced (in the order of its own thought, and with the tuition of its inherited or acquired experience) many a wise, bright or beautiful thing: which having served its own brief day, has straightway passed away into utter forgetfulness, there to remain till Doomsday; unless some effort like the present, shall restore it to the knowledge and enjoyment of English-reading peoples.

This Collection is to gather, for the gratification of this and future ages, a vast amount of incomparable poesy and most stirring prose; which hardly any one would imagine to be in existence at all. Of many of the original impressions there survive but one or two copies, and these often are most difficult of access; so that it is not too much to say of the following contents as a whole, that they have never hitherto come within the ken of any single English scholar.

The reader must be prepared often to find most crude and imperfect theories *or* beliefs, *which later experience has exploded, mixed up with most important* facts *or* allusions *as to the times, manners or customs of the period then under illustration: leaving to us the obligation to reject the one, and to receive the other.*

Many of the following books and tracts are the original materials out of which modern historians have culled the most graphic touches of their most brilliant pages. In fact, the Series is, in regard to much of its prose, a Study on a large scale of detached areas of English history; and stands in the same relation to the general national Story, as a selected Collection of Parish Maps would do to the Ordnance Survey of English land.

Our grateful thanks in regard to this First Volume are due to HENRY HUTH, *Esquire, for the loan for reproduction herein of those two great rarities,* The Great Frost *at page* 77, *and* The Secrets of Angling *at page* 141.

AN

ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS

FROM OUR

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

VOL. I.

Queen ELIZABETH.

Importune me no more!

[*Rawlinson MS.*]

A royal hand moved by a true English heart shall unlock this *Garner*.

Among the large collection of manuscripts bequeathed in 1755 by Doctor RAWLINSON to the University of Oxford, and now in the Bodleian; there are upwards of two hundred volumes of verse, consisting chiefly of transcripts of favourite poems into common-place books; some of which poems have never yet been printed.

Volume 85 of this Collection, in the handwriting of from 1590–1610 A.D., opens with the following poem; which has been erroneously ascribed by Lord OXFORD (*Works*, I. 552, *Ed.* 1790) to EDWARD DE VERE, Earl of OXFORD.

The modernizing of the spelling of the poetry in this Series will often destroy the literal rhyme; though the sound of it may frequently be preserved to the ear.



HEN I WAS fair and young, and favour graced me;
Of many was I sought, their mistress for to be.
But I did scorn them all; and answered them therefore,
"Go! go! go seek some other where!
Importune me no more!"

How many weeping eyes, I made to pine with woe!
How many sighing hearts! I have no skill to show.
Yet I the prouder grew, and answered them therefore,
"Go! go! go seek some other where!
Importune me no more!"

Then spake fair VENUS for that proud victorious boy,
And said, "Fine Dame, since that you be so coy;
I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say no more,
"Go! go! go seek some other where!
Importune me no more!"

When she had said these words, such change grew in my breast,
That neither night nor day since that, I could take any rest.
Then lo! I did repent that I had said before,
"Go! go! go seek some other where!
Importune me no more!"

FINIS.

To which the transcriber adds as the author's name,

Elyzabetha regina.

JOHN MILTON.

Books.

[*Areopagitica.*]



DENY NOT but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how Books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For Books are not absolutely dead things; but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are: nay they do preserve as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous Dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, GOD's image: but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself; kills the image of GOD, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth: but a good book is the precious life-blood of a Master Spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life; whereof perhaps there is no great loss: and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth; for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men; how we spill that seasoned life of men preserved and stored up in books: since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre: whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental [*ordinary*] life; but strikes at that eternal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; and slays an Immortality rather than a life.

THOMAS LODGE, M.D.

SIREN pleasant! foe to reason.

[PHILLIS.]

AN ODE.

NOW I FIND thy looks were feignèd,
Quickly lost and quickly gainèd!
Soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
Heart unstable, light as feathers;
Tongue untrusty, subtle sighted,
Wanton will, with change delighted:
SIREN pleasant! foe to reason.
CUPID plague thee for this treason!

Of thine eyes, I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came mine error,
All thy words I countèd witty,
All thy smiles I deemèd pity.
Thy false tears that me aggrievèd
First of all my trust deceivèd:
SIREN pleasant! foe to reason,
CUPID plague thee for this treason!

Feigned acceptance when I askèd,
Lovely words with cunning maskèd,
Holy vows, but heart unholy:
Wretched man! my trust was folly.
Lily white and pretty winking,
Solemn vows, but sorry thinking:
SIREN pleasant! foe to reason,
CUPID plague thee for this treason!

Now I see, O seemly cruel!
Others warm them at my fuel.
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance.
Change thy pasture! take thy pleasure!
Beauty is a fading treasure.
SIREN pleasant! foe to reason,
CUPID plague thee for this treason!

Prime youth lusts not age's still follow,
And make white these tresses yellow;
Wrinkled face for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint the Dame despiteful:
And when Time shall eat thy glory;
Then, too late, thou wilt be sorry.
SIREN pleasant! foe to reason,
CUPID plague thee for thy treason!

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

The recapture of the Island of Sark.

[*History of the World.*]

BUT WHAT strength cannot do; man's wit—being the most forcible engine—hath often effected: of which I will give you an example in a place of our own.

The island of Sark—joining to Guernsey, and of that government—was in Queen MARY'S time surprised by the French; and could never have been recovered again by strong hand: having cattle and corn enough upon the place to feed so many men as will serve to defend it; and being every way so inaccessible, that it might be held against the Great Turk. Yet by the industry of a gentleman of the Netherlands; it was in this sort regained. He anchored in the road with one ship of small burden; and pretending the death of his merchant [*supercargo*], besought the French being some thirty in number, that they might bury their merchant in hallowed ground, and in the chapel of that isle—offering a present to the French of such commodities as they had aboard—whereto (with condition that they should not come ashore with any weapon, no, not so much as with a knife) the Frenchmen yielded. Then did the Flemings put a coffin into their boat: not filled with a dead carcase; but with swords, targets [*shields*] and harquebusses. The French received them at their landing; and searching every one of them so narrowly as they could not hide a penknife; gave them leave to draw their coffin up the rocks, with great difficulty. Some part of the French took the Flemish boat, and rowed aboard their ship; to fetch the commodities promised and what else they pleased: but being entered, they were taken and bound. The Flemings on land, when they had carried their coffin into the chapel, shut the door to them; and taking their weapons out of the coffin, set upon the French. They ran to the cliff and cried to their company aboard the Flemings to come to their succour: but finding the boat charged with Flemings; yielded themselves and the place.

Thus a fox's tail doth sometimes help well to piece out the lion's skin, that else would be too short.

Vice-Admiral Sir JOHN MENNIS
or
Rev. JAMES SMITH.

King OBERON's apparel.

[*Musarum Deliciæ.*]



HEN the monthly hornèd queen
Grew jealous, that the stars had seen
Her rising from ENDYMION's arms;
In rage she threw her misty charms
Into the bosom of the night;
To dim their curious prying light.
Then did the dwarfish fairy elves—
Having first attired themselves—
Prepare to dress their OBERON, king,
In highest robes, for revelling.
In a cobweb shirt, more thin
Than ever spider since could spin;
Bleached by the whiteness of the snow,
As the stormy winds did blow
It in the vast and freezing air.
No shirt half so fine! so fair!
A rich waistcoat they did bring,
Made of the trout fly's gilded wing:
At that, his Elfship 'gan to fret,
Swearing it would make him sweat,
Even with its weight; and needs would wear
His waistcoat wove of downy hair
New shaven from an eunuch's chin.
That pleased him well; 'twas wondrous thin!

The outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leaved true-love grass;
On which was set so fine a gloss,
By the oil of crispy moss,
That through a mist, and starry light,
It made a rainbow every night.
On every seam, there was a lace,
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow trace;
To it, the purest silver thread
Compared, did look like dull pale lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry;
Which in a gloomy night and dark,
Twinkled like a fiery spark.
And for coolness, next his skin
'Twas with white poppy lined within.
His breeches, of that fleece were wrought,
Which from Colchus, JASON brought;
Spun into so fine a yarn,
That mortals might it not discern;
Woven by ARACHNE in her loom,
Last before she had her doom;
Dyed crimson with a maiden's blush,
And lined with dandely on plush.
A rich mantle, he did wear,
Made of tinsel gossamer;
Bestarred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew.
His cap was all of "lady's love"
So passing light, that it did move
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzzed the air, in passing by.
About it was a wreath of pearl
Dropped from the eyes of some poor girl;
Pinched, because she had forgot
To leave fair water in the pot.

And for feather, he did wear.
Old NISUS' fatal purple hair.
The sword they girded on his thigh,
Was smallest blade of finest rye.
A pair of buskins they did bring
Of the "cow lady's" coral wing;
Powdered o'er with spots of jet,
And lined with purple violet.
His belt was made of myrtle leaves
Plaited in small curious threaves;
Beset with amber cowslip studs,
And fringed about with daisy buds.
In which his bugle horn was hung
Made of the babbling ECHO's tongue;
Which set unto his moon-burned lip,
He winds; and then his fairies skip.
At that, the lazy dawn 'gan sound,
And each did trip a fairy round.



Rev. RICHARD HAKLUYT.

The antiquity of the trade with English ships into the Levant.

[*Voyages.* 1599.]

IN THE years of our Lord 1511, 1512 &c. till the year 1534: divers tall ships of London, namely the *Christopher Campion*, wherein was factor one ROGER WHITCOME; the *Mary George*, wherein was factor WILLIAM GRESHAM; the great *Mary Grace*, the owner whereof was WILLIAM GUNSON, and the Master one JOHN HELY; the *Trinity Fitz Williams*, whereof was Master, LAWRENCE ARKEY; the *Matthew* of London, whereof was Master, WILLIAM CAPLING; with certain other ships of Southampton and Bristol: had an ordinary and usual trade to Sicily, Candia, Scio; and somewhiles to Cyprus, as also to Tripolis and Barrutti [*Beyrout*] in Syria. The commodities which they carried thither were fine kerseys of divers colours, coarse kerseys. white "Western dozens," cottons, certain cloths called "statutes" and others called "cardinal whites," and calfskins which were well sold in Sicily &c. The commodities which they returned [*brought*] back were silks, camlets; rhubarb, malmseys muscadels and other wines, sweet oils, cotton wool, Turkey carpets, galls, pepper, cinnamon and some other spices, &c. Besides the natural inhabitants of the aforesaid places, they had, even in those days, traffic with Jews, Turks, and other foreigners. Neither did our merchants only employ their own English shipping before mentioned; but that of sundry strangers also: as, namely, Candiots, Raguseans, Sicilians, Genoese, Venetian galleasses, Spanish and Portuguese ships. All which particulars do most evidently appear out of certain ancient ligier books [*ledgers*] of the Right Worshipful Sir WILLIAM LOCK, Mercer of London, of Sir WILLIAM BOWYER, Alderman of London, of Master JOHN GRESHAM, and of others; which I RICHARD HAKLUYT have diligently perused and copied out.

A voyage made with the ships called the *Holy Cross* and the *Matthew Gonson* to the isles of Candia and Scio about the year 1534: according to a relation made to Master RICHARD HAKLUYT, by JOHN WILLIAMSON, Cooper and Citizen of London, who lived in the year 1592. He went as Cooper in the *Matthew Gonson* the next voyage after.

THE ships called the *Holy Cross* and the *Matthew Gonson*, made a voyage to the islands of Candia and Scio in Turkey about the year 1534. And in the *Matthew* went as Captain, Master RICHARD GONSON, son of old Master WILLIAM GONSON, Paymaster of the King's Navy. In this first voyage went WILLIAM HOLSTOCKE—who afterwards was Controller of Her Majesty's Navy, and lately deceased—as page to Master RICHARD GONSON aforesaid: which Master GONSON died at Scio in this his first voyage.

The ship called the *Holy Cross* was a short ship, and of 160 tons burden. And having been a full year at sea in performance of this voyage, with great danger she returned home: where upon her arrival at Blackwall in the river Thames, her wine and oil casks were found to be so weak, that they were not able to hoist them out of the ship: but were constrained to draw them as they lay, and put their wine and oil into new vessels, and so to unload the ship. Their chief freight was very excellent Muscatels and red Malmsey: the like whereof were seldom seen before in England. They brought home also a good quantity of sweet oils, cotton wools, Turkey carpets, galls, cinnamon and some other spices. The said ship called the *Holy Cross* was so shaken in this voyage, and so weakened; that she was laid up in the dock, and never made a voyage after.

Another voyage to the isles of Candia and Scio made by the *Matthew Gonson* about the year 1535: according to the relation of JOHN WILLIAMSON, then Cooper in the same ship; made to Master RICHARD HAKLUYT in the year 1592.

THE good ship called the *Matthew Gonson*, of 300 tons burden—whereof was owner old Master WILLIAM GONSON, Paymaster of the King's Navy—made her voyage in the year 1535. In this ship went as Captain, RICHARD GRAY, who long after died in Russia. Master WILLIAM HOLSTOCKE—afterwards Controller of the Queen's Navy—went then as Purser in the same voyage. The Master was one JOHN PICHET, servant to old Master WILLIAM GONSON. JAMES RUMNIE was Master's Mate. The Master Cooper was JOHN WILLIAMSON citizen of London, living in the year 1592, and dwelling in Saint Dunstan's parish in the East. The Master Gunner was JOHN GODFREY of Bristol.

In this ship were six gunners and four trumpeters. All which four trumpeters at our return homewards, went on land at Messina in the island of Sicily, as our ship rode there at anchor; and got themselves into the galleys that lay near unto us, and in them went to Rome. The whole number of our company in this ship was about a hundred men. We were also furnished with a great boat, which was able to carry ten tons of water: which at our return homewards we towed all the way from Scio until we came through the Straits of Gibraltar into the main ocean. We had also a great long boat, and a skiff.

We were out upon this voyage eleven months; yet in all this time there died of sickness but one man; whose name was GEORGE FORREST, being servant to our Carpenter called THOMAS PLUMMER.

IN A great ligier book [*ledger*] of one WILLIAM EYRUS, servant unto Sir WILLIAM BOWYER, Alderman of London—bearing date the 15th of November 1533 and continued until the 4th of July, 1544—I find that he the said WILLIAM EYRUS was factor in Scio, not only for his master, and for his grace the Duke of NORFOLK, but also for many others, worshipful merchants of London: among whom I find the accounts of these especially, to wit, of his said master Sir WILLIAM BOWYER; of WILLIAM and NICHOLAS WILFORD, Merchant Tailors of London; of THOMAS CURTIS, Pewterer; of JOHN STARKY Mercer; of WILLIAM OSTRIGE Merchant; and of RICHARD FIELD Draper.

. And further I find in the said ligier book a note of the said EYRUS, of all such goods as he left in the hands of ROBERT BYE in Scio; who became his master's factor in his room: and another like note of particulars of goods that he left in the hands of OLIVER LESSON, servant to WILLIAM and NICHOLAS WILFORD.

And for proof of the continuance of this trade until the end of the year 1552: I found annexed unto the former note of the goods left with ROBERT BYE in Scio, a letter being dated the 27th of November 1552 in London.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Lord JOHN TALBOT compared to ÆMILIUS the Consul.

[*History of the World.*]

BUT IF such a resolution were praiseworthy in ÆMILIUS, as proceeding out of Roman valour: then was the English virtue of the Lord JOHN TALBOT—son to that famous Earl of SHREWSBURY, —who died at the battle of Chatillon more highly to be honoured. For ÆMILIUS was old; grievously, if not mortally wounded; and accountable for the overthrow received: TALBOT was in the flower of his youth; unhurt; easily able to have escaped; and not answerable for that day's misfortune: when he refused to forsake his father; who—foreseeing the loss of the battle, and not meaning to stain his actions past, by flying in his old age—exhorted his noble son to be gone, and leave him.

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

[*Fragmenta Aurea.*]

SONG.



HY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do it?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit! quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

England's Joy

OR A

RELATION

OF THE

Most Remarkable passages, from his MAJESTY'S Arrival at *DOVER*, to His entrance at *WHITEHALL*.



London, Printed by Thomas Creak, 1660.

England's Joy.



Eing come aboard one of the fairest of those ships which attended at Sluce [? *Helvoetsluys*] for wafting him over from the Hague in Holland; and therein having taken leave of his sisters, the Princess Royal; he set sail for England on Wednesday evening, May 23rd, 1660. And having, during his abode at sea, given new names to that whole navy (consisting of twenty-six goodly vessels), he arrived at Dover on the Friday following [May 25th] about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Ready on the shore to receive him, stood the Lord General Monk, as also the Earl of Winchelsea Constable of Dover Castle, with divers persons of quality on the one hand; and the Mayor of Dover, accompanied by his brethren of that Corporation of the other, with a rich canopy. As soon as he had set foot on the shore, the Lord General presenting himself before him on his knee, and kissing his royal hand; was embraced by his Majesty: and received divers gracious expressions of the great sense he had of his loyalty, and in being so instrumental in his Restoration.

There also did the Corporation of Dover, and the Earl of Winchelsea do their duties to him, in like sort; all the people making joyful shouts: the great guns from the ships and castle telling aloud the happy news of this his entrance upon English ground.

From thence, taking coach immediately, with his royal brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, he passed to Barham Down—a great plain lying betwixt Dover and Canterbury—where were drawn up divers gallant troops of horse, consisting of the nobility, knights and gentlemen of note, clad in very rich apparel; commanded by the Duke of Buckingham, Earls of Oxford, Derby, Northampton, Winchelsea, Lichfield, and the Lord, Viscount Mordaunt:

As also the several foot regiments of the Kentish men. Being entered the Down on horseback, where multitudes of the country people stood making loud shouts, he rode to the head of each troop—they being placed on his left hand, three deep—who bowing to him, kissed the hilts of their swords, and then flourished them above their heads, with no less acclamations; the trumpets in the meantime also echoing the like to them.

In the suburb at Canterbury stood the Mayor and Aldermen of that ancient city, who received him with loud music, and presented him with a cup of gold of two hundred and fifty pounds value. Whence, after a speech made to him by the Recorder, he passed to the Lord CAMPDEN'S house, the Mayor carrying the sword before him.

During his stay at Canterbury (which was till Monday morning) he knighted the Lord General MONK, and gave him the ensigns of the most honourable Order of the Garter: And by Garter Principal King of Arms sent the like unto Lord Admiral MONTAGUE, then aboard the navy, riding in the Downs. There likewise did he knight Sir WILLIAM MAURICE, a member of the House of Commons; whom he constituted one of his principal Secretaries of State.

From Canterbury he came on Monday to Rochester, where the people had hung up, over the midst of the streets, as he rode, many beautiful garlands, curiously made up with costly scarves and ribbons, decked with spoons and bodkins of silver, and small plate of several sorts; and some with gold chains, in like sort as at Canterbury: each striving to outdo the other in all expressions of joy.

On Tuesday, May the 29th (which happily fell out to be the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday) he set forth from Rochester in his coach; but afterwards took horse on the farther side of Blackheath: on which spacious plain he found divers great and eminent troops of horse, in a most splendid and glorious equipage; and a kind of rural triumph, expressed by the country swains, in a morrice dance with the old music of taber and pipe; which was performed with all agility and cheerfulness imaginable.

And from this Heath these troops marched off before him; viz. Major General BROWN, the Merchant Adventurers, Alderman ROBINSON, the Lord MAYNARD, the Earls of

NORWICH, PETERBOROUGH, CLEVELAND, DERBY, Duke of RICHMOND, and His Majesty's own Life Guards.

In this order proceeding towards London, there were placed in Deptford, on his right hand—as he passed through the town—above an hundred proper maids, clad all alike in white garments, with scarves about them: who having prepared many flaskets covered with fine linen, and adorned with rich scarves and ribbons; which flaskets were full of flowers and sweet herbs, strewed the way before him as he rode.

From thence passing on he came into Saint George's Fields in Southwark, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London in their scarlet, with the Recorder and other City Council, waited for him in a large tent, hung with tapestry; in which they had placed a chair of state, with a rich canopy over it. When he came thither the Lord Mayor presented him with the City sword, and the Recorder made a speech to him; which being done, he alighted and went into the tent, where a noble banquet was prepared for him.

From this tent the proceeding was thus ordered, viz. First the City Marshal, to follow in the rear of His Majesty's Life Guards. Next the Sheriff's trumpets. Then the Sheriff's men in scarlet cloaks, laced with silver on the capes, carrying javelins in their hands. Then divers eminent citizens well mounted, all in black velvet coats, and chains of gold about their necks, and every one his footman, with suit, cassock and ribbons of the colour of his Company: all which were made choice of out of the several Companies in this famous City and so distinguished: and at the head of each distinction the ensign of that Company.

After these followed the City Council, by two and two, near the Aldermen; then certain Noblemen and Noblemen's sons, Then the King's trumpets. Then the Heralds at Arms.

After them the Duke of BUCKINGHAM. Then the Earl of LINDSEY, Lord High Chamberlain of England; and the Lord General MONK. Next to them Garter Principal King of Arms; the Lord Mayor on his right hand bearing the City sword, and a Gentleman Usher on his left: and on each side of them the Sergeants at Arms with their maces.

Then the King's Majesty with his equerries and footmen on each side of him; and at a little distance on each hand his royal brothers, the Dukes of YORK and GLOUCESTER: and after

them divers of the King's servants who came with him from beyond sea. And in the rear of all, those gallant troops, viz. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Earls of OXFORD, NORTHAMPTON, WINCHELSEA, LICHFIELD, and Lord MORDAUNT: as also five regiments of horse belonging to the army.

In this magnificent fashion, His Majesty entered the Borough of Southwark, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon; and within an hour after, the City of London, at the Bridge: where he found the windows and streets exceedingly thronged with people to behold him, and the wall adorned with hangings and carpets of tapestry and other costly stuff: and in many places sets of loud music; all the conduits as he passed running claret wine; and the several Companies in their liveries, with the ensigns belonging to them; as also the trained bands of the city standing along the streets as he passed, welcoming him with loyal acclamations.

And within the rails where Charing Cross formerly was, a stand of six hundred pikes, consisting of knights and gentlemen, as had been officers in the armies of his late Majesty, of blessed memory: the truly noble and valiant Sir JOHN STOWELL, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath (a person famous for his eminent actings and sufferings) being in the head of them.

From which place, the citizens in velvet coats and gold chains being drawn up on each hand, and divers companies of foot soldiers; his Majesty passed betwixt them, and entered White Hall at seven o'clock: the people making loud shouts, and the horse and foot several volleys of shots, at this his happy arrival. Where the House of Lords and Commons of Parliament received him, and kissed his royal hand.

At the same time likewise, the Reverend Bishops of ELY, SALISBURY, ROCHESTER and CHICHESTER in their episcopal habits, with divers of the long oppressed orthodox clergy; met in that royal Chapel of King HENRY the SEVENTH of Westminster, and there also sung *Te DEUM &c.*, in praise and thanks to Almighty GOD, for this His unspeakable mercy, in the deliverance of his Majesty from many dangers, and so happily restoring him to rule these kingdoms, according to his just and undoubted right.

FINIS.

Anonymous.

A wilful wife.

[*Cottonian MS. Vesp. A.* xxv.]

A BALLET.



HE MAN is blest, that lives in rest
And so can keep him still.
And he's accurst that was the first
That gave his wife her will.

What pain and grief, without relief,
Shall we poor men sustain;
If every GILL shall have her will,
And over us shall reign.

Then all our wives, during their lives,
Will look to do the same:
And bear in hand, it is as land
That goeth not from the name.

There is no man, whose wisdom can
Reform a wilful wife:
But only GOD, who made the rod
For our unthrifty life.

Let us therefore, cry out and roar:
And make to GOD request;
That he redress this wilfulness
And set our hearths at rest.

Wherefore good wives! amend your lives
And we will do the same;
And keep not still that naughty will
That hath so evil a name.

FINIS.

Rev. JAMES BROME, M.A.

Rector of Cheriton in Kent.

Curious names of a Jury, at Huntingdon in 1619 *A.D.*

[*Travels.*]

IT IS not thought improper to add now a copy of a Jury taken before Judge DODRIGE, at the Assizes holden at Huntingdon, July 1619; which was lately presented me by a worthy friend of mine: which is the more remarkable because the surnames of some inhabitants of this county, annexed to the towns or villages to which they belonged; seem to make them at the first sight, persons of very great renown and quality.

Maximilian King of Toseland.
Henry Prince of Godmanchester.
George Duke of Sommersham.
William Marquess of Stukeley.
Edmund Earl of Hartford.
Richard Baron of Bythorn.
Stephen Pope of Newton.
Stephen Cardinal of Kimbolton.
Humphrey Bishop of Bugden.
Robert Lord of Wasely.
Robert Knight of Winwick.
William Abbott of Stukely.
Robert Baron of Saint Neots.
William Dean of Old Weston.
John Archdeacon of Paxton.
Peter Esquire of Easton.
Edward Fryar of Ellington.
Henry Monk of Stukely.
George Gentleman of Spaldwick.
George Priest of Graffham.
Richard Deacon of Catworth.
Thomas Yeoman of Barham.

Captain ROGER BODENHAM.

Voyage to Scio in 1551 A.D.

[HAKLUYT's *Voyages*, 1599.]

IN THE year 1550, the 13th of November, I ROGER BODENHAM, Captain of the bark *Aucher*, entered the said ship at Gravesend, for my voyage to the islands of Candia and Scio in the Levant. The master of my ship was one WILLIAM SHERWOOD From thence we departed to Tilbery Hope, and there remained with contrary winds until the 6th of January 1551.

The 6th of January, the master came to Tilbery, and I had provided a skilful pilot to carry over [*past*] Land's End, whose name was Master WOOD. With all speed I vailed [*dropped*] down that night ten miles, to take the tide in the morning: which happily I did, and that night came to Dover and there came to an anchor. There I remained until Friday [the 9th]: meeting with the worthy knight Sir ANTHONY AUCHER, owner of the said ship.

The 11th day, we arrived at Plymouth. The 13th in the morning, we set forward on our voyage with a prosperous wind: and the 16th, we had sight of Cape Finisterre on the coast of Spain.

The 30th, we arrived at Cadiz: and there discharged certain merchandize, and took other aboard.

The 20th of February, we departed from Cadiz, and passed the straits of Gibraltar that night; and the 25th we came to the isle of Majorca, and were stayed there five days with contrary winds.

The 1st of March, we had sight of Sardinia, and the 5th of the said month we arrived at Messina in Sicily; and there discharged much goods, remaining there until Good Friday in Lent [27th of March, 1551].

The chief merchant [in London] that laded the said bark

Aucher was a Merchant Stranger called ANSELM SALVAGO; and because the time was then very dangerous, and that there was no going into the Levant—especially to Scio—without a safeconduct from the Turk: the said ANSELM promised the owner Sir ANTHONY AUCHER that we should receive the same at Messina. But I was posted from thence to Candia: and there I was answered that I should send to Scio, and there I should have my safeconduct. I was forced to send one, and he had his answer "that the Turk would give none, willing me to look what was best for me to do:" which was no small trouble to me, considering that I was bound to deliver the goods that were in the ship at Scio or send them at my adventure [*risk*]. The merchants [*supercargoes*], without care of the loss of the ship, would have compelled me to go or send their goods at mine adventure. The which I denied, and said plainly I would not go, because the Turk's galleys were come forth to go against Malta. But by the French king's means, he was persuaded to leave Malta, and to go to Tripoli in Barbary: which by means of the French, he wan.

In this time there were in Candia certain Turkish vessels called *skyrasas*, which had brought wheat thither to sell; and were ready to depart for Turkey. And they departed in the morning betimes; carrying news that I would not go forth. That same night I had prepared beforehand what I thought good, without making any man privy to it until I saw time. Then I had no small business to cause my mariners to venture with the ship in such a manifest danger. Nevertheless I wan them all to go with me, except three which I set on land; and with all diligence I was ready to set forth about eight o'clock at night, being a fair moonshine night, and went out. Then my three mariners made such requests unto the rest of my men to come aboard, that I was constrained to take them in.

So with a good wind we put into the Archipelago, and being among the islands, the wind scanted [*fell away*], and I was forced to anchor at an island called Micone; where I tarried ten or twelve days; having a Greek pilot to carry the ship to Scio. In this mean season, there came many small boats with mysson [*mizen*] sails to go for Scio, with divers goods to sell; and the pilot requested me that I would let them go in my company, to which I yielded.

After the said days were expired, I weighed and set sail for the island of Scio; with which place I fell in in the afternoon: whereupon I cast [*tacked*] to seaward again to come with the island in the morning betimes. The foresaid small vessels which came in my company, departed from me to win the shore to get in during the night: but upon a sudden they espied three foists [*light galleys*] of Turks coming upon them to spoil them. My pilot, having a son in one of those small vessels, entreated me to cast about [*wear*] towards them; which at his request I did: and being somewhat far from them, I caused my gunner to shoot a demi-culverin at a foist that was ready to enter one of the boats. This was so happy a shot that it made the Turk to fall astern of the boat and to leave him: by the which means he escaped.

Then they all came to me, and requested that they might hang at my stern until daylight: by which time, I came before the mole of Scio, and sent my boat on land to the merchants of that place to send for their goods out of hand [*immediately*] or else I would return back with all to Candia, and they should fetch their goods from there. But in fine, by what persuasion of my merchants, Englishmen, and of those of Scio: I was entreated to come into the harbour: and had a safe assurance for twenty days against the Turk's army, with a bond of the city in the sum of 12,000 ducats. So I made haste and sold such goods as I had to the Turks that came thither; and put all in order with as much speed as I could: fearing the coming of the Turk's navy; of the which, the chief of the city knew right well.

So upon the sudden, they called me of great friendship and in secret told me, I had no way to save myself but to be gone; for said they, "We are not able to defend you that are not able to help ourselves. For the Turk, where he cometh, taketh what he will and leaveth what he lists: but the chief of the Turks set order that none shall do any harm to the people or to their goods." This was such news to me, that indeed I was at my wits' end; and was brought into many imaginations what to do: for the wind was contrary. In fine, I determined to go forth.

But the merchants, Englishmen, and others, regarding more their gains than the ship, hindered me very much in my purpose of going forth: and made the mariners to

come to me to demand their wages to be paid out of hand, and to have a time to employ [*spend*] the same there. But GOD provided so for me that I paid them their money that night: and then charged them that if they would not set the ship forth; I would make them to answer the same in England with danger of their heads. Many were married in England and had somewhat to lose. These did stick to me. I had twelve gunners. The Master Gunner, who was a mad-brained fellow, and the owner's servant had a parliament between themselves: and he, upon the same, came up to me with his sword drawn; swearing that he had promised the owner, Sir ANTHONY AUCHER, to live and die in the said ship against all that should offer any harm to the ship, and that he would fight with the whole army of the Turks, and never yield. With this fellow I had much ado: but at the last I made him confess his fault and follow my advice.

Thus with much labour I got out of the mole of Scio into the sea, by warping forth; with the help of Genoese boats, and a French boat that was in the mole: and being out, GOD sent me a special gale of wind to go my way. Then I caused a piece to be shot off for some of my men that were yet in the town, and with much ado they came aboard: and then I set sail a little before one o'clock, and I made all the sail I could.

About half past two o'clock there came seven galleys into Scio to stay the ship, and the Admiral of them was in a great rage because she was gone. Whereupon they put some of the best [of the townsfolk] in prison; and took all the men of the three ships which I left in the port, and put them into the galleys. The Turks would have followed after me; but that the townsmen found means that they did not. The next day came thither an hundred more galleys, and there tarried for their whole company, which being together, were about 250 sail; taking their voyage to surprise the island of Malta.

The next day after I departed, I had sight of Candia: but I was two days more ere I could get in: where I thought myself out of their danger. There I continued until the Turk's army was past, which came within sight of the town.

There was preparation made as though the Turks would have come thither. There are in that island of Candia many banished men, that live continually in the mountains.

They came down to serve, to the number of 4,000 or 5,000. They are good archers. Every one was armed with his bow and arrows, a sword and a dagger; and had long hair, boots that reached up to the groin, and a shirt of mail hanging, the one half before, and the other half behind. These were sent away again as soon as the army was past. They would drink wine out of all measure.

Then the army being past, I ladened my ship with wines and other things: and so, after I had that which I had left at Scio, I departed for Messina. In the way, I found about Zante, certain galliots of Turks laying aboard of certain vessels of Venice laden with muscatels. I rescued them, and had but a barrel of wine for my powder and shot. Within a few days after, I came to Messina.

I had in my ship a Spanish pilot, called NOBIEZIA, which I took in at Cadiz at my coming forth. He went with me all this voyage into the Levant without wages, of goodwill that he bare me and the ship. He stood me in good stead until I came back again to Cadiz; and then I needed no pilot. And so from thence I came to London with the ship and goods in safety: GOD be praised!

And all those mariners that were in my said ship—which were, besides boys, threescore and ten—for the most part, were within five or six years after, able to take charge of ships, and did.

RICHARD CHANCELLOR, who first discovered Russia, was with me in that voyage; and MATTHEW BAKER, who afterwards became the Queen's Majesty's Chief Shipwright.

Anonymous.

A praise of Mistress RYCE.

[*TOTTEL's Miscellany.*]



HEARD WHEN FAME with thund'ring voice, did summon to appear
The chief of Nature's children, all that kind hath placed here;
To view what bruit by virtue got, their lives could justly crave,
And bade them show what praise by truth, they worthy were to have.

Wherewith I saw how VENUS came, and put herself in place;
And gave her ladies leave at large, to stand and plead their case.
Each one was called by name a row, in that assembly there;
That hence are gone, or here remains in Court or otherwhere.
A solemn silence was proclaimed, the judges sate and heard
What truth could tell or craft could feign, and who should be preferred.

Then BEAUTY stept before the bar, whose breast and neck were bare:
With hair trusst up, and on her head a caul of gold she ware.
Thus CUPID's thralls began to flock, whose hungry eyes did say
That she had stainèd all the dames that present were that day.
For ere she spake, with whispering words the press was filled throughout;
And FANCY forcèd common voice, thereat to give a shout.
Which cried to FAME, "Take forth thy trump and sound her praise on high,

That glads the heart of every wight that her beholds with eye."
"What stir and rule," quoth ORDER then, "do these rude people make.
We hold her best that shall deserve a praise for virtue's sake."
This sentence was no sooner said, but BEAUTY therewith blushed.
The noise did cease, the hall was still, and everything was hushed.

Then FINENESS thought by training talk to win that BEAUTY lost,
And whet her tongue with joly words, and sparèd for no cost:
Yet WANTONNESS could not abide, but brake her tale in haste:
And peevish PRIDE for peacock's plumes would needs be highest placed:
And therewithal came CURIOUSNESS and carpèd out of frame.
The audience laughed to hear the strife, as they beheld the same.

Yet REASON soon appeased the bruit, her reverence made and done,
She purchased favour for to speak, and thus her tale begun.
"Since BOUNTY shall the garland wear, and crowned be by FAME;
O happy judges! call for her, for she deserves the same:
Where temperance governs, beauty's flowers and glory are not sought,
And shamefast meekness mastereth pride, and virtue dwells in thought.
Bid her come forth and show her face, or else assent each one
That true report shall grave her name in gold or marble stone

For all the world to read at will, what worthiness doth rest
In perfect pure unspotted life, which she hath here possest."

Then SKILL rose up and sought the press to find, if that he might,
A person of such honest name that men should praise of right.
This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink herself aside,
Whose sober looks did show what gifts her wifely grace did hide.
"Lo here," quoth SKILL, "good people all, is LUCRECE left alive;
And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did strive."

No longer FAME could hold her peace, but blew a blast so high,
That made an echo in the air, and sounding through the sky.
The voice was loud, and thus it said, "Rise, with happy days!
Thy honest life hath won thee fame, and crowned thee with praise."

And when I heard my mistress' name I thrust amidst the throng:
And clapt my hands, and wished of GOD that she might prosper long.

Sir HENRY SIDNEY, K. G.,

Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Lord President of Wales.

A very godly letter made unto PHILIP SIDNEY *his son, then at school in Shrewsbury.*

[*Sidneiana.*]

In the records of Shrewsbury School are the following entries on the same day :— *Anno Domini* 1564. 16 *Cal. Nov.* [i.e. 17 Oct.]

PHILIPPUS SIDNEY filius et hæres HENRICI SIDNEY Militis de Pensarst in Comit. Cantiæ, et Domini Præsidis confinium Cambriæ, nec non Ordinis Garterii Militis.

FOULKUS GREYVELL filius et hæres FOULKI GREYVELL Armigeri de Beauchamp Courte in Comit. Warwici. eodem die.

SON PHILIP,

I HAVE RECEIVED two letters from you—one written in Latin, the other in French—which I take in good part; and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life that you are born to live in.

And now sithence this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices; which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty GOD by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray: and use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time.

Apply your study such hours as your discreet Master doth assign you, earnestly: and the time, I know, he will so limit; as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and matter of that you do read as well as the words: so shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you.

Be humble and obedient to your Master: for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is; you shall never be able to teach others

how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture and affable unto all men; with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost.

Use moderate diet: so as, after your meal, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine: and yet sometimes do; lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed.

Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your bones or joints. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company: and otherwise loathsome.

Give yourself to be merry: for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything, when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man: for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword.

Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech: otherwise you shall be accounted to delight to hear yourself speak.

Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefastness; than of your sad [*sober*] friends, for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it: and remember how Nature hath rampered [*walled*] up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips; and all, betokening reins or bridles for the loose use of that member.

Above all things, tell no untruth. No, not in trifles. The custom of it is nought: and let it not satisfy you that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth: yet after it will be known as it is, to your shame. For there cannot be a greater reproach to a Gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.

Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied: so shall you make such an habit of well doing in you; as you shall not know how to do evil, though you would.

Remember, my son! the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side: and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; otherwise, through vice and sloth, you may be

counted *labes generis*, "a spot of your kin," one of the greatest curses that can happen to man.

Well! my little PHILIP! this is enough for me; and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meat of digestion nourish in anything, the weak stomach of your young capacity; I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with other food.

Commend me most heartily unto Master Justice CORBET, old Master ONSLOWE, and my cousin his son. Farewell! Your mother and I send you our blessings: and Almighty GOD grant you His! nourish you with His fear! govern you with His grace! and make you a good servant to your Prince and country! Your loving father,

So long as you live in the fear of GOD,

H. SYDNEY.

A Postcript by my Lady MARY SIDNEY, *in the skirts of my Lord President's letter, to her said son* PHILIP.

YOUR noble and careful father hath taken pains with his own hand to give you in this his letter, so wise, so learned, and most requisite precepts for you to follow with a diligent and humble thankful mind; as I will not withdraw your eyes from beholding and reverent honouring the same: no, not so long time as to read any letter from me. And therefore, at this time, I will write unto you no other letter than this: whereby I first bless you, with my desire to GOD to plant in you His grace; and secondarily, warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind these excellent counsels of my lord your dear father, and that you fail not continually once in four or five days to read them over.

And for a final leave-taking for this time, see that you show yourself as a loving obedient scholar to your good Master! to govern you yet many years; and that my lord and I may hear that you profit so in your learning, as thereby you may increase our loving care of you, and deserve at his hands the continuance of his great joy, to have him often witness with his own hand the hope he hath in your well doing.

Farewell, my little PHILIP! and once again the LORD bless you! Your loving mother,

MARY SIDNEY.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Conceipt begotten by the eyes.

[*Poetical Rhapsody.*]



Conceipt begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly born and quickly dies;
For while it seeks our hearts to have
Meanwhile there Reason makes his grave.
For many things the eyes approve,
Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds in springtime sown,
Die in the ground ere they be grown;
Such is Conceipt, whose rooting fails,
As child that in the cradle quails;
Or else within the mother's womb,
Hath his beginning and his tomb.

Affection follows Fortune's wheels,
And soon is shaken from her heels:
For following beauty or estate,
Her liking still is turned to hate.
For all affections have their change,
And Fancy only loves to range.

Desire himself runs out of breath,
And getting, does but gain his death:
Desire, nor reason hath, nor rest,
And blind doth seldom choose the best,
Desire attained is not desire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

As ships in ports desired are drowned,
As fruit once ripe, then falls to ground,
As flies that seek for flames, are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought:
So fond DESIRE when it attains
The life expires, the woe remains.

And yet some poets fain would prove
AFFECTION to be perfect love;
And that DESIRE is of that kind
No less a passion of the Mind:
As if wild beasts and men did seek
To like, to love, to choose alike.

W. R.

Anonymous.

Report to Lord Burleigh of the cost of delivering a Tun of Gascoigny wine in England in November 1583.

[*Lansd. MS.* 37.]

It may please you Right Honourable. Understanding that it was your Lordship's pleasure to be advertised of the prices of the Wines of Gascoigny this year: upon the occasion of a Proclamation intended by your Lordship thereon: and having now upon the arrival of four or five ships from Bordeaux, as well as upon the sight of merchants' letters as otherwise; taken intelligence thereof as much as in me lieth, I do present the same to your honourable understanding as followeth.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis. The price of a Tun of the best wines there is 20 crowns: the Crown by means of the exchange to be accounted at 6s. 6d.	6	10	0
The charges there. One Crown to the Tun	0	6	6
The freight, primage, and Dover money on the Tun	1	13	0
The impost, subsidies, and charges for the service of Her Majesty, on every Tun	2	11	0
The lighterage, carriage and porters' due	0	2	8
The hooping, cellarage and gauging of every Tun	0	6	8
The leakage on the seas and waste on land ...	1	5	0
Sum of the price and charges of a Tun of Wine: besides the adventure and forbearing of their money is	£12	14	10

The last year, Her Majesty's proclamation was at £13 the Tun when the wines bare price at 22 and 23 Crowns the Tun: the charges then as now. And herein the Merchants humbly beseech your honourable consideration towards them.

The Queen's annual proclamation issued upon this Report, reduced the price of Gascoigny wine from £13 a Tun, as had been fixed for 1583; to £12 for the year 1584. From which it is clear that some of the above items of cost were largely ostensible: otherwise the importers would have had no profit, except by adulteration &c. The Tun, Old Wine Measure, was equal to 210 Imperial gallons; or, at six to the gallon, to 1260 of our ordinary wine bottles. £12 the Tun=13¼d. the Imperial gallon, or about 2¼d. a bottle; *i.e.* in present value, 1s. 4d. or 1s. 8d.

Anonymous.

The Bride's "Good Morrow."

To a pleasant new tune.

This is one of the most beautiful ballads in the English language.

[*Roxburgh Ballads*, i. 15. in British Museum.]

THE NIGHT IS passed, and joyful day appeareth
most clear on every side.
With pleasant music we therefore salute you,
"Good morrow, Mistress Bride!"
From sleep and slumber now awake you out of hand:
your bridegroom stayeth at home;
Whose fancy, favour and affection still doth stand
fixed on thee alone.
Dress you in your best array:
This must be your wedding day.
GOD Almighty send you happy joy,
In health and wealth to keep you still!
And if it be His blessed will,
GOD keep you safe from sorrow and annoy!

This day is honour now brought into thy bosom
and comfort to thy heart:
For GOD hath sent you a friend for to defend you
from sorrow, care and smart.
In health and sickness, for thy comfort day and night;
he is appointed and brought:
Whose love and liking is most constant sure and right.

Then love ye him as ye ought!
Now you have your heart's desire,
And the thing you did require;
GOD Almighty send you happy joy,
In health and wealth to keep you still!
And if it be His blessed will,
GOD keep you safe from sorrow and annoy!

There is no treasure the which may be compared
unto a faithful friend.
Gold soon decayeth, and worldly wealth consumeth
and wasteth in the wind:
But love, once planted in a perfect and pure mind,
endureth weal and woe:
The frowns of fortune, come they never so unkind,
cannot the same o'erthrow.
A bit of bread is better cheer
Where love and friendship doth appear;
Than dainty dishes stuffed with strife:
For where the heart is cloyed with care,
Sour is the sweetest fare;
And death far better than so bad a life.

Sweet Bride! then may you full well contented stay you,
and in your heart rejoice;
Sith GOD was guider both of your heart and fancy
and maker of your choice:
And He that preferred you to this happy state
will not behold you decay;
Nor see you lack relief or help in any rate,
if you His precepts obey.

To those that ask it faithfully
The LORD will no good thing deny:
This comfort in the Scriptures may you find.
Then let no worldly grief and care
Vex your heart with foul despair:
Which doth declare the unbelieving mind.

All things are ready and every whit prepared
to bear you company.
Your friends and parents do give their due attendance
together courteously.
The house is drest and garnisht for your sake
with flowers gallant and green.
A solemn feast your comely cooks do ready make;
where all your friends will be seen.
Young men and maids do ready stand
With sweet rosemary in their hand;
A perfect token of your virgin's life:
To wait upon you they intend
Unto the church to make an end:
And GOD make thee a joyful wedded wife.

FINIS.



JASPER CAMPION.

The English trade to Scio. 1539-1570 A.D.

[HAKLUYT's *Voyages* 1599.]

A discourse of the trade to Scio, made in the year 1569, [*i.e.* 1570] by JASPER CAMPION unto Master MICHAEL LOCK and unto Master WILLIAM WINTER: as by his letters unto them both, shall appear. Written the 14th of February 1569 [*i.e.* 1570].

WORSHIPFUL SIR, ETC.

AS THESE days past, I spake unto you about the procurement of a safe-conduct from the great Turk for a trade to Scio: the way and manner how it may be obtained with great ease, shall plainly appear unto you in the lines following.

Sir, you shall understand that the island of Scio in time past hath been a Signiory or lordship of itself; and did belong to the Genoese. There were twenty-four of them that governed the island, who were called *Mauneses*. But in continuance of time the Turk waxed so strong and mighty: that they—considering they were not able to keep it, unless they should become his tributaries: because the island had no corn nor any kind of victuals to sustain them, but only that which must of necessity come out of the Turk's dominions; and the said island being enclosed with the Turks round about, and but twelve miles from the Turk's continent—therefore the said Genoese did compound and agree to be the Turk's tributaries, and to pay him 14,000,000 ducats yearly: always provided that they should keep their laws both spiritual and temporal, as they did when the island was in their own hands. Thus he granted them their privilege,

which they enjoyed for many years: so that all strangers, and also many Englishmen, did trade thither of long continuance, and went and came in safety.

In this meantime, the Prince PEDRO DORIA, being a Genoese, became a captain to serve the Emperor with thirty or forty galleys against the Turk. And since that time, divers other captains belonging to Genoa, have been in the service of King PHILIP against the Turk. Moreover, whensoever the Turk made out an army, he perceived that no nation did him more hurt than those Genoese who were his tributaries. Likewise at the Turk's siege of Malta [in 1551-53 A.D.]—before which place he lay a great while; with loss of his men, and also of his galleys—he found none so troublesome unto his force as one JUANETTE DORIA a Genoese, and divers others of the island of Scio, who were his tributaries. At which sight, he took such displeasure against them of Scio, that he sent certain of his galleys to the island, to seize upon all the goods of the twenty-four *Mauneses;* and to turn them, with their wives and children, out of the island: but they would let none other depart, in order that the island should not be unpeopled. So that now the Turk hath sent one of his chief men to rule there: whereby now it will be more easy for us to obtain our safe-conduct than ever it was before.

For if the townsmen of Scio did know that we would trade thither, as we did in times past; they themselves, and also the Customer—for the Turk in all his dominions doth rent his customs—would be the chiefest procurer of this our safe-conduct for his own gain. Which is no small matter, for we must pay no less than ten in the hundred throughout the Turk's whole dominion: insomuch that if one of our ships should go thither, it would be for the Customer's profit 4,000 ducats at least; whereas if we should not trade thither, he would lose so much.

Also the burgesses and the common people would be very glad of our trade there, for the commonalty do get more by our countrymen than they do by any other nation whatsoever: for we do use to buy many of their silk quilts and of their *scamato* and dimity, that the poor people make in that town, more than any other nation; so that we would not so gladly trade, but the people of the country would be twice as willing. Wherefore they themselves would be a means unto

their governor by their petition, to bring this trade to pass: giving him to understand that of all nations in the world we do him least hurt, and that we may do his country great good in consuming those commodities which his country people make.

Furthermore, it were far more requisite that we should carry our own commodities, than to suffer a stranger to carry them thither: for that we can afford them better cheap than a stranger can.

I write not this by hearsay of other men, but of mine own experience: for I have traded in the country above this thirty years; and have been married in the town of Scio full twenty-four years: so you may assure yourself that I will write nothing but truth.

Now I will declare unto you the wares and commodities that are in the countries near about Scio. There are very good galls, the best sort whereof are sold in England, five shillings [the hundredweight] dearer than any other country's galls. There are also cotton wool; tanned hides; hides in the hair; wax; camlets; mocayares; grogerams; silk of divers countries; Cordovan skins tanned white to be made black, of them in great quantity; and also coarse wool to make beds. The natural commodities growing in the island itself are raw silk and mastic.

Of these commodities there are laden yearly ten or twelve great ships of Genoa; besides five or six which belong to the town of Scio: which ships are freighted for Genoa, Messina and Ancona. And now that the *Mauneses* and the chief merchants of Genoa are banished, the trade is clean lost: by reason whereof our merchandise must now of necessity be better cheap than it has been in times past.

But yet when all those ships did trade to the country, and also our ships; we never had less than three quintals of galls for a kersey; and in England we sold them for 35s. and 36s. the hundred: whereas now they are brought by the Venetians; they sell them unto us for £3 10s. and £4 the hundredweight.

Also we had three quintals of cotton wool for a kersey, and sold the wool for £2 10s. or £3 at the most: whereas now the Italians sell the same to us for £4 10s. and £5 the hundredweight.

In like manner, camlets: whereas we had three pieces, and of the best sort two pieces and a half, for a kersey; and could not sell them above 20s. and 22s. the piece, they sell them for 30s. and 35s. the piece.

Also grogerams, where we had of the best, two pieces and a half for a kersey: they sell them for 4s. and 4s. 6d. the yard.

Carpets, the smaller sort which serve for cupboards, we had three for a kersey. Whereas we, at the most, could not sell them but for 20s. the piece, they sell them for 35s. the piece.

And so all other commodities that the Venetians do bring, they sell them to us for the third part more gains than we ourselves obtained in those days that we traded in those parts.

Likewise the barrels of oil that they bring from Candia, we never could sell them above four nobles [£2 13s. 4d.] the barrel: where they sell them always for 50s. and £3 the barrel.

What great pity it is, that we should lose so good a trade; and may have it in our own hands, and be better welcome to that country than the Venetians. Moreover, the Venetians come very little to Scio; for most of their trade is to Alexandria.

And for to assure you that we had these commodities in barter for our kerseys; look into your father's books, and the books of Sir JOHN GRESHAM and his brethren; and you shall find what I have said to be true.

Also you know that we are forced to seek for oils out of Spain, and that for these many years they have been sold there for £25 and £30 the tun: whereas—if we can obtain the foresaid safe-conduct from the Turk—there are divers places in his dominions, where we may lade 500 tuns at £5 sterling the tun. The places are Modon and Coron, which are but twelve miles distant the one from the other; and do stand in our way to Scio, as you may plainly see by the card [*chart*]. Also there are places where we may utter [*dispose of*] our own commodities. And not only at these two places, but at many others; where we may have oils, and be better used than we are in Spain: where we pay very dear, and also are very evilly entreated many ways, as to you is not unknown. So that by these means, if the merchants will, we may be eased; and have such a trade as the like is not in Christendom.

Now as for getting the safe-conduct, if I were but able to

spend £100 by the year: I would be bound to lose it, if that I did not obtain the foresaid safe-conduct. For I know that if the inhabitants of Scio did but think that we would trade thither again; they would, at their own cost, procure to us a safe-conduct without a penny of charges to the merchants. So that if the merchants will but bear my charges to solicit the cause, I will undertake it myself. Where I pray you speak to Master WINTER and the other merchants, that this may take effect; and let me have your answer herein as soon as conveniently you may: for the time of the year draweth nigh that this business must be done.

Thus I commit you to GOD; and rest always yours to command,

Yours as your servant,

JASPER CAMPION.

To the Worshipful Master WILLIAM WINTER.

IT may please your worship to understand, that as concerning the voyage to Scio, what great profit would be got both for merchants, and also for owners of ships—as it was well known in those days when the *Matthew Gonson*, the *Trinity Fitz Williams*, and the *Saviour* of Bristol with divers other ships which traded thither yearly; and made their voyage in ten or twelve months, and the longest in a year—Master FRANCIS LAMBERT, Master JOHN BROOKE and Master DRAVER can truly inform you hereof at large.

And by reason that we have not traded into those parts these many years; and that the Turk is grown mighty, whereby our ships do not trade as they were wont: I find that the Venetians do bring those commodities hither; and do sell them for double the value of that we ourselves were accustomed to fetch them. Wherefore, as I am informed by the abovenamed men, that there is none so fit to furnish this voyage as yourself: my request is that there may be a ship of convenient burthen prepared for this voyage; and then I will satisfy you at large what is to be done therein.

And because the Turk, as I said before, is waxen strong,

and hath put out the Christian rulers and placed his own subjects; we may doubt whether we may so peaceably trade thither as we were wont: therefore I dare undertake to obtain a safe-conduct, if my charges may be borne to go and come. Of the way how this may be done, Master LOCK can satisfy you at large.

Moreover, I can inform you more of the trade of that country than any other; for that I have been in those parts these thirty years, and have been married in the very town of Scio full four and twenty years. Furthermore, when one of our ships cometh thither, they bring at the least 6,000 or 8,000 kerseys; so that the customs thereof are very profitable for the prince, and the return of them is profitable to the common people: for in barter of our wares, we took the commodities which the poor of that town made in their houses. So that one of our ships brought the prince and country more gain than six ships of other nations. The want of this our trade thither was the only cause why the Christian rulers were displaced: for when they paid not their yearly tribute, they were put out by force.

Touching the ship that must go, she must observe this order. She must be a ship of countenance. She must not touch in any part of Spain, for the times are dangerous, nor take in any lading there: but she either lade in England, either goods of our own or else of strangers, and go to Genoa or Leghorn, where we may be well intreated. From thence she must make her money to buy wines by exchange to Candia, for there both customs and exchange are reasonable: and not do as the *Matthew Gonson* and other ships did in times past, who made sale of their wares at Messina for the lading of their wines; and paid for turning their white money [*silver*] into gold after four or five in the hundred, and also did hazard the loss of ship and goods by carrying away their money. Thus by the aforesaid course we shall trade quietly, and not be subject to these dangers.

Also [along the coast] from Leghorn to Castel del Mare which is but sixteen miles from Naples, and the ready way to Candia; you may lade hoops: which will cost 27½ "carolins" of Naples the thousand, which is 2½ ducats of Spain. And in Candia for every thousand of hoops you shall have a butt of Malmsey clear of all charges. Insomuch that a ship of

the burden [300 *tons*] of the *Matthew Gonson* will carry 400,000 hoops, so that 1,000 ducats will lade her. And this is an usual trade to Candia, as Master MICHAEL LOCK can testify.

Furthermore, it is not unknown to you, that the oils which we do spend [*consume*] in England for our cloth, are brought out of Spain; and that they are very dear; so that in England we cannot sell them under £28 and £30 the tun. I say we may have good oil, and better cheap in divers places within the Straits [of Gibraltar].

Therefore if you think good to take this voyage in hand; I will inform you more particularly, when you please.

In the meantime, I rest

Your Worship's to command.

Yours at your pleasure.

JASPER CAMPION.

EDWARD DE VERE, Earl of OXFORD.

What cunning can express?

[R. S., *Phœnix Nest.* 1593.
J. BODENHAM, *England's Helicon.* 1600.]

WHAT CUNNING can express
The favour of her face?
To whom, in this distress,
I do appeal for grace.
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From whence, each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessèd by desire.
No sweeter life I try,
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field
That glories in his white;
For pureness now must yield
And render up his right.
Heaven pictured in her face,
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair CYNTHIA's silver light
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams.
Her virtues so do shine
As day, unto mine eyne.

With this there is a red
Exceeds the damask rose:
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Whence every favour grows.
In sky there is no star,
That she surmounts not far.

When PHŒBUS from the bed
Of THETIS doth arise;
The morning blushing red
In fair carnation-wise,
He shows it in her face
As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red,
This CYNTHIA's silver light,
The sweet fair Dea spread,
These sunbeams in mine eye;
These beauties make me die.

E. O.

A RELATION

Of the Retaking of the

ISLAND

OF

STA HELENA,

And Three

Dutch East-India SHIPS.

Published by Authority.

In the *Savoy*,
Printed by Thomas Newcomb.
M. DC. LXXIII.

A Relation of the Retaking of the Island of Sainta Helena; and three Dutch East India ships.



N THE 4th of May [1673] last, in the morning, we came in sight of the isle of Saint Helena. In two hours afterwards; we had concluded what to do for the retaking of the island: and ordered 200 men with field colours and officers, who were appointed to be put on board a vessel, out of which they might be landed; whilst we attacked the ships in the road, in case there should be any there.

About eleven in the forenoon, the *Assistance* frigate made sail, that we might be near in the night, to discover the strength of the road: the rest of our ships having furled all their sails, lay so till the evening, and came in to us in the night.

The next morning, about seven o'clock, all our ships being to the windward of the isle about five miles: our boat came on board, and told us that the road was clear. So we immediately put 200 men more, on board the *Castle* fireship; and left her and the other vessel to land our 400 men to the windward of the island, in Prosperous Bay.

The four Men of War made sail for the forts, against which we anchored about one in the afternoon; and after four hours' dispute [*firing*], went to the westward, and there let go our anchor again: being confident our men must have landed and gained the hills before that time; and that by the next morning, we might expect them on the back of the forts, against which time it was resolved to have the *William and Thomas* and one ship more, close under the fort. The

Dutch no sooner saw us come up again, and that we did not intend to leave them: but they came off, and yielded the island upon condition that they might not be stripped; which we accepted. They not yet knowing of any army that we had landed.

At sunset we took possession of James' Fort, and despatched a trumpeter to Captain KEIGWIN, commander of our land force, to acquaint him with what had passed; and to prevent any injury that might be done to the isle by our men in their march to the fort.

On the 11th, between seven and eight in the evening, a ship appeared in sight with a flag aloft; which we cut after, and by eleven at night came up with her, and took her: which proved to be one of the Dutch East India fleet, sent before [*in advance*] with the new Governor for Saint Helena.

On the 26th, early in the morning, we saw our flags on the mount hoisted; which gave us an account that there were six sail in sight. About ten in the forenoon, wehad advice that four were coming one way and two the other: who immediately appeared in sight at both ends of the island. They no sooner saw us; but they clapped by a wind, and we after them: the *Assistance*, the *William and Thomas*, and the *Castle* fireship, with one Merchantman to the eastward, after four: the *Mary and Martha*, with two other Merchantmen, to the westward, after two; but it being a very hard gale, we could do nothing on them.

At night the *Assistance* got up with their Vice-Admiral, and the *William and Thomas* with their Admiral; with whom they kept company all night: and the 27th in the morning, took them; but not in company one with the other, every ship steering his own course, believing by that to lose us.

The said four Men of War, fireship, and three Dutch East India prizes; together with five English East India ships who came in company with the Men of War; are since safely arrived.

FINIS.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

GASCOIGNE's arraignment at BEAUTY's bar.

[*A Hundred Sundry Flowers.*]



T BEAUTY's bar as I did stand;
When FALSE SUSPECT accused me:
"GEORGE," quoth the Judge, "hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraigned of flattery.
Tell therefore how thou wilt be tried?
Whose judgment here, wilt thou abide?"

"My lord," quoth I, "this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest;
Doth know my guilt, if any were:
Wherefore her doom shall please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath."

Quoth BEAUTY, "No! it sitteth not
A Prince herself to judge the cause.
Here is our Justice, well you wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws.
If you will guiltless seem to go:
GOD and your country quite you so."

Then CRAFT the Crier called a quest,
Of whom was FALSEHOOD foremost feer:
A pack of pick-thanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear.
The Jury such, the Judge unjust:
Sentence was said I should be trusst.

JEALOUS the gaoler bound me fast
To hear the verdict of the bill.
"GEORGE," quoth the Judge, "now thou art cast.
Thou must go hence to heavy hill;
And there be hanged all but the head.
GOD rest thy soul when thou art dead!"

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before Dame BEAUTY's face;
And cried, "Good Lady, pardon me!
Which here appeal unto your Grace.
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you."

"And though this Judge do make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood;
Yet let your pity first be placed,
To save the man that meant you good.
So shall you show yourself a Queen
And I may be your servant seen."

Quoth BEAUTY, "Well! because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be:
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than JUSTICE here hath judgèd thee.
Wilt thou be bound, to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?"

"Yea, Madam," quoth I, "that I shall.
Lo, FAITH and TRUTH my surèties."
"Why then," quoth she, "come when I call:
I ask no better warranties."
Thus am I BEAUTY's bounden thrall;
At her command when she doth call.

Ever or Never.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Could the Romans have resisted ALEXANDER? The Englishman a better warrior than either Macedonian or Roman.

[*History of the World.*]



HAT QUESTION handled by LIVY,—"Whether the Great ALEXANDER could have prevailed against the Romans; if, after his Eastern conquest, he had bent all his forces against them?"—hath been and is the subject of much dispute: which, as it seems to me, the arguments on both sides do not so well explain, as the experience that PYRRHUS hath given of the Roman power in his days. For if he—a commander, in HANNIBAL'S judgment, inferior to Alexander, though to none else—could, with a small strength of men, and little store of money or of other needful helps in war; vanquish them in two battles, and endanger their State when it was well settled, and held the best part of Italy under a confirmed obedience: what would ALEXANDER have done—that was abundantly provided of all that is needful to a conqueror—wanting only matter of employment; coming upon them, before their dominion was half so well settled?

"It is easy to say that ALEXANDER had no more than 30,000 foot and 4,000 horse—as indeed, at his first passage into Asia; he carried over not many more; and that the rest of his followers were no better than base effeminate Asiatics. But he that considers the armies of PERDICCAS, ANTIPATER, CRATERUS, EUMENES, PTOLEMY, ANTIGONUS, and LYSIMACHUS; with the actions by them performed: every one of which (to omit others) commanded only some fragment of this dead Emperor's power; shall easily find, that such a reckoning is far short of the truth.

It were needless to speak of treasure, horses, elephants, engines of battery, and the like: of all which the Macedonian had abundance; the Roman having nought, save men and arms.

As for sea forces. He that shall consider after what sort the Romans in their first Punic war, were trained in the rudiments of navigation—sitting upon the shore, and beating the sand with poles, to practise the stroke of the oar; as not daring to launch their ill-built vessels into the sea—will easily conceive how far too weak they would have proved in such services.

Now for helpers in war: I do not see why all Greece and Macedon—being absolutely commanded by ALEXANDER—might not well deserve to be laid in balance against those parts of Italy, which the Romans held in ill-assured subjection.

To omit therefore all benefit that the Eastern World—more wealthy indeed, than valiant—could have afforded unto the Macedonian: let us conjecture how the States of Sicily and Carthage—nearest neighbours to such a quarrel, had it happened—would have stood affected.

The Sicilians were for the most part Grecians; neither is it to be doubted that they would readily have submitted themselves unto him that ruled all Greece besides them. In what terms they commonly stood; and how ill they were able to defend themselves, it shall appear anon. Sure it is, that ALEXANDER coming into those parts, would have brought excessive joy to them; that were fain to get the help of PYRRHUS, by offering to become his subjects.

As for the Carthaginians. If AGATHOCLES, the Tyrant of Syracuse—hated of his people, and ill able to defend his own besieged city—could, by adventuring to sail into Africa, put their dominion; yea, and Carthage itself, in extreme hazard: shall we think that they would have been able to withstand ALEXANDER? But why do I question their ability; seeing that they sent ambassadors with their submission, as far as Babylon; ere the war drew near them?

Wherefore it is manifest that the Romans must (without other succour than, perhaps, of some other few Italian friends—of which yet there were none that forsook them not at some time; both before, and after this) have opposed their valour and good military discipline against the power of all countries to them known: if they would have made resistance.

How they could have sped well in undertaking such a match: it is uneasy to find in discourse of human reason. It is true, that virtue and fortune work wonders; but it is against cowardly fools, and the unfortunate. For whoever contends with one too mighty for him: either must excel in these as much as his enemy go beyond him in power; or else must look both to be overcome, and to be cast down so much the lower by how much the opinion of his fortune and virtue renders him suspected, as likely to make head another time against the vanquisher.

Whether the Roman or the Macedonian were, in those days, the better soldier; I will not take upon me to determine. Though I might, without partiality, deliver mine own opinion: and prefer that army, which followed not only PHILIP and ALEXANDER, but also ALEXANDER'S princes after him, in the greatest dangers of all sorts of war; before any that Rome either had or, in long time after, did send forth.

Concerning fortune; who can give a rule that shall always hold? ALEXANDER was victorious in every battle that he fought: and the Romans in the issue of every war. But forasmuch as LIVY hath judged this a matter worthy of consideration: I think it a great part of Rome's good fortune, that ALEXANDER came not into Italy; where—in three years after his death—the two Roman Consuls, together with all the powers of that State, were surprised by the Samnites; and enforced to yield up their arms.

We may therefore permit LIVY to admire his own Romans, and to compare with ALEXANDER, those captains of theirs; which were honoured sufficiently in being thought equal to his followers. That the same conceit should blind our judgment; we cannot permit without much vanity.

Now in deciding such a controversy, methinks it were not amiss for an Englishman to give such a sentence between the Macedonians and Romans; as the Romans once did, being chosen arbitrators, between the Ardeates and Aricini that strove about a piece of land: saying, "That it belonged to neither of them; but unto the Romans themselves."

If therefore it be demanded, whether the Macedonian or the Roman were the best warrior? I will answer, "The Englishman!"

For it will soon appear to any that shall examine the noble acts of our Nation in war, that they were performed by no advantage of weapon; against no savage or unmanly people; the enemy being far superior unto us in number and all needful provisions; yea, as well trained as we, or commonly better, in the exercise of war.

In what sort, PHILIP won his dominion in Greece; what manner of men the Persians and Indians were, whom ALEXANDER vanquished; as likewise, of what force the Macedonian phalanx was, and how well appointed against such arms as it commonly encountered: any man that hath taken pains to read the foregoing story of them, doth sufficiently understand.

Yet was this phalanx never, or very seldom, able to stand against the Roman armies; which were embattled in so excellent a form, as I know not whether any nation besides them, have used; either before or since. The Roman weapons likewise, both offensive and defensive, were of greater use than those with which any other nation hath served; before the fiery instruments of gunpowder were known.

As for the enemies with which Rome had to do: we find that they which did overmatch her in numbers were as far overmatched by her in weapons; and that they of whom she had little advantage in arms, had as little advantage of her in multitude. This also—as PLUTARCH well observeth—was a part of her happiness; that she was never overlaid with two great wars at once.

Hereby it came to pass, that having at first increased her strength, by the accession of the Sabines; having won the state of Alba—against which she adventured her own self, as it were in a wager, upon the heads of three champions; and having thereby made herself Princess of Latium; she did afterwards, by long war, in many ages, extend her dominion over all Italy. The Carthaginians had well near oppressed her: but her soldiers were mercenary; so that for want of proper strength, they were easily beaten at their own doors. The Ætolians—and with them, all or the most of Greece—assisted her against PHILIP the Macedonian. He, being beaten, did lend her his help to beat the same Ætolians. The wars against ANTIOCHUS and other Asiatics

were such as gave to Rome small cause of boast, though much of joy: for those opposites [*opponents*] were as base of courage, as the lands which they held were abundant of riches. Sicily, Spain, and all Greece fell into her hands; by using her aid to protect them against the Carthaginians and Macedonians.

I shall not need to speak of her other conquests. It was easy to get more, when she had gotten all this. It is not my purpose to disgrace Roman valour; which was very noble: or to blemish the reputation of so many famous victories. I am not so idle. This I say, That among all their wars I find not any; wherein their valour hath appeared comparable to the English.

If my judgment seem over-partial: our wars in France may help to make it good.

First therefore, it is well known that Rome or perhaps all the world besides, had never any so brave a commander in war as JULIUS CÆSAR; and that no Roman army was comparable unto that which served under the same CÆSAR. Likewise, it is apparent that this gallant army, which had given fair proof of the Roman courage in the good performance of the Helvetian war, when it first entered into Gaul; was nevertheless utterly disheartened, when CÆSAR led it against the Germans. So that we may justly impute all that was extraordinary in the valour of CÆSAR's men; to their long exercise, under so good a leader, in so great a war.

Now let us in general compare with the deeds done by these best of Roman soldiers, in their principal service; the things performed in the same country by our common English soldiers, levied in haste from following the cart or sitting on the shop-stall: so shall we see the difference. Herein will we deal fairly, and believe CÆSAR in relating the acts of the Romans; but will call the French historians to witness what actions were performed by the English.

In CÆSAR's time, France was inhabited by the Gauls, a stout people; but inferior to the French, by whom they were subdued, even when the Romans gave them assistance. The country of Gaul was rent in sunder, as CÆSAR witnesseth, into many Lordships: some of which were governed by petty kings and others by the multitude; none ordered in such sort as might make it appliable to the

nearest neighbour. The factions were many and violent; not only in general through the whole country, but between petty states—yea, in every city; and almost in every house. What greater advantage could a conqueror desire?

Yet there was a greater. ARIOVISTUS, with his Germans, had overrun the country; and held much part of it in subjection, little different from mere slavery. Yea, so often had the Germans prevailed in war upon the Gauls; that the Gauls—who had sometimes been the better soldiers—did hold themselves no way equal to those daily invaders.

Had France been so prepared unto our English kings, Rome itself—by this time, and long ere this time—would have been ours. But when King EDWARD III. began his war upon France, he found the whole country settled in obedience to one mighty King. A King, whose reputation abroad was no less than his puissance at home. Under whose ensign, the King of Bohemia did serve in person; at whose call, the Genoese and other neighbouring states were ready to take arms: finally, a King unto whom one Prince—the Dauphin of Viennois—gave away his dominion, for love; and another—the King of Majorca—sold away a goodly city and territory, for money.

The country lying so open to the Romans; and being so well fenced against the English: it is noteworthy, not who prevailed most therein—for it were mere vanity to match the English purchases with the Roman conquest; but whether of the two gave the greater proof of military virtue?

CÆSAR himself doth witness, that the Gauls complained of their own ignorance in the art of war; and that their own hardiness was overmatched by the skill of their enemies. Poor men! they admired the Roman towers and engines of battery raised and planted against their walls, as more than human. What greater wonder is it, that such people were beaten by the Romans; than that the Caribs—a naked people, but valiant as any under the sky—are commonly put to the worse by the Spaniards?

Besides all this we are to have regard of the great difficulty that was found in drawing all Gauls or any great part of them to one head; that with joint forces they might oppose their assailants: as also the much more [*greater*] difficulty of holding them long together. For hereby it came to pass,

that they were never able to make use of Opportunity: but, sometimes compelled to stay for their fellows; and sometimes driven to give or take battle upon extreme disadvantages, for fear lest their companies should fall asunder—as indeed, upon any little disaster, they were ready to break, and return every one to the defence of his own.

All this, and—which was little less than all this—great odds in weapon; gave to the Romans the honour of many gallant victories.

What such help? or what other worldly help, than the golden mettle of their soldiers, had our English Kings against the French? Were not the French as well experienced in feats of war? Yea, did they not think themselves therein our superiors? Were they not in arms, in horse, and in all provisions, exceedingly beyond us. Let us hear what a French writer—JEAN DE SERRES—saith of the inequality that was between the French and English, when their King JOHN was ready to give the onset upon the Black Prince, at the battle of Poitiers, "JOHN had all advantages over EDWARD, both in number, force, show, country, and concert—the which is commonly a consideration of no small importance in worldly affairs—and withal, the choice of all his horsemen, esteemed then the best in Europe, with the greatest and wisest captains of his whole realm." And what could he have more?

I think it would trouble a Roman antiquary to find the like example in their histories—the example, I say, of a King brought prisoner to Rome by an army of 8,000; which he had surrounded with 40,000 better appointed and no less expert warriors. This I am sure of, that neither SYPHAX the Numidian followed by a rabble of half scullions, as LIVY rightly terms them; nor those cowardly kings PERSEUS and GENTIUS are worthy patterns.

All that have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness that I do not allege the battle of Poitiers for lack of other as good examples of the English virtue: the proof whereof, hath left many a hundred better marks in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the Romans.

If any man impute these victories of ours to the longbow, as carrying further, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French crossbow; my answer is ready. That in all these respects, it is also, being drawn with a

strong arm, superior to the musket: yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the crossbow are of like force when discharged by a boy or woman, as when by a strong man: weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger makes the longbow unserviceable. More particularly, I say, that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, point blank: and so shall he perceive that will note the circumstances of almost any one battle. This takes away all objection, for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length only one flight of arrows, or two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it in general true, that the longbow reacheth further, or that it pierceth more strongly than the crossbow; but this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be grounded no common rule.

If any man shall ask, How then, came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help them? I may—with best commendation of modesty—refer him to the French historian; who relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words, "The English come with a conquering bravery—as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere—without any stay. He forceth our guard placed upon the bridge to keep the passage." Or I may cite another place of the same author, where he tells how the Bretons, being invaded by CHARLES VIII., King of France; thought it good policy to apparel 1,500 of their own men in English cassocks; hoping that the very sight of the English Red Cross would be enough to terrify the French. But I will not stand to borrow of the French historians—all which, except DE SERRES and PAULUS ÆMILIUS, report wonders of our Nation—the proposition which first I undertook to maintain, "That the military virtue of the English, prevailing against all manner of difficulties; ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired."

If it be demanded, Why, then, did not our Kings finish the conquest, as CÆSAR had done? my answer may be (I hope without offence), that our Kings were like to the race of ÆACIDÆ; of whom the poet ENNIUS gave this note, *Bellipotentes sunt magis quam sapientipotentes*, "They were more war-

like than politic." Whoso notes their proceedings, may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only HENRY V.; the course of whose victories, it pleased GOD to interrupt by his death.

But this question is the more easily answered: if another be first made. "Why did not the Romans attempt the conquest of Gaul, before the time of CÆSAR? Why not after the Macedonian war? Why not after the third Punic? or after the Numantian?" At all these times, they had good leisure. And then, especially, had they both leisure and fit opportunity; when, under the conduct of MARIUS, they had newly vanquished the Cimbri and Teutones; by whom the country of Gaul had been piteously wasted. Surely, the words of TULLY were true, "That with other nations, the Romans fought for dominion; with the Gauls, for the preservation of their own safety!" Therefore they attempted not the conquest of Gaul, until they were Lords of all other countries to them known.

We, on the other side, held only the one half of our own island; the other half, being inhabited by a Nation—unless perhaps in wealth and numbers of men, somewhat inferior—every way equal to ourselves; a nation anciently and strongly allied to our enemies, the French; and in that regard, enemy to us. So that our danger lay both before and behind us: and the greater danger at our backs, where we commonly felt it. Always, we feared a stronger invasion by land; than we could make upon France, transporting our forces over sea.

It is usual with men that have pleased themselves in admiring the matters which they find in ancient histories; to hold it a great injury done to their judgment, if any one take upon him, by way of comparison, to extol the things of later ages. But I am well persuaded, that as the divided virtue of this our island, hath given more noble proof of itself, than under so worthy a leader, the Roman army could do; which afterwards could win Rome and all her empire, making CÆSAR a monarch: so hereafter, by GOD's blessing, who hath converted our greatest hindrance into our greatest help; the enemy that shall dare to try our forces, will find cause to wish; that, avoiding us, he had rather encountered as great a puissance as was that of the Roman Empire.

Thomas, Lord Vaux of Harrowden.

The assault of Cupid upon the fort, where the Lover's heart lay wounded; and how he was taken.

[*Tottel's Miscellany.*]



HEN Cupid scalèd first the fort,
Whercin my heart lay wounded sore:
The battery was of such a sort,
That I must yield or die therefore.

There saw I Love, upon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
Alarm! Alarm! he 'gan to call,
And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms the which that Cupid bare
Were piercèd hearts with tears besprent;
In silver and sable to declare
The steadfast love he always meant.

There might you see his band all drest
In colours like to white and black;
With powder and with pellets, prest
To bring the fort to spoil and sack.

GOOD-WILL, the Master of the Shot,
Stood in the rampire brave and proud;
For 'spense of powder, he spared not
Assault! Assault! to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannons roar,
Each piece discharged a lover's look,
Which had the power to rent; and tore
In any place whereas it took.

And even with the trumpets' sound,
The scaling ladders were up set;
And BEAUTY walkèd up and down
With bow in hand, and arrows whet.

Then first DESIRE began to scale,
And shrouded him under his targe;
As on the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushèd soldiers with their pikes,
And halbardiers with handy strokes.
The arquebuse in flesh it lights,
And dims the air with misty smokes.

And as it is the soldiers' use,
When shot and powder 'gins to want;
I hangèd up my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my life's grant.

When FANCY thus had made her breach,
And BEAUTY entered with her band:
With bag and baggage; silly wretch!
I yielded into BEAUTY'S hand.

Then BEAUTY bade to blow retreat,
And every soldier to retire:
And MERCY mild with speed to fet
Me, captive bound as prisoner.

"Madam," quoth I, "since that this day
Hath servèd you at all essays;
I yield to you without delay,
Here of the fortress, all the keys."

"And since that I have been the mark,
At whom you shot at with your eye;
Needs must you with your handiwork,
Or salve the sore or let me die."

[Three imitations of this famous poem will be found at pp. 128, 460, 651].

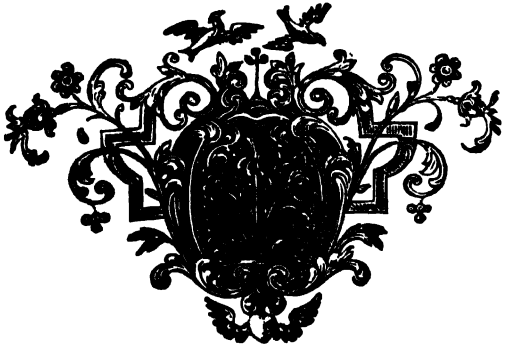
THE
GREAT FROST.

Cold doings in London, except it be at the

LOTTERY.

With News out of the Country.

A familiar talk between a Countryman and a Citizen touching this terrible Frost, and the Great Lottery, and the effects of them.



Printed at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are to be sold at the sign of the
[*The rest of the imprint is cut off in Mr. Huth's copy.*]

A Table of the most special matters of note contained in this short Discourse.

1. A description of the Thames being frozen over.

2. The dangers that hath happened to some persons passing upon the Thames.

3. The harms that this frost hath done to the City.

4. The misery that the country people are driven into by the means of this frost.

5. The frosts in other Kings' times compared with this.

6. A description of the Lottery.

THE GREAT FROST.

Cold doings in London.

A Dialogue.

THE SPEAKERS.

A Citizen.

A Countryman.

Citizen. LD FATHER, you are most heartily welcome to London!

Countryman. Sir, I give you most kind and hearty thanks: but you must pardon me, I am an old man and have those defects that go along with old age. I have both bad eyes to discern my friends and a weak memory to keep their names in mind. I have quite lost the remembrance of you.

Cit. Nay, father, I am a mere stranger to you: but seeing white hairs to cover your head as well as mine own, I make bold to reach out my hand to you. There is honesty in your very looks; and every honest man is worthy, and ought to be taken into acquaintance.

Coun. I am beholden to you for this courtesy. You citizens are civil, and we poor country fellows are plain: but albeit I walk in russet and coarse grey, I have a true heart. What is your pleasure, Sir?

Cit. If your haste be no greater than mine—for blessed be GOD, we have now too many idle hours against our will—I would gladly confer with you of the state of the country; and if I can delight you with any city news, you shall have my bosom opened freely.

Coun. The ploughman's hands, Sir, are now held in his pocket as well as the shopkeeper's. I have as little to do as you, and therefore an hour's chat shall please me well. We old men are old chronicles, and when our tongues go they are not clocks to tell only the time present, but large books unclasped; and our speeches, like leaves turned over and over, discover wonders that are long since past.

Cit. I am glad that I have met with an old man that hath not stood still all his life like a pool; but like a river hath run through the world to get experience. But I pray you, of what country are you?

Coun. Of Ripon in Yorkshire.

Cit. And, if it be not too much beyond the rule of good manners; let me be bold to inquire what drew you, dwelling so far off, to travel to London?

Coun. Marry, Sir, I will tell you: even that drew me to London which draws you out of your houses; that which makes you cry out in London "We have cold doings," and to leave your shops to catch your heat in the streets: nay, to leave your new beautiful walks in Moorfields—for those I have seen at my entering into the city—and to make newer and larger walks, though not so safe, upon a field of glass as it were. That slippery world, which I beheld, as I remember, in the fifth year of the reign of Queen ELIZABETH—or I am sure I am not much wide—do I come thus far to behold again in the fifth year of our good King JAMES: and that is, in a few cold words, the Thames frozen over.

Cit. Yea, father, and frozen over and over.

Coun. I have but two ears, Sir—if I had more I were a monster: but those two ears bring me home a thousand tales in less than seven days. Some I hearken to, some I shake my head at, some I smile at, some I think true, some I know false. But because this world is like our millers in the country, knavish and hard to be trusted; though mine ears be mine own and good, yet I had rather give credit to mine eyes: although they see but badly, yet they will not coren

me; they have not these fourscore years. And that is the reason I have made them my guides now in this journey: and they shall be my witnesses—when I get home again and sit, as I hope I shall, turning a crab by the fire—of what wonders I have been a beholder.

Cit. In good sadness, father, I am proud that such a heap of years lying on your back, you stoop no lower for them. I come short of you by more than twenty; and methinks I am both more unlusty and look more aged.

Coun. Oh, Sir, riots! riots! surfeits! surfeits stick white hairs upon young men's chins; when sparing diets hold colour. Your crammed capons feed you fat here in London; but our beef and bacon feed us strong in the country. Long sleeps and late watchings dry up your blood and wither your cheeks: we go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark, which makes our blood healthful. You are still sending to the apothecaries and still crying out to "fetch Master Doctor to me:" but our apothecary's shop is our garden full of potherbs, and our doctor is a good clove of garlic. I am as lusty and sound at heart, I praise my GOD, as my yoke of bullocks that are the servants to my plough.

Cit. Yet I wonder that having no more sand in the glass of your life—for young men may reckon years, but we old men must count upon minutes—I wonder, I say, how you durst set forth, and how you could come thus far.

Coun. How I durst set forth! If King HARRY were now alive again, I durst and would, as old and stiff as I am, go with him to Boulogne. We have trees in our town that bear fruit in winter. I am one of those winter plums; and though I taste a little sour, yet I am sound at heart and shall not rot yet I hope, for all this frost.

Cit. It were pity so reverend an oak should so soon be felled down. You may stand and grow yet many a year.

Coun. Yes, Sir, downward. Downward you and I must grow, like ears of corn when they be ripe. But I beseech you tell me. Is that goodly river of yours—I call it yours because you are a citizen, and that river is the nurse that gives milk and honey to your city—but is that lady of fresh waters all covered over with ice?

Cit. All over, I assure you, father. The frost hath made a floor upon it, which shows like grey marble roughly hewn

out. It is a very pavement of glass, but that it is more strong. The Thames now lies in; or rather is turned, as some think, bankrupt: and dares not show her head; for all the water of it floats up and down like a spring in a cellar.

Coun. GOD help the poor fishes! It is a hard world with them, when their houses are taken over their heads. They use not [*are not accustomed*] to lie under such thick roofs. But I pray, Sir, are all the arches of your famous London Bridge so dammed up with ice that the flakes show like so many frozen gates shut up close; and that nothing passes through them; nay, that a man cannot look through them as he had wont?

Cit. No such matter. The Thames with her ebbing and flowing, hath at sundry times brought down, aye winter castles of ice; which, jostling against the arches of the Bridge, and striving—like an unruly drunkard at a gate of the city in the night time—to pass through, have there been stayed and lodged so long till they have lain in heaps, and got one upon another: but not so ambitiously as you speak of them.

Coun. And do not the western barges come down upon certain artificial pulleys and engines, sliding on the ice; to serve your city with fuel?

Cit. That were a wonder worth the seeing, and more strange than the rowing over steeples by land in a wherry. I assure you these stories shall never stand in our chronicles. There is no such motion.

Coun. But I hope, Sir, you and I may drink a pint of sack in the tavern that runs upon wheels on the river, as well as a thousand have done besides, may we not? The motion of that wine cellar, I am sure is to be seen. Is it not?

Cit. The water cellar is, but the wine cellars have too good doings on the land to leave that, and to set up taverns on the river. You know more in the country I perceive than we do in the city of these matters.

Coun. Nay, Sir, we hear more but know less. We hear the lies, and you know the truth. Why law you now, had not I made this journey to London, I had died in misbelief. Mine ears might thus have made me to have been called an old doting fool. For I, giving credit to report, should have uttered these fables for truths: and I being an old man, should

have been believed—for a white head ought not to hold a black tongue—and so my sons and daughters, taking a father's word, might peradventure forty years hence have been called clowns for justifying a lie so monstrous and incredible.

Cit. Bar all these rumours hereafter out of your ears; for they are false and deceitful, and fly up and down like lapwings; their in times being there it is, when it is not.

Coun. You, Sir, are a man, that by your head and beard, as well as myself, should be one of TIME's sons, and should therefore love his daughter, TRUTH. Make me so much beholding to you, as to receive from you the right picture of all these your waterworks; how they began, how they have grown, and in what fashion have continued.

Cit. Most gladly will I satisfy your request. You shall understand that the Thames began to put on his "freeze-coat," which he yet wears, about the week before Christmas; and hath kept it on till now this latter end of January [1608]: how long time soever besides to come, none but GOD knows. The Thames described as it was frozen.

Coun. Did it never thaw in these many weeks?

Cit. Only three days, or four at the most; and that but weakly, to dissolve so great a hardness. The cakes of ice, great in quantity and in great numbers, were made and baked cold in the mouth of winter, at the least a fortnight or three weeks before they were crusted and cemented together; but after they once joined their strengths into one, their backs held out and could not be broken.

Coun. We may make this good use, even out of this watery and transformed element; that London upholdeth a State: and again, that violent factions and combinations, albeit of the basest persons, in a commonwealth are not easily dissolved; if once they be suffered to grow up to a head. On, Sir, I pray.

Cit. This cold breakfast being given to the city, and the Thames growing more and more hard-hearted; wild youths and boys were the first merchant-venturers that set out to discover these cold islands of ice upon the river. And the first path that was beaten forth to pass to the Bank Side, without going over [London] Bridge or by boat, was about Cold Harbour and in those places near the Bridge: for the tides still piling up the flakes First going over the Thames on the ice about Cold Harbour.

of ice one upon another in those parts of the Thames; it was held the best and the safest travelling into our new found Freeze-Land by those creeks.

Coun. But this onset prospering and they coming off well heartened others to come on, Sir, did it not?

Cit. No soldiers more desperate in a skirmish. Speak it, father, from my mouth for an assured truth, that there was as it were an artificial bridge of ice reaching from one side of the river to the other, upon which infinite numbers of people passed to and fro, jostling one another in crowds: while the current of the water ran in sight, more than half the breadth of the Thames, on either side of that icy bridge; the bridge itself being not above five yards broad, if so much.

Coun. It was strange! But it was said of you Londoners that when you strive to be kind, you turn into prodigals; when you are cowards, you are arrant cowards; and when you are bold, you are too desperately venturous.

Cit. It appears so by this frost: for no danger could nip their bloods with fear; but over some went in shoals, when thousands stood gazing on and swore they would not follow their steps in that watery wilderness for many thousands of pounds. Nay, even many of those that were the discoverers and did first venture over, would never undertake the second voyage: but protested when they were half way they would have lost much to have been again on shore.

Coun. It is most likely: for perils that are not common make men foolhardy; but being once tasted, they tremble to come near them.

Cit. You say true, father: but the fear of this shipwreck and of these rocks grew every day less and less. As the ice increased in hardness, so men's hearts increased in hardiness: so that at the length—the frost knitting all his sinews together; and the inconstant water by that means, being of a floating element, changed into a firm ground as it were—both men, women, and children walked over and up and down in such companies; that, I verily believe and I dare almost swear it, the one half, if not three parts of the people in the city have been seen going on the Thames. The river showed not now, neither shows it yet, like a river, but like a field; where archers shoot at pricks, [*targets*] while others play at football. It is a place of mastery,

What numbers of people walked on the Thames.

where some wrestle and some run; and he that does best is aptest to take a fall. It is an alley to walk upon without dread, albeit under it be most assured danger. The gentlewomen that tremble to pass over a bridge in the field, do here walk boldly. The citizen's wife that looks pale when she sits in a boat for fear of drowning, thinks that here she treads as safe now as in her parlour. Of all ages, of both sexes, of all professions, this is the common path. It is the roadway between London and Westminster, and between Southwark and London. Would you drink a cup of sack, father? here stand some with runlets to fill it out.

Coun. Ah ha! that is the tavern then that is talked on.

Cit. Thirst you for beer, ale, usquebaugh, &c.; or for victuals? There you may buy it, because [*in order that*] you may tell another day how you dined upon the Thames. Are you cold with going over? You shall ere you come to the midst of the river, spy some ready with pans of coals to warm your fingers. If you want fruit after you have dined, there stand costermongers to serve you at your call. And thus do people leave their houses and the streets; turning the goodliest river in the whole kingdom into the broadest street to walk in.

Beer, ale, wine, victuals and fires on the Thames.

Coun. But tell me, I pray, Sir, if all the merchants that undertake this voyage to these your narrow seas; are none undone? Do none of your fresh-water soldiers miscarry, and drop down in these slippery marshes?

Cit. Yes, Sir, I have heard of many and have been an eyewitness of some: of all which, I will be sparing in report, being rather willing to be reprehended for telling too little than for discovering too much.

Coun. It is a modesty that well becomes any man, albeit nothing but truth sit upon his tongue. But I pray, sithence [*since*] you crack the shell, let us see what kernel there is within it: sithence you have bestowed the sweet, let me taste the sour. Let your news be as country folks bring fruit to your markets, the bad and good together. Say, have none gone "westward for smelts," as our proverbial phrase is?

Cit. Yes, it hath been a kind of battle for the time. For some have fallen in up to the knees, others to the middle, others to the armpits; yea, and some have been ducked over head and ears, yet have

The harms that have fallen on several persons going on the Thames.

crawled out like drowned rats: while others have sunk to the bottom that never rose again to the top. They had a cold bed to lie in! Amongst many other misfortunes that are to be pitied, this is one. A couple of friends shooting on the Thames with birding pieces, it happened they struck a sea-pie or some other fowl. They both ran to fetch it. The one stumbled forward, his head slipped into a deep hole, and there he was drowned: the other in his haste slipped backward, and by that means saved his life.

A poor fellow likewise having heated his body with drink, thought belike to cool it on the water: but coming to walk on the ice, his head was too heavy for his heels; so that down he fell, and there presently died.

Coun. Let his fall give others warning how to stand. Your city cannot choose but to be much damnified [*injured*] by this strange congealing of the river.

Cit. Exceeding much, father. Strangers may guess at our harms: yet none can give the full number of them but we that are the inhabitants. For the City by this means is cut off from all commerce. Shop-keepers may sit and ask "What do you lack?" when the passengers [*passers by*] may very well reply "What do you lack yourselves?" They may sit and stare on men, but not sit and sell. It was, before, called "The dead term:" and now may we call this "The dead vacation," "The frozen vacation," "The cold vacation." If it be a gentleman's life to live idly and do nothing, how many poor artificers and tradesmen have been made gentlemen then by this frost? For a number of occupations—like the flakes of ice that lie in the Thames—are by this malice of WINTER, trod clean under foot, and will not yet be able to stir. Alas, poor watermen! you have had cold cheer at this banquet. You that live altogether upon water, can scarce get water to your hands. It is a hard thing now for you to earn your bread with the sweat of your brows.

The hurt that the City hath received by this frost.

Coun. This beating may make them wise. The want that this hard season drives them into, may teach them to play the ants; and in summer to make a provision against the wrath of winter. There is no mischief born alone, I know. Calamities commonly are, by birth, twins. Methinks, therefore, that this drying up of the waters should be a devourer up

of wood. This cold ague of the earth must needs have warmth to help it. That warmth must come from fire, and that fire cannot be had without cost: how then, I pray you, in this so general an affliction did poor people shift for fuel to comfort them?

Cit. Their care for fire was as great as for food. Nay, to want it was a worse torment than to be without meat. The belly was now pinched to have the body warmed: and had not the provident Fathers of this city [*i. e. the Corporation*] carefully, charitably and out of a good and godly zeal, dispersed a relief to the poor in several parts and places about the outer bounds of the City, where poverty most inhabiteth; by storing them beforehand with sea coal and other firing at a reasonable rate, I verily persuade myself that the unconscionable and unmerciful raising of the prices of fuel by chandlers, woodmongers, &c.—who now meant to lay the poor on the rack—would have been the death of many a wretched creature through want of succour. The want of fire.

Coun. Not unlikely, Sir.

Cit. For neither could coal be brought up the river, neither could wood be sent down. The western barges might now wrap up their smoky sails; for albeit they had never so lofty a gale, their voyage was spoiled: the winds were with them, but the tide was clean against them. And not only hath this frost nipped away those comforts that should revive the outward parts of the body; but those also that should give strength and life to the inward. For you of the country being not able to travel to the City with victuals, the price of victail must of necessity be enhanced; and victail itself brought into a scarcity. And thus have I given you, according to your request, a true picture of our Thames frozen over; and withal have drawn in as lively colours as I can, to my skill, as it were in a little table [*picture*], all the miseries, mischiefs and inconveniences, which this hard time hath thrown upon our City. Dearth of victuals.

Coun. Sir, you have satisfied me to the full; and have given unto me so good a taste of your love, that if I should live double the years that are already scored on my head, I cannot choose but die indebted to your kindness.

Cit. Not so, father, for you shall, if you please, come out of my debt presently; and your payment shall be in the self-same coin that you received of me, that is to say words.

Coun. I am glad, Sir, you will take a poor countryman's word for so round a sum as I acknowledge is owing to you You are a merciful creditor. GOD send me always to deal with such chapmen! But how will you set down my payments?

Cit. Marry thus, father. As I have discovered unto you what cold doings we have had during this frost in the city; so, I pray, let me understand from you what kind of world you have lived in, in the country.

Coun. The world with us of the country runs upon the old rotten wheels. For all the northern cloth that is woven in our country will scarce make a gown to keep Charity warm; she goes so a-cold. Rich men had never more money, and Covetousness had never less pity. There was never in any age more money stirring, nor never more stir to get money. Farmers are now slaves to racking young prodigal landlords. Those landlords are more servile slaves to their own riots and luxury. But these are the common diseases of every kingdom, and therefore are but common news. The tunes of the nightingale are stale in the middle of summer, because we hear them at the coming in of the spring: and so these harsh notes which are sung in every country do by custom grow not to be regarded. But your desire, Sir, is to know how we spend the days of this our frozen age in the country.

News out of the country

Cit. That I would hear indeed, father.

Coun. Believe me, Sir, as wickedly you must think as you can hear in your City. It goes as hard with us as it doth with you. The same cold hand of WINTER is thrust into our bosoms. The same sharp air strikes wounds into our bodies. The same sun shines upon us; but the same sun doth not heat us any more than it doth you. The poor ploughman's children sit crying and blowing their nails, as lamentably as the children and servants of your poor artificers. Hunger pinches their cheeks, as deep into the flesh as it doth into yours here. You cry out here, you are undone for coals: and we complain, we shall die for want of wood. All your care is to provide for your wives, children, and servants in this time of sadness: but we go beyond you in cares. Not only our wives, our children and household servants are unto us a cause of sorrow: but we grieve as much to behold the misery of our poor cattle in

The miseries that country people feel by this frost.

this frozen-hearted season, as it doth to look upon our own affliction. Our beasts are our faithful servants; and do their labour truly when we set them to it. They are our nurses that give us milk, they are our guides in our journeys, they are our partners and help to enrich our state; yea, they are the very upholders of a poor farmer's lands and living. Alas! then, what master that loves his servant as he ought, but would almost break his own heartstrings with sighing; to see these pine and mourn as they do? The ground is bare and not worth a poor handful of grass. The earth seems barren and bears nothing: or if she doth most unnaturally she kills it presently [*at once*] or suffers it through cold to perish. By which means the lusty horse abates his flesh and hangs his head, feeling his strength go from him; the ox stands bellowing, the ragged sheep bleating, the poor lamb shivering and starving to death.

The poor cottager that hath but a cow to live upon must feed upon hungry meals, GOD knows! when the beast herself hath but a bare commons. He that is not able to bid all his cattle home, and to feast them with fodder out of his barns; will scarce have cattle at the end of summer to fetch home his harvest. Which charge of feeding so many beastly [*beasts*] mouths, is able to eat up a countryman's estate; if his providence before time hath not been the greater to meet and prevent such storms. Of necessity our sheep, oxen, &c., must be in danger of famishing; having nothing but what our old grandam the earth will allow them to live upon. Of necessity must they pine; sithence [*since*] all the fruits that had wont to spring out of her fertile womb are now nipped in their birth, and likely never to prosper. And to prove that the ground hath her very heart as it were broken, and that she hath not lively sap enough in her veins left as yet to quicken her, and to raise her up to strength; behold this one infallible token. The Leek, whose courage hath ever been so undaunted that he hath borne up his lusty head in all storms, and could never be compelled to shrink for hail, snow, frost or showers; is now by the violence and cruelty of this weather beaten into the earth, being rotted, dead, disgraced, and trod upon.

And thus, Sir, if words may be taken for current payment to a creditor so worthy as yourself, have I tendered some

part of my love in requital of yours. You gave unto me a map of your city as it stands now in the frost; and I bestowed upon you a model of the country which I pray receive with as friendly a hand as that which offers it.

Cit. I do, with millions of thanks. The story which you told, albeit it yet makes my heart bleed to think upon the calamities of my poor countrymen, yet was it uttered with so grave a judgment and in a time so well befitting your age that I kept mine ears open and my lips locked up; for I was loth to interrupt you till all was told: wherein you show yourself to be a careful and honest debtor in discharging your bond all at one sum, when you might have done it in several payments.

But I pray you, father, what is your opinion of this strange winter? I call you, father, albeit my own head be whitened by old age as well as yours; and be not angry that I do so, it is an honourable title due unto your years. For as those that are young men to me, bestow that dignity upon my silver hairs, and I am proud to take it: so would I not have you disdain that attribute from my mouth, that am a young man to you; sithence I do it out of love and the reverence I bear to my elders. Tell me therefore, I pray, your judgment of this frost; and what, in the school of your experience you have read or can remember, may be the effects which it may produce or which, of consequence, are likely to follow upon it.

The dangers that a thaw is likely to bring with it.

Coun. I shall do my best to satisfy you. When these great hills of ice shall be digged down and be made level with the waters; when these hard rocks shall melt into soft rivers, and that a sudden thaw shall overcome this sharp frost, then is it to be feared that the swift, violent, and unresistible land currents will bear down bridges, beat down buildings, overflow our cornfields, overrun the pastures, drown our cattle, and endanger the lives both of man and beast travelling on their way.

Cit. You say right. This prognostication which your judgment looks into did always fall out to be too true: but what other weather doth your calendar promise?

Coun. I will not hide within me from you that which time and observation have taught me. And albeit strange unto you that an old country penny-father, a plain holland ruff

and a kersey stocking, should talk thus of the change of season and the mutability of the world: yet, Sir, know, I beseech you, that my education was finer than my russet outside; and that my parents did not only provide to leave me something, but took care, above that transitory blessing, that I should taste a little of the fruit of learning and knowledge.

Cit. It will be a pleasing and profitable journey to our countrymen though a laborious voyage for you.

Coun. I have read how in the reign of King WILLIAM *Rufus*, in the fifth year [1091–92 A.D.] as I remember, that rivers of this kingdom were so frozen over that carts and wains laden did without danger pass over them. King WILLIAM *Rufus*.

In the sixth year of the reign of King JOHN, a frost began upon the 13th of January [1205 A.D.] and continued till the 22nd of March following: the earth by means of it being so hardened that the plough lay still and the ground could not be tilled. The wounds that this frost gave the commonwealth were for that present scarce felt; they were not deep, they were not thought dangerous: but the summer following did they freshly begin to bleed; for then a quarter of wheat was sold for a mark [13s. 4d. = £10 10s. *in present value*], which in the reign of HENRY the SECOND (before him) was sold for no more than twelve pence. King JOHN.

There was likewise so great a frost in the 53rd year of the reign of HENRY the THIRD, that being at Saint Andrew's tide [30 November 1268 A.D.]; it continued till Candlemas [2 February 1269 A.D.]: so that men and beasts went over the Thames from Lambeth to Westminster; and the goods of merchants not being able to be transported by water, were carried from Sandwich and other havens, and so brought to London by land. But no extraordinary or memorable accident following or going before this frost I will pass over it, and come to that frost season in the tenth year [1281–82 A.D.] of EDWARD the FIRST, whose violent working was so cruel, and did build such castles of ice upon the Thames and other rivers, that five arches of London bridge were borne down, and all Rochester bridge was carried clean away, with divers others. King HENRY. King EDWARD the FIRST.

In the seven and thirtieth year of EDWARD the THIRD

a frost began in England about the midst of September
King Edward the Third [1363 A.D.]; and thawed not till April [1364 A.D.] following: so that it continued almost eight months.

In the ninth year [1407–8 A.D.] of King HENRY the
King Henry the Fourth. FOURTH; was there a frost that lasted fifteen weeks.

King Edward the Fourth. The like happened in the fourth year [1464–65 A.D.] of EDWARD the FOURTH.

In the ninth year [1517–18 A.D.] of King HENRY the EIGHTH, the Thames was frozen over, that men with horses and carts passed upon it: and in the very next succeeding
King Henry the Eighth. year died multitudes of people by a strange disease called the "sweating sickness."

There was one great frost more in England, in our memory,
Queen Elizabeth. and that was in the seventh year of Queen ELIZABETH: which began upon the first of December [1564 A.D.] and held on so extremely that upon New Year's Eve following people in multitudes went upon the Thames from London bridge to Westminster; some—as you tell me, Sir, they do now—playing at football, others shooting at pricks. This frost began to thaw upon the third day of January [1565 A.D.] at night, and on the fifth of the same month there was no ice to be seen between London bridge and Lambeth: which sudden thaw brought forth sudden harms. For houses and bridges were overturned by the land floods; among which Owes [*Ouse*] bridge in Yorkshire was borne away; many numbers of people perishing likewise by those waters.

Cit. You have a happy memory, father. Your head, I see, is a very storehouse of antiquity. You are of yourself, a whole volume of chronicles. TIME hath well bestowed his lessons upon you; for you are a ready scholar of his, and do repeat his stories by heart perfectly.

Coun. And thus, as I said before, you may perceive that these extraordinary fevers have always other evils attending upon them.

Cit. You have made it plain unto me: and I pray GOD—at whose command the sun sends forth his heat to comfort the earth, and the winds' bitter storms to deface the fruits of it—that in this last affliction of waters, which are hardened against us, all other miseries may be closed withal; and that

the stripes of sundry plagues and calamities which for these many years have been seen sticking in our flesh, may work in our bodies such amendment, and in our souls such repentance, that the rod of the divine Justicer may be held back from scourging us any longer.

Coun. I gladly and from my heart play the clerk, crying "Amen." I have been bold and troublesome to you, Sir.

Cit. You teach me what language to speak to yourself in. I would neither of us both had ever spent an hour worse.

Coun. Indeed, time is a jewel of incomparable value; yet, as unthrifts do by their money, we are prodigal in wasting it; and never feel the true sweetness of enjoying it till we have lost all. But sithence I have waded thus far into conference with you, and that it is our agreement to barter away news one with another, as merchants do their commodities, I must request one kindness more at your hands.

Cit. What is that, father? I am now in your debt, and in conference I must see you satisfied.

Coun. I hear, Sir, strange report of a certain lottery for plate of a great value here in London. Is it true?

Cit. It is true that there is a lottery, and it is set up by strangers.

Coun. I remember that, as I take it, in the eleventh year [1568–69 A.D.] of Queen ELIZABETH, a lottery began here in London; in which, if my memory fail not, there were four hundred thousand lots to be drawn.

Cit. You say right. So much still lies in my memory.

Coun. Marry, that lottery was only for money, and every lot was ten shillings [= £5 *in present value*]. It was held at the west door of Saint Paul's church. It began upon the 11th of January [1569] and continued day and night till the 6th of May following, which was almost four months: and the common burden of that song, when poor prizes were drawn, was *Twopence halfpenny*.

Cit. That was a prize poor enough, I'll be sworn. Nay, father, then was there another gallant lottery about the eight and twentieth year of the same queen's reign, which began in the middle of summer [1586 A.D.], and was for marvellously rich and costly armour, gilt and engraven.

Coun. That lottery I heard of, but never saw it: for I was then in the country.

Cit. To win that armour, all the Companies of the city ventured general sums of money [*i.e. money belonging to their several Corporations*]. But because you desire to hear some news of this last lottery that now tempteth the people together, I will tell you so much of it as I certainly know for truth; referring your ear, if you would know more, to the great voice of the vulgar, of whom you may be sure to have more than willingly you will carry home.

Coun. Oh, Sir, the wild beast with many heads must needs have as many tongues; and it is not possible those tongues should go true, no more than all the clocks do. But, I pray you, speak on.

Cit. This lottery, as I said before, consisteth all of plate. It is a goodly goldsmith's shop to come into: and to behold so many gilt spoons, cups, bowls, basons, ewers, &c., fairly graven and richly gilded, who would not be tempted to venture a shilling—for that is a stake for a lot—when for that shilling he may haply draw a piece of plate worth a hundred pounds [= £1000 *in present value*], or a hundred and forty, fifty, or threescore pounds; if he can catch it, which he may if fortune favour him.

Coun. Oh, Sir, that sound of a hundred pounds makes good music in the ear, and draws men to hearken to it. Those are the sweet baits; but upon what hooks, I pray you, are those lickerish baits hung?

Cit. Upon villanous long ones. For to every prize there are put in forty blanks; so there are so many tricks to set a man beside the saddle, and but one to leap in. There are 7,600 prizes and 42,000 blanks. A number of hard-choked pears must be swallowed before the delicate fruit can be tasted.

Coun. And yet I hear that the people fly thither like wild geese.

Cit. You may well say like wild geese: for some of them prove such goose caps by going thither, that they leave themselves no more feathers on their backs than a goose hath when she is plucked. I have sat there and beheld the faces of all sorts of people that flock to this fair of silver household stuff. It is better than ten comedies to note their entrances into the place and their exits: and yet, in good truth, I have been heartily sorry to see what tragical

ends have fallen upon some poor housekeepers that have come thither. About the doors, multitudes still are crowding; above, the room is continually filled with people. Every mouth is bawling out for lots, and every hand thrust out to snatch them. Both hands are lifted up, the one to deliver the condemned shillings, the other to receive the papers of life and death. And when the papers, which are rolled up like wafers, are paid for; lo! what praying is there in every corner that GOD would, if it be His will, send them good fortune. How gingerly do they open their twelvepenny commodity! How leisurely, with what gaping of the mouth, with what licking of the lips, as though they felt sweetness in it before they tasted it! How the standers by encourage him that hath drawn to open boldly, as if it were to venture upon the mouth of a cannon: and with what strange passions and pantings does he turn over his waste papers? But when he finds within but a pale piece of paper, Lord! how he swears at his own folly, curses the Frenchmen, and cries "A plague on the house" and wishes all the plate were molten and poured down the throats of them that own it. Yet when he hath emptied his bosom of all this bitterness, the very casting of his eye upon a goodly fair bason of silver so sweetens the remembrance of his lost money, that to it he falls again; and never gives over so long as he can make any shift for the other shilling. And thus do a number of poor men labour with a kind of greediness to beggar themselves.

Coun. But amongst all these land rovers, have none of them the luck of men of war to win rich prizes?

Cit. Yes, some do: and the making of one is the undoing of a hundred: for the sight of a standing bowl being borne openly away in triumph by some poor fellow, so sets all their teeth on edge that are the gazers on, that many are almost mad till they have sold their pewter, in hope to change it into a cupboard of silver plate. And so far does this frenzy lead some, especially the baser sort of people, that this man pawns his cloak; that man his holiday breeches; this woman sell her brass; that gossip makes away with her linen: and all these streams meet in the end in one river. These do all suffer shipwreck, and the sea swallows the spoil. The one goes home crying and cursing, the other stands still tickling

with laughter; the one hugs himself for his good success, the other is ready to hang himself for his ill-fortune. Carmen sell their horses and give over drawing of loads to draw lots. There came a young wench in one day, a maid-servant, that had newly received her quarter's wages, and was going to buy clothes to her back: but this silver mine standing in her way, here she vowed to dig and to try if she could be made for ever. She ventured all her money, and lost all: but when she saw it gone, she sighed and swore that the loss of her maidenhead should never have grieved her so much as the loss of her wages.

Coun. I believe her, Sir.

Cit. Imagine how a vintner's boy, having received a reckoning of his master's guests, and they falling presently to dice; if the drawer should set his master's money, and crying "at all," should lose it all: how would that fellow look? even so looked that poor wench.

Coun. Are there—think you, Sir—no deceits in this lottery to cozen and abuse the people?

Cit. Trust me, father, I dare accuse no man of any, because I know of none. Such actions as these—how warrantable soever, and strengthened by the best authorities who have wisdom to look through and through them—if there were any juggling conceit, notwithstanding stand from the stings of slander. If any villany be done, the people that swarm hither practise it one against another.

Coun. And how, I pray you, Sir?

Knavish tricks done at the lottery.

Cit. For I have been told that some one crafty knave amongst the rest, taking upon him to play the good shepherd over the flock that stands about him, hath gathered money from several men or women, he himself likewise putting in his own; and then keeping a crowding to pass through the press, he comes back and delivers so many blanks as he received shillings: which blanks were not of the lottery, but cunningly made up by himself and carried of purpose up and down by him in his pocket.

Coun. They are worthily served that will be cheated by such a doctor in the art of knavery. If any man therefore will needs be, as the term is now, one of these "twelvepenny gulls," let him hereafter set his own lime twigs; and then if he catch no bird, nobody else shall laugh at him.

Cit. Amongst many other things upon the frozen Thames that will, in times to follow, look to be remembered, this is one. That there were two barber's shops—in the fashion of booths, with signs and other properties of that trade belonging to them—fixed on the ice: to which many numbers of people resorted: and, albeit they wanted no shaving, yet would they here be trimmed, because [*in order that*] another day they might report that they lost their hair between Bank Side and London. Both these shops were still so full that the workmen thought every day had been a Saturday. Never had they more barberous doings for the time. There was both old polling and cold polling. And albeit the foundation of their houses stood altogether upon a watery ground, yet they that were doctors of the barber's chair feared no danger: for it was a hard matter almost now for a man to find water to drown himself, if he had been so desperate.

Then had they other games of "nine holes" and "pigeon holes" in great numbers. And this, father, did I observe as worthy to be remembered, that when the watermen, who had cold doings for a long time, had by main labour cut down with axes and such like instruments a lane and open passage between Queenhithe and the further bank [in Southwark], so that boats went surely to and fro, yet were people in great multitudes running, walking, sliding, and playing at games and exercises as boldly as if they had been on firm land, the Thames running mainly [powerfully] between them; and taking boats at Queenhithe or any other stairs, they would as fiercely leap upon the very brim of the caked ice as if it had been a strong wharf or the ground itself.

And thus much, father, touching the great frost here about our city. Unto which, upon my conference with some merchants my friends here in London, and upon view of letters from several factors out of other countries beyond the seas, I add this further report: that this frost hath not only continued in this extremity here in England; but all, or the greatest part of all, the kingdoms in Christendom have been pinched by the same. Amongst which those countries northward, as Russia, Moscovia, &c., which at these times of the year are commonly subject to sharp, bitter, and violent frosts, were now, this winter, more extremely and more extraordinarily afflicted than usually they have been in many

years before. So that the calamities that have fallen upon us by this cruelty of the weather are so much to be endured with the greater patience and with more thanksgiving to GOD; because His hand hath punished neighbours and other nations as heavily if not more severely than He hath us.

Amongst all the serious accidents that have happened here upon our Thames, I will now, father, quicken your hearing with one a little more merry. It was merry to the beholders and strange: but I believe he found no great mirth in it that was the person that performed it. But thus it was.

A citizen happened to venture with many others on the ice; but he, with a couple of dogs that followed him, walked up and down so long till he was, in a manner, alone from the rest of the company. You must understand that this was now towards the end of the frost; when it either began or was likely to thaw, so that the people were not so bold upon the ice, nor in such multitudes as they were before: but this citizen and his two dogs keeping, as I said, aloof from others; it fortuned that the flake of ice upon which he stood was in a moment sundered from the main body of the frozen Thames, like an arm of a tree cut from the body. So that he stood, or rather swam as he stood, upon a floating island. The poor man, perceiving that his ground failed under him, began to faint in his heart, repenting now that he was so venturous or so foolish as to leave firm ground where he was safe and to trust a floor that was so deceitful, was afraid to stir; and yet unless he did lustily stir for life, he was sure there was no way but one, and that was to be drowned. In this extremity and in this battle of comfort and despair, he had no means—albeit he was a fresh-water soldier—but to be constant in courage to himself and to try all paths how to get from this apparent danger. From place to place therefore doth he softly run, his two dogs following him close and leaping upon him: but his thoughts were more busied how to save himself than to regard them following. He never hated going a-hawking with his dogs till this time. Now the sport was loathsome; now was he weary of it. For in all his hunting with his hounds thus at his tail, he met one game that could make him weary: he jostled with other huge flakes of ice that encountered with that whereupon he stood; and gladly would have leaped upon some one of them,

but to have done so, had been to have slipped out of one peril into another. Nothing was before his eyes but water mingled with huge cakes of ice. On every side of him was danger and death.

Innumerable multitudes of people stood looking upon the shores; but none were so hardy as to set out to his rescue. Being therefore thus round beset with the horrors of so present a wreck, he fell down on his knees, uttering such cold prayers as in this fear a man could deliver. His dogs, not understanding their master's danger nor their own, and not knowing why he kneeled, leaped ever and anon at his head and shoulders: but his mind being now more on his dying day than on his sports, he continued praying, till the flake of ice on which he kneeled was driven to the very Bridge. Which he perceiving, started up, and with a happy nimbleness leaped upon one of the arches; his dogs leaping after as nimbly as the master: whilst the cake of ice passed away from him, and between the two arches was shivered all to little pieces. And thus did he escape.

Coun. It was a miraculous deliverance.

Cit. Other abuses are there daily among the worser ranks of people, put one upon another; which being but idle, ridiculous, and not worth rehearsing, I willingly am glad not to remember; but only to content your longing, good old father, have I set thus much of our golden lottery before you.

Coun. Sir, you bind me more and more to you for these kindnesses to me being a stranger and a person of so homely an outside from a citizen so grave as yourself seem to be. I will ever rest abundantly thankful.

FINIS.

style of this excessively rare tract reminds one somewhat of T. DECKER. Its present reproduction is only one of the many favours of MR. HENRY HUTH.]

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his shop at London-Bridge.

1608.

Rev. JOHN FOX, the Martyrologist.

A false fearful Imagination of fire at Oxford University.

[*Acts and Monuments*, 1576. *The passages in brackets, from* 1563 *Edition.*]

A merry and pleasant Narration, touching a false fearful Imagination of Fire raised among the Doctors and Masters of Oxford in St. Mary's church, at the recantation of Master MALARY, Master of Arts of Cambridge.

HITHERTO, [gentle reader, we have remembered a great number of lamentable and bloody tragedies of such as have been slain through extreme cruelty: now I will here set before thee again a merry and comical spectacle, whereat thou mayest now laugh and refresh thyself, which, forasmuch as it did necessarily accord with our present enterprise, I have not thought it good to pass it over with silence.]

There was one Master MALARY, Master of Arts of Cambridge, Scholar of Christ's College, who, for the like opinions to those above rehearsed, holden contrary to the Catholic determination of holy mother Church of Rome; that is, for the right truth of CHRIST's gospel, was convented before the bishops: and, in the end, sent to Oxford, there openly to recant, and to bear his faggot; to the terror of the students of that University. The time and place were appointed that he should be brought solemnly into St. Mary's church upon a Sunday; where a great number of the head Doctors and Divines and others of the University were

together assembled: besides a great multitude of citizens and town dwellers, who came to behold the sight. Furthermore, because that solemnity should not pass without some effectual sermon for the holding up of the mother Church of Rome, Dr. SMITH, Reader then of the Divinity Lecture, was appointed to make the sermon at this recantation. Briefly, at the preaching of this sermon there was assembled a mighty audience of all sorts and degrees; as well of students as others. Few almost were absent who loved to hear or see any news; insomuch that there was no place almost in the whole church, which was not fully replenished with concourse and throng of people.

All things thus being prepared and set in readiness, cometh forth poor MALARY with his faggot upon his shoulder. Not long after, also, proceedeth the Doctor into the pulpit to make his sermon; the purpose and argument whereof was wholly upon the sacrament: the which Doctor, for the more confirmation and credit to his words; had provided the holy catholic cake and the sacrament of the altar, there to hang by a string before him in the pulpit. Thus the Doctor, with his god-almighty, entering his godly sermon, had scarce proceeded into the midst thereof (the people giving great silence with all reverence unto his doctrine), but suddenly was heard in the church the voice of one crying in the street, "Fire! fire!" The party who thus cried first in the street, was called HEUSTER.

[The occasion of this exclamation came by a chimney that was on fire in the town, wherein the fire, having taken hold of the soot and dry matter, burned out at the top of the chimney; and so caused the neighbours to make an outcry.]

This HEUSTER coming from Allhallows parish saw the chimney on fire, and so passing through the street by St. Mary's church, cried "Fire! fire!" as the fashion is; meaning no hurt.

[Such is the order and manner amongst the Englishmen; much diverse and contrary to that which is used among the Germans. For whensoever any fire happeneth in Germany, by and by, the bells ringing in the steeples stir up the people to help. Who immediately are all ready in armour; some go unto the walls, others beset the ways, and the residue are appointed to quench the fire. The labour is diversely divided amongst

them, for whilst some fetch water in leather buckets, other some cast on the water, some climb the houses, and some with hooks pull them down; some again attend and keep watch without, riding about the fields: so that, by this means, there lacketh neither help within, neither safeguard without. But the like is not used here in England: for when any such thing happeneth, there is no public sign or token given; but the outcry of the neighbours doth stir up all the others to help. There is no public or civil order in doing of things, neither any division of labour: but every man, running headlong together, catcheth whatsoever cometh next to hand to quench the fire.]

This sound of fire being heard in the church, first of them that stood outermost next to the church door; so increased and went from one to another: that at length it came unto the ears of the Doctors, and at last to the Preacher himself. Who, as soon as they heard the matter, being amazed with sudden fear, and marvelling what the matter should mean; began to look up into the top of the church, and to behold the walls. The residue seeing them look up, looked up also. Then began they, in the midst of the audience, to cry out with a loud voice, "Fire! fire!" "Where?" saith one; "Where?" saith another. "In the church!" saith one. The mention of the church was scarcely pronounced, when, as in one moment, there was a common cry amongst them, "The church is on fire! The church is set on fire by heretics!" &c. And, albeit no man did see any fire at all; yet, forasmuch as all men cried out so, every man thought it true that they heard. Then was there such fear, concourse and tumult of people through the whole church, that it cannot be declared in words, as it was indeed.

And as in a great fire (where fire is indeed), we see many times how one little spark giveth matter of a mighty flame, setting whole stacks and piles a burning: so here, upon a small occasion of one man's word, kindled first a general cry, then a strong opinion running in every man's head within the church, thinking the church to be on fire; where no fire was at all. Thus it pleased Almighty GOD to delude these deluders: that is, that these great Doctors and wise men of the schools, who think themselves so wise in GOD's matters as though they could not err; should see, by their

own senses and judgments, how blinded and infatuated they were, in these so small matters and sensible trifles.

Thus this strong imagination of fire being fixed in their heads, as nothing could remove them to think contrary; but that the church was on fire: so everything that they saw or heard increased this suspicion in them, to make it seem most true which was indeed most false. The first and chiefest occasion that augmented this suspicion, was the heretic there bearing his faggot: which gave them to imagine that all other heretics had conspired with him, to set the church on fire.

After this, through the rage of the people, and running to and fro, the dust was so raised, that it showed as it had been the smoke of fire: which thing, together with the outcry of the people, made all men so afraid; that, leaving the sermon, they began all together to run away. But such was the press of the multitude running in heaps together; that the more they laboured, the less they could get out. For while they ran all headlong unto the doors, every man striving to get out first; they thrust one another in such sort, and stuck so fast: that neither they that were without could get into the church again, neither they that were within could get out by any means. So then, one door being stopped, they ran to another little wicket on the north side, toward the college called Brasennose, thinking so to pass out. But there again was the like or greater throng. So the people, clustering and thronging together; it put many in danger, and brought many unto their end, by bruising of their bones or sides. There was yet another door towards the West, which albeit it was shut and seldom opened; yet now ran they to it with such sway, that the great bar of iron (which is incredible to be spoken) being pulled out and broken by force of men's hands: the door, notwithstanding, could not be opened for the press or multitude of people.

Much hurt done in the throng, whereof some died. Some yet are alive whose mothers' arms were there broken. [1576.]

At last, when they were there also past all hope to get out, then they were all exceedingly amazed, and ran up and down: crying out upon the heretics who had conspired their death. The more they ran about and cried out, the more smoke and dust rose in the church: even as though all things had now been on a flaming fire. I think there was never

such a tumultuous hurlyburly rising so of nothing heard of before; nor so great a fear where was no cause to fear, nor peril at all: so that if DEMOCRITUS, the merry philosopher, sitting in the top of the church, and seeing all things in such safety as they were, had looked down upon the multitude, and beholden so great a number, some howling and weeping, running up and down, and playing the mad men, now hither, now thither, as being tossed to and fro with waves or tempests; trembling and quaking, raging and faring, without any manifest cause; especially if he had seen those great Rabbins, the Doctors laden with so many badges or cognisances of wisdom, so foolishly and ridicuously seeking holes and corners to hide themselves in; gasping, breathing and sweating, and for very horror being almost beside themselves: I think he would have satisfied himself with this one laughter for all his lifetime; or else rather would have laughed his heart out of his belly, whilst one said that he plainly heard the noise of the fire, another affirmed that he saw it with his eyes, and another sware that he felt the molten lead dropping down upon his head and shoulders. Such is the force of imagination, when it is once grafted in men's hearts through fear.

In all the whole company, there was none that behaved himself more modestly than the heretic that was there to do penance; who, casting his faggot off from his shoulders upon a monk's head that stood by, kept himself quiet, minding to take such part as the others did.

Some say that the monk's head was broken with the faggot.

All the others, being careful for themselves, never made an end of running up and down and crying out. None cried out more earnestly than the Doctor that preached (who was, as I said, Dr. SMITH), who, in manner first of all, cried out in the pulpit, saying, "These are the trains and subtleties of the heretics against me: LORD have mercy upon me! LORD have mercy upon me!" But might not GOD, as it had been (to speak with JOB) out of a whirlwind, have answered again unto this preacher thus: "Thou dost now implore my mercy, but thou thyself showest no mercy unto thy fellows and brethren! How doth thy flesh tremble now at the mention of fire! But you think it a sport to burn other simple innocents neither do ye anything at all regard it. If burning

Job xl. 6.

and to suffer a torment of fire seem so grievous a matter unto you, then you should also have the like consideration in other men's perils and dangers, when you do burn your fellows and brethren! Or, if you think it but a light and trifling matter in them, go to now, do you also with like courage, contemn, and with like patience, suffer now the same torments yourselves. And if so be I should now suffer you with the whole church, to be burned to ashes, what other thing should I do unto you than you do daily unto your fellows and brethren? Wherefore, since you so little esteem the death of others, be now content that other men should also little regard the death of you." With this, I say, or with some other like answer, if that either GOD, or human charity, or the common sense of nature would expostulate with them; yea if there had been a fire indeed (as they were more feared than hurt), who would have doubted, but that it had happened unto them according to their deserts? But now, worthy it is the noting, how the vain fear and folly of those Catholics either were deluded, or how their cruelty was reproved; whereby they, being better taught by their own example, might hereafter learn what it is to put other poor men to the fire, which they themselves here so much abhorred.

But to return again to the description of this pageant, wherein (as I said before) there was no danger at all; yet were they all in such fear, as if present death had been over their heads. In all this great maze and garboil, there was nothing more feared than the melting of the lead, which many affirmed that they felt dropping upon their bodies. [For almost all the churches in England are covered with lead, like as in Germany they are for the most part tiled.]

Now in this sudden terror and fear, which took from them all reason and counsel out of their minds, to behold what practices and sundry shifts every man made for himself it; would make not only DEMOCRITUS, and HERACLITUS also, to laugh, but rather a horse well near to break his halter. But none used themselves more ridiculously than such as seemed greatest wise men, saving that in one or two, peradventure, somewhat more quietness of mind appeared; among whom was one CLAYMUND, President of Corpus Christi College (whom, for reverence and learning's sake, I do here name), and a few other aged persons with him; who, for their age

and weakness, durst not thrust themselves into the throng amongst the rest, but kneeled down quietly before the high altar, committing themselves and their lives unto the Sacrament.

The others, who were younger and stronger, ran up and down through the press, marvelling at the incivility of men; and waxed angry with the unmannerly multitude that would give no room unto the Doctors, Bachelors, Masters, and other Graduates and Regent Masters. But as the terror and fear was common unto all men, so was there no difference made of persons or degrees; every man scrambling for himself. The violet cap, or purple gown, did there nothing avail the Doctor; neither the Master's hood, nor the monk's cowl, were there respected. Yea, if the King or Queen had been there at that present and in that perplexity; they had been no better than a common man.

After they had long striven and essayed all manner of ways, and saw no remedy, neither by force nor authority to prevail: they fell to entreating and offering of rewards; one offering twenty pounds [of good money], another his scarlet gown, so that any man would pull him out, though it were by the ears!

Some stood close unto the pillars, thinking themselves safe under the vaults of stone from the dropping of the lead: others, being without money, and unprovided of all shifts, knew not which way to turn them. One, being a President of a certain College (whose name I need not here to utter), pulling a board out from the pews, covered his head and shoulders therewith against the scalding lead; which they feared much more than the fall of the church. Now what a laughter would this have ministered unto DEMOCRITUS amongst other things, to behold there a certain grand paunch; who, seeing the doors stopped and every way closed up, thought, by another compendious means, to get out through a glass window, if it might be by any shift? But here the iron grates letted [*hindered*] him; notwithstanding his greedy mind would needs attempt, if he could haply bring his purpose to pass. When he had broken the glass, and was come to the space between the grates where he should creep out; first he thrust in his head with the one shoulder, and it went through well enough. Then he laboured to get the

other shoulder after; but there was a great labour about that, and long he stuck by the shoulders with much ado; for what doth not importune labour overcome? Thus far forth he was now gotten; but, by what part of his body he did stick fast, I am not certain, neither may I feign: forasmuch as there be yet witnesses who did see these things, who would correct me, if I should do so. Notwithstanding, this is most certain, that he did stick fast between the grates, and could neither get out, nor in.

Thus this good man, being indeed a monk, and having but short hose; by the which way he supposed soonest to escape, by the same he fell into further inconvenience, making of one danger two. For, if the fire or lead had fallen on the outside, those parts which did hang out of the window had been in danger; and, contrariwise, if the flame had raged within the church, all his other parts had lien open to the fire. And as this man did stick fast in the window, so did the rest stick as fast in the doors, that sooner they might have been burned, than they could once stir or move one foot. Through the which press, at last, there was a way found, that some, going over their heads, gat out.

Here also happened another pageant in a certain monk (if I be not misadvised) of Gloucester College, whereat CALPHURNIUS might well laugh with an open mouth. So it happened, that there was a young lad in this tumult, who, seeing the doors fast stopped with the press or multitude, and that he had not way to get out, climbed up upon the door; and there, staying upon the top of the door, was forced to tarry still: for, to come down into the church again he durst not for fear of the fire, and to leap down toward the street he could not without danger of falling. When he had tarried there awhile, he advised himself what to do; neither did occasion want to serve his purpose: for, by chance, amongst them that got out over men's heads, he saw a monk, coming towards him, who had a great wide cowl hanging at his back. This the boy thought to be a good occasion for him to escape by. When the monk came near unto him, the boy, who was on the top of the door, came down, and prettily conveyed himself into the monk's cowl; thinking (as it came to pass indeed) that if the monk did escape, he should also get out with him. To be brief, at

"Pleno ridet CALPHURNIUS ore."—HORACE.

last the monk gat out over men's heads, with the boy in his cowl, and, for a great while, felt no weight or burden.

At the last, when he was somewhat more come to himself, and did shake his shoulders, feeling his cowl heavier than it was accustomed to be, and also hearing the voice of one speaking behind in his cowl; he was more afraid than he was before when he was in the throng: thinking, in very deed, that the evil spirit which had set the church on fire had flown into his cowl. By and by he began to play the exorcist: "In the name of GOD," said he, "and all saints, I command thee to declare what thou art, that art behind at my back!" To whom the boy answered, "I am BERTRAM's boy," said he; for that was his name. "But I," said the monk, "adjure thee, in the name of the unseparable Trinity, that thou, wicked spirit! do tell me who thou art, from whence thou comest, and that thou get thee hence!" "I am BERTRAM's boy," said he, "Good Master! let me go!" and with that his cowl began, with the weight, to crack upon his shoulders. The monk when he perceived the matter; took the boy out, and discharged his cowl. The boy took to his legs, and ran away as fast as he could.

Among others, one wiser than the rest ran with the church-door key, beating upon the stone walls; thinking therewith to break a hole through to escape out.

In the meantime those that were in the street, looking diligently about them, and perceiving all things to be without fear; marvelled at this sudden outrage, and made signs and tokens to them that were in the church to keep themselves quiet, crying to them that there was no danger.

But, forasmuch as no word could be heard by reason of the noise that was within the church, those signs made them much more afraid than they were before, interpreting the matter as though all had been on fire without the church; and for the dropping of the lead and falling of other things, they should rather tarry still within the church, and not to venture out. This trouble continued in this manner by the space of certain hours.

The next day, and also the week following, there was an incredible number of bills [*written notices*] set upon the church doors, to inquire for things that were lost in such variety

and number, as DEMOCRITUS might here again have had just cause to laugh. "If any man have found a pair of shoes yesterday in St. Mary's Church, or knoweth any man that hath found them, &c." Another bill was set up for a gown that was lost. Another entreated to have his cap restored. One lost his purse and girdle, with certain money; another his sword. One inquireth for a ring; and one for one thing, another for another. To be short, there were few in this garboil; but that either through negligence lost, or through oblivion left something behind them.

Thus have you heard a tragical story of a terrible fire which did no hurt; the description whereof, although it be not so perfectly expressed according to the worthiness of the matter, yet because it was not to be passed with silence, we have superficially set forth some shadow thereof: whereby the wise and discreet may sufficiently consider the rest, if any thing else be lacking in setting forth the full narration thereof.

As touching the heretic, because he had not done his sufficient penance there by occasion of this hurlyburly; therefore the next day following he was reclaimed into the Church of St. Frideswide [*Christ Church*]; where he supplied the rest that lacked of his plenary penance.



Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

The Infancy and Age of Time.

[*History of the World.*]

IT MAY perchance seem strange to the reader that in all ancient stories, he finds one and the same beginning of nations after the Flood; and that the first planters of all parts of the world were said to be mighty and giant-like men; and that as Phœnicia, Egypt, Lybia and Greece had HERCULES, ORESTES, ANTÆUS, TYPHON, and the like; as Denmark had STARCHATERUS remembered by SAXO *Grammaticus*; as Scythia, Bretagne and other regions had giants for their first inhabitants: so this island of Sicily had her LESTRIGONES and CYCLOPS.

This discourse I could also reject for feigned and fabulous, did not MOSES make us know that the ZAMZUMMIM, EMIMS, ANAKIM and OG of Bashan with others; which sometime inhabited the mountains and deserts of Moab, Ammon, and Mount Seir, were men of exceeding strength and stature, and of the race of giants: and were it not that TERTULLIAN, Saint AUGUSTINE, NICEPHORUS, PROCOPIUS, ISIDORE, PLINY, DIODORUS, HERODOTUS, SOLINUS, PLUTARCH, and many other authors, have confirmed their opinion. Yea, VESPUTIUS, in his Second Navigation into America, hath reported that he himself hath seen the like men in those parts.

Again, whereas the selfsame is written of all nations that is written of one; as touching their simplicity of life; their mean fare; their feeding on acorns and roots; their poor cottages; the covering of their bodies with the skins of beasts; their hunting; their arms and weapons, and their warfare; their first passages over great rivers and arms of the sea upon rafts of trees tied together; and afterwards their making boats, first of twigs and leather, then of wood; first with oars and then with sails; that they esteemed as gods the first finders-out of arts, as of husbandry, of laws,

and of policy: it is a matter that makes neither to wonder at nor to doubt of it.

For they all lived in the same newness of time, which we call "old Time;" and had all the same want of his instruction, which (after the Creator of all things) hath by degrees taught all mankind. For other teaching had they none, that were removed far off from the Hebrews (who inherited the knowledge of the first patriarchs) than that from variable effects they began by time and degrees, to find out the causes: from whence came Natural Philosophy; as the Moral did from disorder and confusion, and the Law from cruelty and oppression.

But it is certain that the Age of Time hath brought forth stranger and more incredible things than the Infancy. For we have now greater giants for vice and injustice; than the world had in those days for bodily strength. For cottages and houses of clay and timber; we have raised palaces of stones: we carve them, we paint them, and adorn them with gold; insomuch as men are rather known by their houses, than their houses by them. We are fallen from two dishes to two hundred; from water, to wine and drunkenness; from the covering of our bodies with the skins of beasts, not only to silk and gold, but to the very skins of men.

But to conclude this digression, Time will also take revenge of the excess which it hath brought forth. *Quam longa dies peperit, longiorque anxit, longissima subruet.* "Long time brought forth, longer time increased it, and a time longer than the rest, shall overthrow it."

The late expedition in Scotland,

made by the King's Highness' army, under the conduct of the Right Honourable the Earl of Hertford, the year of our LORD GOD

1544.

Londini.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

The late Expedition in Scotland.

Sent to the Right Honourable Lord RUSSELL, *Lord Privy Seal; from the King's army there: by a friend of his.*



AFTER long sojourning, my very good Lord! of the King's Majesty's army at Newcastle, for lack of commodious winds, which long hath been at North East and East North East, much to our grief; as your Lordship, I doubt not, knoweth: the same—as God would, who doth all things for the best—the first of May [1544], the 36th year of His Majesty's most prosperous reign, veered to the South and South South West so apt and propice [*propitious*] for our journey; being of every man so much desired, that there was no need to hasten them forwards. To be brief; such diligence was used that in two tides the whole fleet, being 200 sail at the least, was out of the haven of Tynemouth towards our enterprise.

The third day after, we arrived in the Firth of Forth, a notable river in Scotland; having the entry between two islands, called the Bass and the May. The same day, we landed divers of our boats at a town named Saint Mynettes, on the north side of the Frith, which we burnt; and brought from thence divers great boats, that served us afterwards to good purpose for our landing.

That night, the whole fleet came to an anchor, under the

island called Inchkeith, three miles from the haven of Leith. The place where we anchored hath, of long time, been called the English road: the Scots now take the same to be a prophesy of the thing which has now happened.

The next day, being the 4th day of May, the said army landed two miles by west of the town of Leith, at a place called Grantham Crag: every man being so prompt thereunto, that the whole army was landed in four hours. And, perceiving our landing to be so quiet, which we looked not for; having our guides ready, we put ourselves in good order of war marching forwards towards the town of Leith in three battles—whereof my Lord Admiral led the Vanguard, the Earl of SHREWSBURY the Arrieregard; and the Earl of HERTFORD being Lord Lieutenant, the Battle—having with us certain small pieces of artillery, which were drawn by force of men: which enterprise we thought necessary to be attempted first of all other, for the commodious lodging of our navy there, and the landing of our artillery and victail.

And in a valley, upon the right hand, near unto the said town, the Scots were assembled to the number of 5,000 or 6,000 horsemen, besides a good number of footmen; to impeach [*prevent*] the passage of our said army: in which place, they had laid their artillery at two straits [*passes*] through which we must needs pass, if we minded to achieve our enterprise. And seeming, at the first, as though they would set upon the Vanguard: when they perceived our men so willing to encounter with them, namely, the Cardinal, who was there present, perceiving our devotion to see his holiness to be such as we were ready to wet our feet for that purpose, and to pass a ford which was between us and them; after certain shot of artillery on both sides: they made a sudden retreat; and leaving their artillery behind them, fled towards Edinburgh. The first man that fled was the holy Cardinal [BEATON] like a valiant champion; and with him the Governor, the Earls of HUNTLEY, MURRAY and BOTHWELL, with divers other great men of the realm. At this passage, were two Englishmen hurt with the shot of their artillery; and two Scottish men slain with our artillery.

The Vanguard having thus put back the Scots, and eight pieces of their artillery brought away by our hackbutters [*harquebussiers*], who in this enterprise did very manfully

employ themselves; we marched directly towards the town of Leith; which before we could come to, we must of force [*necessity*] pass another passage, which also was defended a while with certain ensigns [*companies*] of footmen and certain pieces of artillery; who being sharply assailed, having three of the gunners slain with our archers, were fain to give place; leaving also their ordnance behind them, with which ordnance they slew only one of our men and hurt another.

And in this brunt, the victory being earnestly followed; the town of Leith was entered perforce and won with the loss only of two men of ours and hurt of three: where the Scots had cast great trenches and ditches purposely to have defended it. The same night, the army encamped in the said town of Leith; and by reason of the said ditches and trenches, we made there a strong camp.

The morrow, being the 5th of May, we caused our ships ladened with our great artillery and victuals to be brought into the haven; where we discharged the same at our pleasure. In the said haven, we found many goodly ships, specially two of notable fairness: the one called the *Salamander* given by the French king at the marriage of his daughter into Scotland; the other called the *Unicorn*, made by the late Scottish king [JAMES V.] The town of Leith was found more full of riches than we thought to have found any Scottish town to have been.

The next day, the 6th, the army went towards Edinburgh, leaving the Lord STURTON in Leith with 1,500 men, for the defence of the same. And the army being come near to Edinburgh; the Provost accompanied with one or two burgesses and two or three Officers at Arms, desired to speak with the King's Lieutenant; and—in the name of all the town—said, "that the keys of the town should be delivered unto his Lordship; conditionally, that they might go with bag and baggage, and the town to be saved from fire." Whereunto answer was made by the said Lord Lieutenant, "that whereas the Scots had so many ways fals[ifi]ed their faiths; and so manifestly had broken their promises, confirmed by oaths and seals, and certified by their whole parliament, as is evidently known unto all the world: he was sent thither by the King's Highness to take vengeance of their detestable falsehood, to declare and show the force of His Highness' sword to all

such as should make any resistance unto His Grace's power sent thither for that purpose. And therefore being not sent to treat or capitulate with them, who had before time broken so many treaties:" he told them resolutely; "that unless they would yield up their town unto him frankly, without condition, and cause man, woman, and child to issue into the fields, submitting themselves to his will and pleasure; he would put them to the sword, and their town to the fire." The Provost answered, "that it were better for them to stand to their defence than to yield to that condition." This was rather a false practice of the Provost and the Heralds, thereby to espy the force and order of our camp, than for any zeal they had to yield their town; as it appeared afterwards. Whereupon commandment was given to the said Provost and Officers at Arms, upon their peril, to depart.

In the meantime, word was brought by a Herald of ours—whom the Lord Lieutenant had sent to summon the Castle—that the Earl BOTHWELL and the Lord HUME with the number of 2,000 horsemen were entered the town, and were determined to the defence thereof. Upon which knowledge, the Lord Lieutenant sent with diligence to the Vanward, that they should march towards the town. And Sir CHRISTOPHER MORICE, Lieutenant of the Ordnance, was commanded to approach the gate called the Cany gate [*Canongate*], with certain battery pieces: which gate lay so, that the ordnance must be brought up a broad street of the suburbs, directly against the said Cany gate; which was the occasion of the loss of certain of our gunners. And before that any battery could be made by the said ordnance, divers of the captains of the Vanward—the better to comfort their soldiers—assailed the said gate with such courage, that they repulsed the Scottish gunners from the loupes [*embrasures*] of the same, and there slew and hurt sundry of their gunners, and by force drew one piece of artillery out of one of the said loupes.

Our archers and hackbutters shot so hotly to the battlements of the gate and wall, that no man durst show himself at the defence of the same: by reason whereof, our gunners had good leisure to bring a cannon hard to the gate, which, after three or four shots, made entry to our soldiers; who at their breaking in, slew 300 or 400 Scots of such as were found armed. In the meantime, the Earl BOTHWELL

and the Lord HUME with their company, fled, and saved themselves by another way issuing out towards the Castle of the said town. The situation whereof is of such strength that it cannot be approached, but by one way; which is by the High Street of the town; and the strongest part of the same Castle lieth to beat the said street: which was the loss of divers of our men with the shot of the ordnance out of the said Castle, which did continually beat along the said High Street. And considering the strength of the said Castle, with the situation thereof; it was concluded not to lose any time, nor to waste and consume our munition about the siege thereof. Albeit the same was courageously and dangerously attempted; till one of our pieces, with shot out of the said Castle, was struck and dismounted.

And finally it was determined by the said Lord Lieutenant utterly to ruinate and destroy the said town with fire: which for that the night drew fast on, we omitted thoroughly to execute on that day; but setting fire in three or four parts of the town, we repaired for that night unto our camp.

And the next morning, very early, we began where we left off, and continued burning all that day and the two days next ensuing continually, so that neither within the walls nor in the suburbs was left any one house unburnt: besides the innumerable booty, spoil and pillage that our soldiers brought from thence; notwithstanding the abundance which was consumed with fire. Also we burnt the Abbey called Holy Rood House, and the Palace adjoining the same.

In the meantime, while we held the country thus occupied; there came unto us 4,000 of our light horsemen from the Borders, by the King's Majesty's appointment: who after their coming, did such exploits in riding and devastating the country that within seven miles every way of Edinburgh, they left neither pile, village, nor house standing unburnt, nor stacks of corn; besides great numbers of cattle, which they brought daily in to the army, and met also with much good stuff which the inhabitants of Edinburgh had for the safety of the same, conveyed out of the town.

In this mean season, Sir NICHOLAS POINTZ, by order of my Lord Lieutenant, passed the river, and won by force the town of Kinghorn; and burnt the same with certain other towns on that side.

After these exploits done at Edinburgh, and all the country thereabouts devastated; the King's said Lieutenant thinking the Scots not to be condignly punished for their falsehood used to the King's Majesty, determined not to return without doing them more displeasure. He therefore gave orders to the said Sir CHRISTOPHER MORICE for the reshipping of the great artillery; reserving only certain small pieces to keep the field: giving also commandment to every captain to receive victuals out of the said ships for their companies for six days. And for the carriage of the same, caused one thousand of our worst horsemen to be set on foot; and the same horses divided equally to every captain of hundreds, for the better carriage of their victuals. The men that rode upon the said horses being appointed to attend upon the said victuals. Which was done. Besides there were divers small carts, which we recovered [*captured*] in the country; the which with such cattle as we had there, did great service in drawing of our victuals, tents, and other necessaries.

These things being supplied, the 14th day of May, we brake down the pier of the haven of Leith, and burnt every stick of it; and took forth the two goodly ships, manned them, and put them in order to attend upon the King's Majesty's ships. Their ballast was cannon shot of iron; which we found in the town to the number of 80,000. The rest of the Scottish ships meet to serve, we brought away: both they and our own being almost pestered [*encumbered*] with the spoil and booty of our soldiers and mariners.

That done, we abandoned ourselves clearly from the ships: having firm intent to return home by land. Which we did. And to give them [*the Scots*] better occasion to show themselves in the field against us; we left neither pile, village, town, nor house in our way homewards, unburnt.

In the meantime of the continuance of our army at Leith, as is aforesaid; our ships upon the seas were not idle; for they left neither ship, crayer, nor boat belonging to either village, town, creek or haven of either side of the Frith between Stirling and the mouth of the river, unburnt or not brought away; which containeth in length fifty miles. Continuing of time, they also burnt a great number of towns and villages on both sides the said water; and won a fortress situated on a strong island called Inchgarve, which they razed and destroyed.

The 15th of May, we dislodged our camp out of the town of Leith; and set fire in every house, and burnt it to the ground.

The same night, we encamped at a town of the Lord SEATON's where we burnt and razed his chief castle, called Seaton, which was right fair; and destroyed his orchards and gardens, which were the fairest and best in order that we saw in all that country. We did him the more despite, because he was the chief labourer to help their Cardinal out of prison: who was the only [*sole*] author of their calamity.

The same day, we burnt a fair town of the Earl BOTHWELL, called Haddington, with a great nunnery and a house of friars.

The next night after, we encamped besides Dunbar, and there the Scots gave a small alarm to our camp; but our watches were in such a readiness that they had no vantage there, but were fain to recoil without doing any harm.

That night, they looked for us to have burnt the town of Dunbar; which we deferred till the morning, at the dislodging of our camp: which we executed by 500 of our hackbutters, being backed with 500 horsemen. And by reason that we took them in the morning — who, having watched all night for our coming, and perceiving our army to dislodge and depart, thought themselves safe of us, were newly gone to their beds: and in their first sleeps closed in with fire —the men, women and children were suffocated and burnt.

That morning [the 17th] being very misty and foggy, we had perfect knowledge by our espials, that the Scots had assembled a great power, in a strait [*pass*] called "the Pease." The chiefs of this assembly were the Lords SEATON, HUME and BUCCLEUCH: and with them the whole power of the [Scotch] Marches and Teviotdale. This day in our marching, divers of their prickers [*scouts*] by reason of the said mist gave us alarm, and came so far within our army, that they unhorsed one between the Vanward and the Battle; being within two hundred feet of the Lord Lieutenant. At that alarm, one of their best prickers, called JOCK HOLLY BURTON was taken: who confessed that the said Scottish lords were ready at the passage [*pass*] with the number of 10,000 good men. And forasmuch as the mist yet continued and did not break, being past noon, the Vanward being within a mile of the said passage, entering into dangerous ways for an army to march in such weather that one could

not descry another twenty yards off: we concluded if the weather did not break up, to have encamped ourselves upon the same ground; where we did remain for the space of two hours. And about two of the clock at afternoon, the sun brake out, the fog went away, and a clear day was left us: whereof every man received as it were a new courage, longing to see the enemy; who, being ready for us at the said passage, and seeing us come in good order of battle, as men determined to pass through them or to leave our bones with them, abode us but two shots of a falcon, but scaled every man his way to the high mountains, which were hard at their hands, and covered with flocks of their people. The passage was such, that having no let [*impediment*]; it was three hours before all the army could pass it.

The same night, the army encamped at a pile called Ranton, eight miles from our borders: which pile was a very ill neighbour to the garrison of Berwick. The same we razed and threw down to the ground.

The next day, being the 18th of May, the whole army entered into Berwick, and ended this voyage; with the loss unneth [*of scarcely*] forty of the King's Majesty's people, thanks be to our Lord.

The same day, at the same instant, that the army entered into Berwick, our whole fleet and navy of ships, which we sent from us at Leith, arrived before Berwick: as GOD would be known to favour our master's cause. Who ever preserve his most royal Majesty with long and prosperous life, and many years to reign in the imperial seat of the monarchy of all Britain.

¶ The names of the chief burghs, castles and towns burnt and desolated by the King's army, being lately in Scotland: besides a great number of villages, piles, and [home]steads which I cannot name.

THE burgh and town of Edinburgh, with the Abbey called Holy Rood House, and the King's Palace adjoining to the same.

The town of Leith burnt, and the haven and pier destroyed.

The castle and village of Craigmillar.
The Abbey of New Battell.
Part of Musselburgh town, with the Chapel of our Lady of Lawret [*Loretto*].
Preston town and castle.
Haddington town, with the friary and nunnery.
A castle of OLIVER SANCKLER's [*SINCLAIR's*].
The town of Dunbar.
Lawreston, with the grange.

Drylawe.
Wester Craig.
Enderleigh, the pile and the town.
Broughton.
Thester Felles.
Crawnend.
Duddingstone.
Stanhows.
The Ficket.
Beverton.
Tranent.
Shenstone.
Markle.
Trapren.
Kirkland hill.
Hatherwike.
Belton.
East Barnes.
Bowland.
Butterden.
Quickwod.
Blackborne.
Raunton.
Byldy, and the tower.

¶ Towns and villages burnt by the fleet, upon the seaside; with a great number of piles and villages which I cannot name nor rehearse, which be all devastated and laid desolate.

Kinkorne.
S. Minetes.
The Queen's ferry.
Part of Petynwaynes [*Pittenweem.*]
The Burnt Island.

Other new and prosperous adventures of late against the Scots.

AFTER the time that the Earl of HERTFORD, Lieutenant to the King's Majesty in the North parts of the realm, had dissolved the army, which lately had been within Scotland; and repaired to the King's Highness: the Lord EURE, with many other valiant wise gentlemen — abiding in the Marches of the North part—intending not by idleness to surcease in occasions convenient, but to prove whether the Scots had yet learned by their importable [*unbearable*] losses lately chanced to them, to tender their own weals by true and reasonable uniting and adjoining themselves to the King's Majesty's loving liege people—took consultation by the advice of Sir RALPH EURE his son, and other sage forward gentlemen; upon the 9th day of June [1544], at a place named Mylnefeld; from whence by common agreement, the said lord with a good number of men, made such haste into Scotland, that by four of the clock after the next midnight, he had marched within a half mile of the town whereunto they tended, named Jedworth [*Jedburgh*]."

After their coming, a messenger was sent unto the Provost of the said town, letting him to know "that the Lord EURE was come before the town to take it into the King's allegiance, by means of peace if thereunto the Scots would truly agree, or else by force of arms to sack the same if therein resistance were found." Whereunto the Provost—even like to prove himself a Scot—answered by way of request, "that they might be respected upon their answer until the noontide or else to maintain their town with defence:" having hope that in tracting [*treating*] and driving off time they might work some old cowardly subtilty. But upon his declaration made, the snake crawling under the flowers easily appeared to them, which had experience: knowledge also being had, that the

townsmen had bent seven or eight pieces of ordnance in the market-stead. Wherefore the Lord EURE — part of his company being into three bands divided, and abiding at three several coasts of the same town, to the end that there might be three entries at one time made into the town—appointed and devised that the gunners, which had battered certain places plain and open, should enter in one side, and the kernes on another side, and Sir RALPH EURE's, of the third side. But it fortuned that, even upon the approachment of the men to their entries, the Scots fled from their ordnance, leaving them unshot, into the woods thereabout, with all other people in the same town. In which flight was slain above the number of 160 Scots, having for that recompense thereof, the loss of six Englishmen only. The people thus fled, and the town given to Englishmen by chance of war: the gunners burned the Abbey, the Grey Friars, and divers bastel and fortified houses, whereof there were many in that town: the goods of the same town being first spoiled, which laded, at their departing, 500 horses; besides seven pieces of ordnance.

In their return likewise, as they passed, burning divers places, towers and castles: as the Tower of Calling Craige, the Castle of Sesforth, Otterburn, Cowboge, Marbottle church, with many other like; until they came to a place called Kirkyettham, being ten miles from certain villages within English ground, named Hetton, Tylmouth and Twysell, which appeared to them burning. For the which cause Sir RALPH EURE and the Captain of Norham, accompanied with 500 horsemen, rode in such haste towards the fire, that at what time the said Sir RALPH did set upon the Scots which had burned the village, he had not with him above 200 horsemen. Nevertheless the Scots, upon the only sight of the standards, used for their defence their light feet, and fled in so much haste that divers English horses were tired in the pursuit: but overtaken there was a great number, whereof many were slain, partly by the fierceness of the Englishmen, partly by the guilty cowardice of the Scots. And truly to speak in a few words; in this act doing, reason will scarcely suffice to persuade the truth: insomuch that there were divers Englishmen whereof every man had eight or nine prisoners, besides such as were slain whose number

is certainly known to have been a hundred or more. And yet in this skirmish, not one Englishman taken, neither slain: thanks be to GOD! Also further here is to be remembered that the Englishmen in their return from the sack of Jedworth, drave and brought out of Scotland into England, a great number of cattle, both note [*neat*] and sheep.

Furthermore to the apparent continuance of GOD's favour unto the purposes of the Englishmen, it is to be certainly known, that on the 15th day of June [1544] there was another raid made by divers Englishmen to a town called Synlawes, whereas divers bastel houses were destroyed, eight Scots taken, and 60 oxen brought away. For the return [*recovery*] whereof, a number of Scottish men pursued very earnestly; who for their coming, lost six of their lives, and fifty of their horsemen [prisoners].

And upon the Tuesday next following, Sir GEORGE BOWES, Sir JOHN WITHERINGTON, HENRY EURE, and LIONEL GRAYE rode to the Abbey of Coldingham, and demanded the same; but it was denied earnestly, insomuch that after an assault made for five hours, it was burnt all saving the church, which having fire in the one end smoked so by the drift of the wind towards the Englishmen that it could not be conveniently then be burned. The store of the cattle and of the other goods there, served well for the spoil of the soldiers. In this Abbey were slain one monk and three other Scots. And amongst the English was one only gunner slain by a piece of ordnance shot out of the steeple.

Since this journey, the 20th of June [1544], a company of Tynedale and Redesdale with other valiant men, ventured upon the greatest town in all Teviotdale, named Skraysburgh, a town of the Lord HUNTHILL's; whereas besides rich spoils and great plenty of note [*neat*] and sheep, 38 persons were taken. Adding thereunto, that which is a marvellous truth, that is to say, these prisoners being taken, three Scots being slain, with divers wounded: not one Englishmen was either hurt or wounded.

In these victories, who is to be most highest lauded but GOD? by whose goodness the Englishmen hath had of a

great season notable victories and matters worthy of triumphs. And for the continuance of GOD's favour toward us, let us pray for the prosperous estate of our noble good and victorious Lord Governor and King &c.: for whose sake doubtless, GOD hath spreaded his blessing over us, in peace to have mirth, and in wars to have victory.

Imprinted at London in Paul's
Church yard, by Reynold
Wolf; at the sign of the
Brazen Serpent.
Anno 1544.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

Anonymous.

Beauty's fort.

[MS. in possession of J. P. COLLIER, Esq., F.S.A.]



HEN raging LOVE, with fierce assault,
Strikes at fair BEAUTY's gate;
What army hath she to resist
And keep her court and state?

She calleth first on CHASTITY
To lend her help in time;
And PRUDENCE no less summons she,
To meet her foe so brim.

And female COURAGE she alway
Doth bring unto the wall;
To blow the trump in her dismay,
Fearing her fort may fall.

On force of words she much relies,
Her foe without to keep;
And parleyeth with her two bright eyes,
When they her dyke would leap.

Yet natheless the more she strives,
The less she keeps him out;
For she hath traitors in her camp,
That keep her still in doubt.

The first and worst of these the FLESH,
 Then woman's VANITY
That still is caught within the mesh
 Of guileful FLATTERY.

These traitors ope the gate at length;
 And in, with sword in hand,
Came raging LOVE; and all her strength
 No longer can withstand.

PRUDENCE and CHASTITY both too
 Submit unto the foe:
And female COURAGE nought can do,
 But down her walls must go.

She needs must yield her castle strong,
 And LOVE triumphs once more:
'Tis only what the boy hath done
 A thousand times before.

None may resist his mighty power;
 And though a boy, and blind,
He knows to chose a happy hour
 When maidens must be kind.

THOMAS STEVENS, an English Jesuit.

The first Englishman known to have reached the continent of India by the Cape of Good Hope.

[HAKLUYT, *Voyages*, 1589.]

A Letter written from Goa, the principal [Portuguese] city of all the East Indies, by one THOMAS STEVENS an Englishman; and sent to his father, Master THOMAS STEVENS. *Anno* 1579.



FTER MOST humble commendations: these shall be to crave your daily blessing, with like commendations unto my mother; and withal to certify you of my being, according to your will and my duty.

I wrote unto you, taking my journey from Italy to Portugal, which letters I think are come to your hands: so that presuming thereupon, I think I have the less need at this time to tell you the cause of my departing; which nevertheless in one word I may conclude, if I do but name Obedience.

I came to Lisbon towards the end [i.e. *the 26th*] of March eight days before the departure of the ships, so late that if they had not been stayed about some weighty matters, they had been long gone before our coming: insomuch that there were others ordained to go in our places that the King's provision and ours also might not be in vain. Nevertheless our sudden coming took place, and the 4th of April five ships departed for Goa, wherein, besides shipmen and soldiers, there were a great number of children which in the seas bear out better

than men, and no marvel, when that many women also pass [the seas] very well. The setting forth from the port, I need not to tell how solemn it is, with trumpets and shooting of ordnance. You may easily imagine it, considering that they go in the manner of war.

The tenth of the aforesaid month, we came to the sight of Porto Santo, near unto Madeira; where an English ship set upon ours (which was then also alone) with a few shots, which did no harm; but after that our ship had laid out her greatest ordnance, they straight departed as they came. The English ship was very fair and great, which I was sorry to see so ill occupied; for she went roving about, so that we saw her again at the Canary Isles: unto the which we came the 13th of the said month, and good leisure we had to wonder at the high mountain of the island of Teneriffe; for we wandered between that and the Great Canary four days by reason of contrary winds. And briefly, such evil weather we had until the 14th of May, that they despaired to compass the Cape of Good Hope that year.

Nevertheless taking our voyage between Guinea and the islands of Cape Verde, without seeing any land at all, we arrived at length unto the coast of Guinea, which the Portuguese so call chiefly that part of the burning zone which is from the sixth degree unto the equinoctial; in which parts they suffered so many inconveniences of heat and lack of winds, that they think themselves happy when they have passed it. For sometimes the ship standeth there almost by the space of many days; sometimes she goeth but in such order that it were almost as good to stand still. And the greatest part of this coast is not clear but thick and cloudy; full of thunder and lightning, and rain so unwholesome that if the water stand a little while, all is full of worms: and falling on the meat which is hung up, it maketh it straight full of worms. Along all that coast we oftentimes saw a thing swimming upon the water like a cock's comb (which they call a *Ship of Guinea*) [*a Nautilus*] but the colour much fairer; which comb standeth upon a thing almost like the swimmer [*bladder*] of a fish in colour and bigness, and beareth under the water, strings; which saveth it from turning over. This thing is so poisonous that a man cannot touch it without great peril. In this coast, that is to say, from the 6th degree

[North] unto the equinoctial, we spent no less than thirty days, partly with contrary winds, partly with calm.

The 30th of May we passed the equinoctial with contentation, directing our course, as well as we could to pass the promontory: but in all that gulf, and in all the way besides, we found so often calms that the expertest mariners wondered at it. And in places where are always wont to be most horrible tempests, we found most quiet calms, which were very troublesome to those ships [*the caracks*]; which be the greatest of all other and cannot go without good winds. Insomuch that when it is a tempest almost intolerable for other ships, and maketh them main [*furl*] all their sails; these hoist up theirs, and sail excellently well; unless the waters be too furious, which seldom happeneth in our navigation. You shall understand, that being passed the line, they cannot straightway go the next way to the promontory; but according to the wind, they draw always as near south as they can put themselves in the latitude of the point, which is 35° 30′ [South] and then they take their course towards the east, and so compass the point. But the wind served us so, that at 30° [South] we did direct our course toward the point or promontory of Good Hope.

You know that it is hard to sail from East to West, because there is no fixed point in all the sky, whereby they may direct their course: wherefore I shall tell you what helps God provided for these men. There is not a fowl that appeareth, or sign in the air or in the sea; which they have not written which have made the voyages heretofore. Wherefore partly by their own experience, and pondering withal what space the ship is able to make with such a wind and such a direction, and partly by the experience of others, whose books and navigations they have, they guess whereabouts they be touching degrees of longitude. For of latitude they be always sure. But the greatest and best industry of all is to mark the variation of the needle or compass which in the meridian of the island of Saint Michael, which is one of the Azores, in the latitude of Lisbon, is just north, and thence swerveth towards the east so much that betwixt the meridian aforesaid and the point of Africa [i.e. *the Cape of Good Hope*] it carrieth three or four quarters of thirty-two [*or in modern language, the magnetic variation at the*

Cape was at that time from 30° *to* 45° *East.*] And again in the point of Africa, a little beyond the Point, that is called *Cape das Agulias* (in English *The Needles*) it returneth again unto the north; and that place passed, it swerveth again toward the west, as it did before proportionably.

As touching our first signs, the nearer we came to the people of Africa, the more strange kinds of fowls [*birds*] appeared: insomuch that when we came within no less than thirty leagues (almost an hundred miles) and six hundred miles as we thought from any island, as good as 3,000 fowls of sundry kinds followed our ship, some of them so great that their wings, being opened from one point to the other, contained seven spans, as the mariners said. A marvellous thing to see how GOD provided so that in so wide a sea these fowls are all fat and nothing wanteth them. The Portuguese have named them all according to some property which they have. Some they call *Rush-tails* because their tails be not proportionable to their bodies, but long and small like a rush. Some *Forked-tails* because they be very broad and forked. Some *Velvet-sleeves*, because they have wings of the colour of velvet, and boweth [*bendeth*] them as a man boweth his elbow. This bird is always welcome, for he appeareth nearest the Cape. I should never end if I should tell all particulars; but it shall suffice briefly to touch a few, which yet shall be sufficient, if you mark them, to give occasion to glorify GOD in his wonderful works and such variety in His creatures.

And to speak somewhat of fishes in all places of calm, especially in the burning zone [i.e. *the Tropics*]. Near the line (for without [the *Tropics*] we never saw any) there waited on our ship fishes as long as a man, which they call *Tuberones* [*the aboriginal West Indian name for sharks*]. They come to eat such things as from the ship fall into the sea, not refusing men themselves if they light upon them: and if they find any meat tied in the sea, they take it for theirs. These have waiting on them six or seven small fishes (which never depart) with gards blue and green round about their bellies, like comely serving men, and they go two or three before him and some on every side. Moreover they have other fishes which cleave always unto their body and seem to take such superfluities as grow about them, and

they are said to enter into their bodies also to purge them if they need. The mariners in time past have eaten of them, but since they have seen them eat men, their stomachs abhor them: nevertheless they draw them up with great hooks, and kill of them as many as they can, thinking that they have made a great revenge.

There is another kind of fish [*the flying-fish*] as big almost as a herring, which hath wings and flieth, and they are together in great number. These have two enemies: the one in the sea, and the other in the air. In the sea, the fish which is called the *Albacore* [*the Portuguese for* Dolphin] as big as a salmon followeth them with great swiftness to take them. This poor fish not being able to swim fast, for he hath no fins but swimmeth with the moving of his tail, shutting his wings, lifteth himself above the water, and flieth not very high. The *Albacore* seeing that, although he have no wings, yet giveth he a great leap out of the water, and sometimes catcheth him; or else he keepeth himself under the water, going that way as fast as he flieth. And when the fish being weary of the air or thinking himself out of danger, returneth into the water, the Albacore meeteth with him: but sometimes his other enemy, the Sea Crow catcheth him before he falleth.

With these and like sights, but always making our supplications to GOD for good weather and salvation of the ship; we came at length unto the Point, so famous and feared of all men. But we found there no tempest, only great waves. Where our pilot was a little overseen. For whereas commonly all other never come within sight of land, but seeing signs ordinary and finding bottom, go their way sure and safe; he thinking himself to have wind at will, shot [*steered*] so nigh the land, that the wind turning to the south and the waves being exceeding great rolled us so near the land, that the ship stood in less than fourteen fathoms of water, no more than six miles from the Cape, which is called *Las Agulias*; and there we stood as utterly cast away. For under us were rocks of main stone so sharp and cutting that no anchor could hold the ship, the shore so evil that nothing could take land, and the land itself so full of tigers and people that are savage and killers of all strangers, that we had no hope of life or comfort but only in GOD and a good conscience.

Notwithstanding after we had lost anchors, hoisting up the sails for to get the ship a coast [*to the coast*] in some safer place or when it should please GOD: it pleased His mercy suddenly, where no man looked for help, to fill our sails with wind from the land, and so we escaped, thanks be to GOD! And the day following, being in the place where they are always wont to catch fish, we also fell a fishing, and so many they took, that they served all the ship for that day and part of the next. And one of them pulled up a coral of great bigness and price. For there they say (as we saw by experience) that the coral grows in the manner of stalks upon the rocks in the bottom, and waxes hard and red. The day of peril was the 29th of July, 1579.

And you shall understand that the Cape passed; there be two ways to India, one within the Isle of Saint Lawrence [*Madagascar*], which they take willingly, because they refresh themselves at Mozambique a fortnight or a month, not without great need; and thence in a month more, land at Goa. The other is without the Isle of St. Lawrence, which they take when they set forth so late and come so late to the Point that they have no time to take the foresaid Mozambique: and then they go heavily [*sadly*] because in this way they take no port, and by reason of the long navigation, and want of food and water, they fall into sundry diseases; their gums wax great and swell, and they are fain to cut them away; their legs swell and all the body becometh sore and so benumbed that they cannot stir hand nor foot, and so they die for weakness, others fall into fluxes [*diarrhœa*] and agues and die thereby.

And this way it was our chance to make, yet though we had more than one hundred and fifty sick, there died not past twenty-seven; which loss they esteemed not much, in respect of other times [i.e. *voyages*]. Though some of ours [i.e. *the company of Jesuits of whom* STEVENS *was one*] were diseased in this sort; yet thanks be to GOD, I had my health all the way, contrary to the expectation of many. GOD send me my health so well in the land, if it may be, to His honour and service!

This way is full of privy rocks and quicksands, so that sometimes we durst not sail by night; but by the providence of GOD we saw nothing nor never found bottom until we came to the coast of India. When we had passed again the line

and were come again to the third degree [north] or somewhat more, we saw crabs swimming on the water as though they had been sodden [*boiled*], but this was no sign of land. After, about the eleventh degree, for the space of many days, more than ten thousand fishes by estimation followed round about our ship; whereof we caught so many, that for fifteen days we did eat nothing else, and they served our turn very well: for at this time we had neither meat nor almost any thing else to eat, our navigation growing so long that it drew near to seven months, whereas commonly they go it in five; I mean when they sail the inner way [*through the Mozambique Channel*]. But these fishes were not sign of land, but rather of deep sea.

At length we took a couple of birds, which were a kind of hawks; whereof they joyed much, thinking that they had been of India, but indeed they were of Arabia, as we found afterwards. And we that thought we had been near India, were in the same latitude near Socotra, an isle in the mouth of the Red Sea. But there GOD sent us great winds from the north-east or north-north-east, whereupon unwillingly they bare up toward the east, and thus we went ten days without seeing sign of land, whereby they perceived their error: for they had directed their course before, always north-east, coveting to multiply [*pass over*] degrees of latitude; but partly the difference [*variation*] of the needle, and most of all the running seas [*currents*], which at that time ran north-west, had drawn us to this new danger, had not GOD sent us this wind, which at once waxed larger [*veered*] and restored us to our right course.

These running seas [*currents*] be so perilous that they deceive the most part of the Governors [*pilots of the caracks*] and some be so little curious, contenting themselves with ordinary experience that they care not to seek out any means to know when they swerve, neither by the compass nor by any other trial.

The first sign of land was certain fowls [*birds*] which they knew to be of India. The second was boughs of palms and sedges. The third, snakes swimming on the water, and a substance which they call by the name of a coin of money, as broad and as round as a groat, wonderfully printed and stamped of Nature like unto some coin. And these two last

signs be so certain that the next day after, if the wind serve, they see land, which we did to our great joy; when all our water (for you know they make no beer in those parts) and victuals began to fail us. And to Goa we came the 24th of October 1570; there being received with surpassing great charity.

The people be tawny, but not disfigured in their lips and noses as the Moors and Kaffirs of Ethiopia. They that be not of reputation, or at least the most part, go naked, save an apron of a span long and as much in breadth before them, and a lace two fingers broad before them, girded about with a string, and no more: and thus they think themselves as well as we with all our trimming.

Of the fruits and the trees that be here I cannot now speak, for I should make another letter as long as this. For hitherto I have not seen any tree here, whose like I have seen in Europe; the vine excepted, which nevertheless here is to no purpose, so that all the wines are brought out of Portugal. The drink of the country is good water, or wine of the palm tree or of a fruit called cocoas.

And this should suffice for this time. If GOD send me my health, I shall have opportunity to write to you once again. Now the length of my letter compelleth me to take my leave, and thus I wish your most prosperous health.

From Goa, the tenth of November 1579.

Your loving Son,

THOMAS STEVENS.

The Life of Man

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[*As you like it.*]



Jacques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining School Boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face; creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school. Then the Lover
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the 'pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose (well saved) a world too wide
For his shrunk shank: and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is Second Childishness and mere Oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

described by
Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

[*History of the World.*]

IN THIS ALSO is the little World of Man compared and made more like the Universal. . . in that the four Complexions resemble the four Elements; and the seven Ages of man, the seven Planets.

Whereof our Infancy is compared to the Moon; in which we seem only to live and grow, as plants.

The second Age, to Mercury; wherein we are taught and instructed.

Our third Age, to Venus; the days of Love, Desire and Vanity.

The fourth, to the Sun; the strong, flourishing and beautiful Age of man's life.

The fifth, to Mars; in which we seek honour and victory, and in which our thoughts travel to ambitious ends.

The sixth Age is ascribed to Jupiter; in which we begin to take account of our times, judge of ourselves, and grow to the perfection of our understanding.

The last and seventh, to Saturn; wherein our days are sad and overcast: and in which we find by dear and lamentable experience, and by the loss which can never be repaired; that, of all our vain passions and affections past, the sorrow only abideth. Our attendants are Sicknesses and Variable Infirmities: and by how much the more we are accompanied with plenty, by so much the more greedily is our end desired. Whom, when Time hath made unsociable to others; we become a burden to ourselves: being of no other use than to hold the riches we have from our successors. In this time it is, when we, for the most part (and never before) prepare for our Eternal Habitation; which we pass on unto with many sighs, groans and sad thoughts: and in the end (by the workmanship of DEATH) finish the sorrowful business of a wretched life. Towards which we always travel, both sleeping and waking. Neither have those beloved companions of Honour and Riches any power at all to hold us any one day by the glorious promise of entertainments: but by what crooked path soever we walk; the same leadeth on directly to the House of DEATH, whose doors lie open at all hours, and to all persons.

J. D. Esquire.

The Secrets of Angling.

With the exception of J. D.'s verses, who is the laureate of the craft, angling, as practised in England, sadly wants a sacred bard. Why does no fisherman *humis et viti potens*, as familiar with all the finny tribes as was GLAUCUS of old after tasting grass, cut himself a reed from the margin of his loved trout stream, and pipe a strain worthy of the subject?—*Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1875, p. 358.



UR attention was drawn to this tract by the charming article on the literature and mysteries of *Trout and Trout Fishing*, from which we have made the above quotation. The original edition of 1613 is of extraordinary rarity. Only two copies are known. One of these is in the Bodleian; the other in the superb collection of Mr. HENRY HUTH, who kindly lent it for the present reproduction.

In addition to the original impression, we have given at pages 191–198 all the additional Note and Comment which WILLIAM LAUSON added to the second impression of 1653.

ISAAK WALTON quotes from this poetical work in his *Compleat Angler* first published in 1653, assigning by a marginal note, the authorship to J. DA.; but the following entry in the *Stationers' Registers* definitely fixes the name of the Writer, who was apparently a Somersetshire man.

Master ROGER JACKSON. Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]ands of Master MASON and Warden HOOPER A booke called *The secretes of Angling teaching the Choysest tools bates and seasons for the taking of any fish in pond or River practised and opened in three bookes* by JOHN DENNYS Esquier **vjd.**

As it appears from the Publisher's Epistle at p. 143 that the work appeared posthumously, the date of its composition can but approximately be fixed as "Before 1613."

We think that to not a few Anglers, the poem will prove a very pleasant surprise; and we imagine that this is the second printed book in our Literature specially devoted to stream fishing with the rod; JULIANA BARNES' treatise of *Fysshynge with an angle* at the end of the 1496 edition of her book of *The manere of hawkynge and huntynge &c.*, being the first.

Though the tract has several times been reprinted; lastly in 1811: we feel sure we are but expressing the feeling of all Anglers in thanking Mr. HUTH for his generous assistance in making it now perpetually accessible to all lovers of the gentle craft.

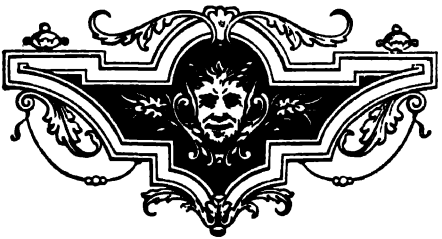
THE

Secrets of Angling:

TEACHING,

The choicest Tools, Baits and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish in Pond or River: practised and familiarly opened in three Books.

By I. D. *Esquire.*



Printed at London, for *Roger Jackson*, and are to be sold at his shop near Fleet Street conduit, 1613.

TO THE WORTHY, AND MY MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,

Master JOHN HARBORNE of Tackley in the County of Oxford, Esquire.

WORTHY SIR,

THIS POEM being sent unto me to be printed after the death of the author; who intended to have done it in his life; but was prevented by death: I could not among my good friends, bethink me of any one to whom I might more fitly dedicate it—as well for the nature of the subject in which you delight, as to express my love—than to yourself.

I find it not only savouring of Art and Honesty, two things now strangers unto many authors, but also both pleasant and profitable; and being loth to see a thing of such value lie hidden in obscurity, whilst matters of no moment pester the stalls of every stationer, I therefore make bold to publish it for the benefit and delight of all, trusting that I shall neither thereby disparage the author, nor dislike them.

I need not, I think, apologize for either the use of the subject or for that it is reduced into the nature of a poem: for as touching the last, in that it is in verse, some count it by so much the

more delightful; and I hold it every way as fit a subject for poetry as Husbandry. And touching the first, if Hunting and Hawking have been thought worthy delights and arts to be instructed in, I make not doubt but that this art of Angling is much more worthy practice and approbation: for it is a sport every way as pleasant, less chargeable, more profitable, and nothing so much subject to choler or impatience as those are. You shall find it more briefly, pleasantly, and more exactly performed than any of this kind heretofore. Therefore I refer you to the perusing thereof; and myself to your good opinion, which I tender as that I hold most dear.

Ever remaining at

Your gentle command,

R. I. [*i. e.*, ROGER JACKSON.]

In due praise of this praiseworthy Skill and Work.

IN skills that all do seek, but few do find
Both gain and game; (like Sun and Moon, do shine)
Then th'Art of Fishing thus is of that kind;
The Angler taketh both with hook and line,
And as with lines, both these he takes; this takes,
With many a line well made, both ears and hearts;
And by this skill, the skilless skilful makes:
The corps whereof dissected so he parts;
Upon an humble subject never lay
More proud, yet plainer lines, the plain to lead,
This plainer Art with pleasure to survey,
To purchase it with profit by that deed:
Who think this skill's too low, then for the high
This *Angler* read and they'll be ta'en thereby.

IO[HN] DAVIES.

THE CONTENTS.

THE FIRST BOOK CONTAINETH THESE THREE HEADS.

1 THE *antiquity of Angling, with the Art of Fishing, and of Fish in general.*

2 *The lawfulness, pleasure and profit thereof; with all objections against it answered.*

3 *To know the season and times how to provide the tools, and how to choose the best, and the manner how to make them fit to take each several fish.*

THE SECOND BOOK CONTAINETH

1 THE *Angler's experience, how to use his tools and baits, to make profit by his game.*

2 *What fish are not taken with angle, and what are; and which are best for health.*

3 *In what waters and rivers to find each fish.*

THE THIRD BOOK CONTAINETH

1 THE *twelve virtues and qualities which ought to be in every Angler.*

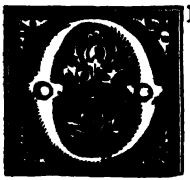
2 *What weather, seasons and times of the year are best and worst; and what hours of the day are best for sport.*

3 *To know each fish's haunt, and the times to take them.*

Also, an obscure secret of an approved bait tending thereunto.

THE SECRETS *of Angling.*

The First Book.



OF ANGLING and the Art thereof I sing,
What kind of tools it doth behove to have;
And with what pleasing bait a man may bring
The fish to bite within the wat'ry wave.
A work of thanks to such as in a thing
Of harmless pleasure, have regard to save
Their dearest souls from sin; and may intend
Of precious time, some part thereon to spend.

You Nymphs that in the springs and waters sweet,
Your dwelling have, of every hill and dale;
And oft amidst the meadows green do meet
To sport and play, and hear the nightingale;
And in the rivers fresh, do wash your feet,
While PROGNE's sister tells her woeful tale:
Such aid and power unto my verses lend
As may suffice this little work to end.

And thou sweet Boyd * that with thy wat'ry sway
Dost wash the cliffs of Deington and of Week;
And through their rocks with crooked winding way
Thy mother Avon runnest soft to seek;
In whose fair streams the speckled trout doth play,
The roach, the dace, the gudgeon and the bleek:
Teach me the skill with slender line and hook
To take each fish of river, pond and brook.

* *The name of a brook.*

The Time for providing Angle Rods.

FIRST, WHEN the sun beginneth to decline
Southward his course, with his fair chariot bright;
And passèd hath of heaven the middle line
That makes of equal length both day and night;
And left behind his back the dreadful sign
Of cruel CENTAUR, slain in drunken fight; [song,
When beasts do mourn and birds forsake their
And every creature thinks the night too long.

And blust'ring BOREAS with his chilling cold,
Unclothèd hath the trees of summer's green;
And woods and groves are naked to behold,
Of leaves and branches now despoilèd clean;

So that their fruitful stocks they do unfold,
And lay abroad their offspring to be seen:
 Where Nature shows her great increase of kind
 To such as seek their tender shoots to find.

Then go into some great Arcadian wood
Where store of ancient hazels do abound;
And seek amongst their springs and tender brood
Such shoots as are the straightest, long and round:
And of them all (store up what you think good)
But fairest choose, the smoothest and most sound;
 So that they do not two years' growth exceed,
 In shape and beauty like the Belgick reed.

These prune and cleanse of every leaf and spray,
Yet leave the tender top remaining still; [1. p. 290.]
Then home with thee go bear them safe away,
But perish not the rine and utter pill; [*] [* *Rind and outer peel.*]
And on some even boarded floor them lay, [2. p. 290.]
Where they may dry and season at their fill; [2. p. 290.]
 And place upon their crooked parts some weight
 To press them down, and keep them plain and straight.

So shalt thou have always in store the best
And fittest rods to serve thy turn aright:
For not the brittle cane, nor all the rest,
I like so well, though it be long and light;
Since that the fish are frighted with the least
Aspect of any glittering thing, or white; [3. p. 290.]
 Nor doth it by one half so well incline
 As doth the pliant rod, to save the line. [4. p. 290.]

To make the Line.



HEN GET good hair, so that it be not black,
Neither of mare nor gelding let it be;
Nor of the tireling jade that bears the pack;
But of some lusty horse or courser free,
Whose bushy tail upon the ground doth track
Like blazing comet that sometimes we see:
From out the midst thereof the longest take
At leisure best your links and lines to make.

Then twist them finely as you think most meet,
By skill or practice easy to be found;
As doth ARACHNE with her slender feet, [5. p. 192.]
Draw forth her little thread along the ground:
But not too hard or slack, the mean is sweet;
Lest slack, they snarl; or hard, they prove unsound:
And intermix with silver, silk or gold, [6. p. 192.]
The tender hairs, the better so to hold.

Then end to end, as falleth to their lot,
Let all your links, in order as they lie,
Be knit together with that fisher's knot
That will not slip nor with the wet untie;
And at the lowest end forget it not
To leave a bout or compass like an eye, [7. p. 192.]
The link that holds your hook to hang upon,
When you think good to take it off and on.

Which link must neither be so great nor strong,
Nor like of colour as the others were; [8. p. 192.]
Scant half so big, so that it be as long,
Of greyest hue and of the soundest hair;

Lest whiles it hangs the liquid waves among
The sight thereof, the wary fish should fear:
And at one end a loop or compass fine,
To fasten to the other of your line.

Cork.



HEN TAKE good cork, so much as shall suffice,
For every line to make his swimmer fit; [p. p. 192.]
And where the midst and thickest parts doth rise,
There burn a round small hole quite through it;
And put therein a quill of equal size,
But take good heed the cork you do not slit;
Then round or square with razor pare it near
Pyramidwise, or like a slender pear.

The smaller end doth serve to sink more light
Into the water with the plummet's sway;
The greater swims aloft and stands upright,
To keep the line and bait at even stay;
That when the fish begin to nib and bite,
The moving of the float doth them bewray:
These may you place upon your lines at will,
And stop them with a white and handsome quill.

Hooks.



HEN BUY your hooks the finest and the best
That may be had of such as use to sell, [p. p. 192.]
And from the greatest to the very least
Of every sort pick out and choose them well;
Such as in shape and making pass the rest,
And do for strength and soundness most excel:
Then in a little box of driest wood
From rust and canker keep them fair and good.

That hook I love that is in compass round,
Like to the print that Pegasus did make [11. p. 193.]
With hornèd hoof upon Thessalian ground;
From whence forthwith Parnassus' spring outbrake,
That doth in pleasant waters so abound,
And of the Muses oft the thirst doth slake;
Who on his fruitful banks do sit and sing,
That all the world of their sweet tunes doth ring.

Or as THAUMANTIS, when she list to shroud
Herself against the parching sunny ray,
Under the mantle of some stormy cloud
Where she her sundry colours doth display;
Like JUNO's bird: of her fair garments proud,
That PHŒBUS gave her on her marriage day,
Shows forth her goodly circle far and wide
To mortal wights that wonder at her pride.

His shank should neither be too short nor long; [12. p. 193.]
His point not over sharp nor yet too dull;
The substance good that may endure from wrong:
His needle slender, yet both round and full,
Made of the right Iberian metal strong
That will not stretch nor break at every pull;
Wrought smooth and clean without one crack or knot,
And bearded like the wild Arabian goat.

Then let your hook be sure and strongly plaste
Unto your lowest link, with silk or hair;
Which you may do with often overcast
So that you draw the bouts together near:
And with both ends make all the other fast,
That no bare place or rising knot appear;
Then on that link hang leads of even weight,
To raise your float and carry down your bait.

Thus have your rod, line, float and hook;
The rod to strike, when you shall think it fit;
The line to lead the fish with wary skill;
The float and quill to warn you of the bit;
The hook to hold him by the chap or gill:
Hook, line and rod all guided to your wit.
Yet there remain of fishing tools to tell
Some other sorts that you must have as well.

Other Fishing Tools.

A LITTLE board, the lightest you can find, [13. p. 193.]
But not so thin that it will break or bend;
Of cypress sweet or of some other kind,
That like a trencher shall itself extend;
Made smooth and plain, your lines thereon to wind,
With battlements at every other end;
Like to the bulwark of some ancient town
As well-walled Silchester, now razed down.

A shoe to bear the crawling worms therein,
With hole above to hang it by your side. [14. p. 193.]
A hollow cane that must be light and thin,
Wherein the "Bobb" and "Palmer" shall abide;
Which must be stoppèd with an handsome pin
Lest out again your baits do hap to slide.
A little box that covered close shall lie,
To keep therein the busy wingèd fly.

Then must you have a plummet formèd round
Like to the pellet of a birding bow; [15. p. 193.]
Wherewith you may the secret'st waters sound,
And set your float thereafter high or low

Till you the depth thereof have truly found;
And on the same a twisted thread bestow
At your own will, to hang it on your hook,
And so to let it down into the brook.

Of lead likewise, yet must you have a ring,
Whose whole diameter in length contains [16. p. 293.]
Three inches full, and fastened to a string
That must be long and sure, if need constrains;
Through whose round hole you shall your Angle bring,
And let it fall into the wat'ry plain
Until he come the weeds and sticks unto;
From whence your hook it serveth to undo.

Have tools good store to serve your turn withal,
Lest that you happen some to lose or break;
As in great waters oft it doth befall
When that the hook is naught or line too weak:
And waxèd thread, or silk, so it be small,
To set them on, that if you list to wreak
Your former loss, you may supply the place;
And not return with sorrow and disgrace.

Have twist likewise, so that it be not white, [17. p. 294.]
Your rod to mend, or broken top to tie;
For all white colours do the fishes fright
And make them from the bait away to fly:
A file to mend your hooks, both small and light;
A good sharp knife, your girdle hanging by;
A pouch with many parts and purses thin,
To carry all your tools and trinkets in.

Yet must you have a little rip beside
Of willow twigs, the finest you can wish;
Which shall be made so handsome and so wide
As may contain good store of sundry fish;
And yet with ease be hangèd by your side,
To bring them home the better to your dish.
A little net that on a pole shall stand,
The mighty pike or heavy carp to land.

His several Tools and what Garment is fittest.



ND LET your garments russet be or gray
Of colour dark and hardest to descry,
That with the rain or weather will away
And least offend the fearful fish's eye:
For neither scarlet nor rich cloth of 'ray
Nor colours dipt in fresh Assyrian dye,
Nor tender silks of purple, paul or gold
Will serve so well to keep off wet or cold.

In this array the Angler good shall go
Unto the brook to find his wishèd game;
Like old MENALCUS wandring to and fro
Until he chance to light upon the same;
And here his art and cunning shall bestow
For every fish his bait so well to frame.
That long ere PHŒBUS set in western foam
He shall return well laden to his home.

Objection.



OME YOUTHFUL gallant here perhaps will say
"This is no pastime for a gentleman.
It were more fit at cards and dice to play,
To use both fence and dancing now and then,

Or walk the streets in nice and strange array,
Or with coy phrases court his mistress' fan;
A poor delight with toil and painful watch
With loss of time a silly fish to catch!"

"What pleasure can it be to walk about
The fields and meads in heat or pinching cold;
And stand all day to catch a silly trout
That is not worth a tester to be sold?
And peradventure sometimes go without,
Besides the toils and troubles manifold?
And to be washt with many a shower of rain
Before he can return from thence again?"

"More ease it were, and more delight I trow
In some sweet house to pass the time away
Among the best, with brave and gallant show;
And with fair dames to dance, to sport and play;
And on the board, the nimble dice to throw
That brings in gain, and helps the shot to pay;
And with good wine and store of dainty fare
To feed at will and take but little care."

The Answer.

I MEAN NOT here men's errors to reprove,
Nor do envy their seeming happy state;
But rather marvel why they do not love
An honest sport that is without debate;
Since their abusèd pastimes often move
Their minds to anger and to mortal hate;
And as in bad delights their time they spend,
So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeed it is a life of lesser pain
To sit at play from noon till it be night;
And then from night till it be noon again;
With damnèd oaths, pronouncèd in despite,
For little cause and every trifling vein:
To curse, to brawl, to quarrel and to fight;
To pack the cards, and with some coz'ning trick,
His fellow's purse of all his coin to pick.

Or to beguile another of his wife,
As did ÆGISTUS, AGAMEMNON serve;
Or as that Roman * monarch led a life; *NERO.
To spoil and spend while others pine and starve;
And to compel their friends with foolish strife,
To take more drink than will their health preserve;
And to conclude, for debt or just desert
In baser tune to sing the "Counter" part.

O let me rather on the pleasant brink
Of Tyne and Trent possess some dwelling-place;
Where I may see my quill and cork down sink
With eager bite of barbel, bleek or dace:
And on the world and his Creator think,
While they, proud THAIS' paintèd sheet embrace;
And with the fume of strong tobacco's smoke,
All quaffing round, are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue
And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And by the rivers fresh may walk at will
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale ganderglass and azure culverkeys.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compass of the lofty sky;
And in the midst thereof like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great Eye;
The wat'ry clouds that in the air uprolled
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair AURORA lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old TITHONUS' bed.

The hills and mountains raisèd from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry veins,
The veins inclosed with running rivers round,
The rivers making way through Nature's chaîñ,
With headlong course into the sea profound,
The surging sea beneath the valleys low,
The valleys sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green;
In whose cool bowers the birds with chanting song
Do welcome with their quire, the Summer's Queen:
The meadows fair where FLORA's gifts among,
Are intermixt the verdant grass between;
The silver-scalèd fish that softly swim
Within the brooks and crystal wat'ry brim.

All these and many more of His creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see;
And takes therein no little delectation
To think how strange and wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his thoughts from other fancies free.
And whiles he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

The Author of Angling.

BUT HOW this Art of Angling did begin?
And who the use and practice found?
How many times and ages since have bin
Wherein the sun hath daily compast round
The circle that the signs twice six are in
And yielded yearly comfort to the ground?
It were too hard for me to bring about;
Since OVID wrote not all that story out.

Yet to content the willing reader's ear,
I will not spare the sad report to tell.
When good DEUCALION and his PYRRHA dear
Were only left upon the earth to dwell,
Of all the rest that overwhelmèd were
With that great flood, that in their days befell;
Wherein the compass of the world so round
Both man and beast with waters deep were drowned.

Between themselves they wept, and made great moan
How to repair again the woeful fall
Of all mankind, whereof they two alone
The remnant were; and wretchèd portion small:
But any means or hope in them was none,
That might restore so great a loss withal;
Since they were agèd, and in years so run,
That now almost their thread of life was spun.

Until at last they saw where as there stood
An ancient temple wastèd and forlorn,
Whose holy fires and sundry offerings good
The late outrageous waves away had borne;
But when at length down fallen was the flood,
The waters low, it proudly 'gan to scorn:
Unto that place they thought it best to go,
The counsel of the goddess there to know.

For long before that fearful deluge great,
The universal earth had overflown;
A heavenly power there placèd had her seat,
And answers gave of hidden things unknown.
Thither they went her favour to entreat
Whose fame throughout that coast abroad was blown;
By her advice some way or mean to find,
How to renew the race of human kind.

Prostrate they fell upon the sacred ground,
Kissing the stones and shedding many a tear;
And lowly bent their agèd bodies down
Unto the earth, with sad and heavy cheer;
Praying the saint with soft and doleful sound,
That she vouchsafe their humble suit to hear.
The goddess heard: and bade them go and take
Their mother's bones, and throw behind their back.

This oracle obscure and dark of sense,
Amazèd much their minds with fear and doubt,
What kind of meaning might be drawn from thence;
And how to understand and find it out.
How with so great a sin they might dispense
Their parent's bones to cast and throw about?
Thus when they had long time in study spent
Out of the church with careful thought they went.

And now beholding better every place,
Each hill and dale, each river, rock and tree;
And musing thereupon a little space,
They thought the Earth their mother well might be;
And that the stones that lay before their face
To be her bones did nothing disagree:
Wherefore to prove if it were false or true,
The scattered stones behind their backs they threw.

Forthwith the stones (a wondrous thing to hear)
Began to move as they had life conceived;
And waxèd greater than at first they were,
And more and more the shape of man received;
Till every part most plainly did appear
That neither eye nor sense could be deceived:
They heard, they spake, they went and walkèd too
As other living men are wont to do.

Thus was the earth replenishèd anew
With people strange, sprung up with little pain;
Of whose increase, the progeny that grew
Did soon supply the empty world again:
But now a greater care there did ensue
How such a mighty number to maintain;
Since food there was not any to be found,
For that great flood had all destroyed and drowned.

Then did DEUCALION first the Art invent
Of Angling, and his people taught the same;
And to the woods and groves with them he went
Fit tools to find for this most needful game.
There from the trees the longest rinds they rent,
Wherewith strong lines they roughly twist and frame,
And of each crook of hardest bush and brake,
They made them hooks the hungry fish to take.

And to entice them to the eager bit,
Dead frogs and flies of sundry sorts he took;
And snails and worms such as he found most fit
Wherein to hide the close and deadly hook;
And thus with practice and inventive wit,
He found the means in every lake and brook
Such store of fish to take with little pain
As did long time this people new, sustain.

In this rude sort began this simple Art
And so remained in that first age of old
When SATURN did AMALTHEA'S horn impart
Unto the world, that then was all of gold:
The fish as yet had felt but little smart
And were to bite more eager, apt and bold;
And plenty still supplied the place again
Of woeful want, whereof we now complain.

But when in time the fear and dread of man
Fell more and more on every living thing,
And all the creatures of the world began
To stand in awe of this usurping king;
Whose tyranny so far extended then
That earth and seas it did in thraldom bring:
It was a work of greater pain and skill,
The wary fish in lake or brook to kill.

So worse and worse two ages more did pass,
Yet still this Art more perfect daily grew:
For then the slender rod invented was,
Of finer sort than former ages knew:
And hooks were made of silver and of brass,
And lines of hemp and flax were framèd new;
And sundry baits experience found out more
Than elder times did know or try before.

But at the last the Iron Age drew near,
Of all the rest the hardest and most scant:
Then lines were made of silk and subtle hair;
And rods of lightest cane and hazel plant;
And hooks of hardest steel invented were,
That neither skill nor workmanship did want;
And so this Art did in the end attain
Unto that state where now it doth remain.

But here my weary Muse awhile must rest
That is not usèd to so long a way;
And breathe or pause a little at the least
At this land's end, until another day:
And then again, if so she think it best
Our taken-task afresh we will assay;
And forward go as first we did intend
Till that we come unto our journey's end.

The end of the First Book.

The Second Book.

BEFORE, I taught what kind of tools were fit
For him to have, that would an Angler be;
And how he should with practice and with wit
Provide himself thereof in best degree:
Now doth remain to show how to the bit
The fishes may be brought, that erst were free;
And with what pleasing baits enticed they are,
To swallow down the hidden hook un'ware.

Baits.

IT WERE not meet to send a huntsman out
Into the woods with net, with gin or hay;
To trace the brakes and bushes all about
The stag, the fox or badger to betray;
If having found his game, he stand in doubt
Which way to pitch, or where his snares to lay;
And with what train he may entice withal,
The fearful beast into his trap to fall.

So, though the Angler have good store of tools,
And them with skill in finest sort can frame;
Yet when he comes to rivers, lakes and pools,
If that he know not how to use the same,
And with what baits to make the fishes fools;
He may go home as wise as out he came,
And of his coming boast himself as well
As he that from his father's chariot fell.

Not that I take upon me to impart
More than by others hath before been told,
Or that the hidden secrets of this Art
I would unto the vulgar sort unfold;
Who peradventure for my pains' desert
Would count me worthy BALAAM's horse to hold:
But only to the willing learner show
So much thereof as may suffice to know.

But here, O NEPTUNE! that with triple mace
Dost rule the raging of the ocean wide;
I meddle not with thy deformèd race
Of monsters huge, that in those waves abide;
With that great whale, that by three whole days' space
The man of GOD did in his belly hide,
And cast him out upon the Euxine shore
As safe and sound as he had been before.

Nor with that Ork, that on Cephæan strand
Would have devoured ANDROMEDA the fair;
Whom PERSEUS slew with strong and valiant hand,
Delivering her from danger and despair:
The Hurlepool [? *whirlpool*] huge that higher than the land
Whole streams of water spouteth in the air;
The porpoise large that playing swims on high
Portending storms or other tempest nigh.

Nor that admirer of sweet music's sound
That on his back ARION bore away
And brought to shore out of the seas profound;
The hippotame that like an horse doth neigh,
The morse that from the rocks enrollèd round
Within his teeth himself doth safe convey;
The tortoise covered with his target hard,
The tuberon attended with his guard.

Nor with that fish that beareth in his snout
A ragged sword, his foes to spoil and kill;
Nor that fierce thrasher that doth fling about
His nimble flail and handles him at will;
The ravenous shark that with the sweepings out
And filth of ships doth oft his belly fill;
The albacore that followeth night and day
The flying fish, and takes them for his prey.

The crocodile that weeps when he doth wrong,
The halibut that hurts the appetite,
The turbot broad, the seal, the sturgeon strong,
The cod and cozze that greedy are to bite,
The hake, the haddock, and conger long,
The yellow ling, the milwell fair and white,
The spreading ray, the thornback thin and flat,
The boisterous base, the hoggish tunny fat.

These kinds of fish that are so large of size,
And many more that here I leave untold,
Shall go for me, and all the rest likewise
That are the flock of PROTEUS' wat'ry fold;
For well I think my hooks would not suffice,
Nor slender lines, the least of these to hold.
I leave them therefore to the surging seas:
In that huge depth, to wander at their ease.

And speak of such as in the fresh are found,
The little roach, the menise biting fast,
The slimy tench, the slender smelt and round,
The umber sweet, the grayling good of taste,
The wholesome ruff, the barbel not so sound,
The perch and pike that all the rest do waste,
The bream, the carp, the chub and chavender,
And many more that in fresh waters are.

Sit then THALIA on some pleasant bank,
Among so many as fair Avon hath!
And mark the anglers how they march in rank,
Some out of Bristol, some from healthful Bath;
How all the river's sides along they flank,
And through the meadows make their wontèd path:
See how their wit and cunning they apply
To catch the fish that in the waters lie!

For the Gudgeon. [18. p. 194.]

LO IN a little boat where one doth stand,
That to a willow bough the while is tied;
And with a pole doth stir and raise the sand,
Where as the gentle stream doth softly slide:
And then with slender line and rod in hand,
The eager bite not long he doth abide.
Well leaded in his line, his hook but small,
A good big cork to bear the stream withal.

His bait the least red worm that may be found,
And at the bottom it doth always lie;
Whereat the greedy gudgeon bites so sound
That hook and all he swalloweth by and by.
See how he strikes, and pulls them up as round
As if new store the play did still supply!
And when the bite doth die or bad doth prove,
Then to another place he doth remove.

This fish the fittest for a learner is
That in this Art delights to take some pain;
For as high-flying hawks that often mise
The swifter fowls, are easèd with a train;
So to a young beginner yieldeth this,
Such ready sport as makes him prove again;
And leads him on with hope and glad desire,
To greater skill and cunning to aspire.

For the Roach.



HEN SEE on yonder side where one doth sit,
With line well twisted and his hook but small;
His cork not big, his plummets round and fit,
His paste of finest paste, a little ball; [19. p. 194.]
Wherewith he doth entice unto the bit
The careless roach, that soon is caught withal:
Within a foot the same doth reach the ground,
And with least touch the float straight sinketh down.

And as a skilful fowler that doth use
The flying birds of any kind to take,
The fittest and the best doth always choose
Of many sorts a pleasing stale to make;
Which if he doth perceive they do refuse
And of mislike abandon and forsake,
To win their love again, and get their grace,
Forthwith doth put another in the place.

So for the roach more baits he hath beside;
As of a sheep, the thick congealed blood,
Which on a board he useth to divide
In portions small to make them fit and good,

That better on his hook they may abide;
And of the wasp the white and tender brood;
And worms that breed on every herb and tree;
And sundry flies that quick and lively be.

For the Dace.



HEN LOOK where as that poplar gray doth grow,
Hard by the same where one doth closely stand
And with the wind his hook and bait doth throw
Amid the stream with slender hazel wand,
Where as he sees the dace themselves do show.
His eye is quick and ready is his hand
And when the fish doth rise to catch the bait,
He presently doth strike, and takes her straight.

O world's deceit! how are we thralled by thee.
Thou dost thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide!
When most we think in happiest state to be,
Then do we soonest into danger slide.
Behold the fish, that even now was free,
Unto the deadly hook how he is tied!
So vain delights allure us to the snare,
Wherein un'wares we fast entangled are.

For the Carp.



UT NOW again see where another stands
And strains his rod that double seems to bend!
Lo how he leads and guides him with his hands
Lest that his line should break or angle rend;
Then with a net, see how at last he lands
A mighty carp, and has him in the end!
So large he is of body, scale and bone
That rod and all had like to have been gone.

Mark what a line he hath, well made and strong,
Of Bucephal or Bayard's strongest hair
Twisted with green or watchet silk among
Like hardest twine that holds th'entangled deer;
Not any force of fish will do it wrong
In Tyne or Trent or Thames he needs not fear:
The knots of every link are knit so sure
That many a pluck and pull they may endure.

His cork is large, made handsome smooth and fine,
The leads according, close, and fit thereto;
A good round hook set on with silken twine
That will not slip nor easily undo:
His bait great worms that long in moss have been,
Which by his side he beareth in a shoe;
Or paste wherewith he feeds him oft before,
That at the bottom lies a foot or more.

For the Chub and Trout.

SEE WHERE another hides himself as sly
As did ACTÆON or the fearful deer,
Behind a withy, and with watchful eye
Attends the bite within the water clear,
And on the top thereof doth move his fly
With skilful hand, as if he living were, [sc. p. 194]
Lo how the chub, the roach, the dace and trout,
To catch thereat do gaze and swim about.

His rod or cane, made dark for being seen
The less to fear the wary fish withal;
The line well twisted is, and wrought so clean
That being strong yet doth it show but small;

His hook not great, nor little, but between, [sc. p. 194.]
That light upon the wat'ry brim may fall;
The line in length scant half the rod exceeds,
And neither cork nor lead it needs.

For the Trout and Eel.

NOW SEE some standing where the stream doth fall
With headlong course behind the sturdy weir,
That overthwart the river like a wall, [sc. p. 195]
The water stops, and strongly up doth bear;
And at the tails of mills and arches small,
Where as the shoot is swift and not too clear;
Their lines in length not twice above an ell,
But with good store of lead, and twisted well.

Round handsome hooks that will not break nor bend,
The big red worm well scourèd is their bait,
Which down unto the bottom doth descend,
Where as the trout and eel doth lie in wait,
And to their feeding busily intend;
Which when they see, they snatch and swallow straight.
Upon their lines are neither cork nor quill;
But when they feel them pluck, then strike they still.

For the Sewant and Flounder.

BEHOLD SOME others rangèd all along,
To take the sewant, yea, the flounder sweet;
That to the bank in deepest places throng
To shun the swifter stream that runs so fleet;
And lie and feed the brackish waves among,
Where as the waters fresh and salt do meet.
And there the eel and shad sometimes are caught,
That with the tide into the brooks are brought.

But by the way it shall not be amiss
To understand that in the waters gray,
Of floating fish, two sundry kinds there is;
The one that lives by raven and by prey,
And of the weaker sort, now that, now this,
He bites and spoils, and kills and bears away,
And in his greedy gullet doth devour;
As SCYLLA's gulf a ship within his power.

And these have wider mouths to catch and take
Their flying prey, whom swiftly they pursue;
And rows of teeth like to a saw or rake
Wherewith their gotten game they bite and chew;
And greater speed within the waters make
To set upon the other simple crew;
And as the greyhound steals upon the hare,
So do they use to rush on them un'ware.

Unequal fate! that some are born to be
Fearful and mild, and for the rest a prey;
And others are ordained to live more free
Without control or danger any way:
So doth the fox, the lamb destroy we see;
The lion fierce, the beaver roe or grey;
The hawk, the fowl; the greater wrong the less;
The lofty proud the lowly poor oppress.

For the Pike or Perch.

NOW FOR to take these kinds of fish withal, [cp. p. 194.]
It shall be needful to have still in store
Some living baits, as bleeks and roaches small,
Gudgeon, or loach, not taken long before,

Or yellow frogs that in the waters crawl;
But all alive they must be evermore,
For as for baits that dead and dull do lie,
They least esteem, and set but little by.

But take good heed your line be sure and strong,
The knots well knit and of the soundest hair,
Twistèd with some well-coloured silk among;
And that you have no need your rod to fear:
For these great fish will strive and struggle long,
Rod line and all, into the stream to bear.
And that your hook be not too small and weak,
Lest that it chance to stretch or hap to break.

And as in Arden, or the mountains hoar
Of Appennine, or craggy Alps among;
The mastiffs fierce that hunt the bristled boar,
Are harnessed with curats light and strong;
So for these fish, your line a foot or more
Must armèd be with thinnest plate along;
Or slender wire well fasten'd thereunto,
That will not slip nor easily undo.

The other kind that are unlike to these,
Do live by corn or any other seed;
Sometimes by crumbs of bread, of paste or cheese;
Or grasshoppers that in green meadows breed;
With brood of wasps, of hornets, doars, or bees,
Lip berries from the briar bush or weed,
Blood worms and snails, or crawling gentles small,
And buzzing flies that on the waters fall.

All these are good, and many others more,
To make fit baits to take these kinds of fish;
So that some fair deep place you feed before
A day or two, with pail, with bowl, or dish;
And of these meats do use to throw in store:
Then shall you have them bite as you would wish;
And ready sport to take your pleasure still,
Of any sort that best you like to kill.

Thus serving them as often as you may,
But once a week at least it must be done;
If that to bite they make too long delay
As by your sport may be perceivèd soon:
Then some great fish doth fear the rest away,
Whose fellowship and company they shun;
Who neither in the bait doth take delight,
Nor yet will suffer them that would to bite.

For this you must a remedy provide;
Some roach or bleek, as I have showed before;
Beneath whose upper fin you close shall hide
Of all your hook the better half and more;
And though the point appear or may be spied
It makes not matter any whit therefore;
But let him fall into the wat'ry brim,
And down unto the bottom softly swim.

And when you see your cork begin to move,
And round about to soar and fetch a ring;
Sometimes to sink, and sometimes swim above,
As doth the duck within the wat'ry spring:
Yet make no haste your present hap to prove,
Till with your float at last away he fling;
Then may you safely strike and hold him short,
And at your will prolong or end your sport.

But every fish loves not each bait alike,
Although sometimes they feed upon the same;
But some do one, and some another seek,
As best unto their appetite doth frame;
The roach, the bream, the carp, the chub, and bleek,
With paste or corn their greedy hunger tame;
The dace, the ruff, the gudgeon and the rest,
The smaller sort of crawling worms love best.

The chavender and chub do more delight [See p. 197.]
To feed on tender cheese or cherries red;
Black snails, their bellies slit to show their white;
Or grasshoppers that skip in every mead:
The perch, the tench and eel do rather bite
At great red worms, in field or garden bred;
That have been scoured in moss or fennel rough,
To rid their filth, and make them hard and tough.

And with this bait hath often taken bin
The salmon fair, of river fish the best;
The shad that in the springtime cometh in;
The suant swift, that is not set by 'least;
The bocher sweet, the pleasant flounder thin;
The peel, the tweat, the botling, and the rest,
With many more, that in the deep doth lie
Of Avon, Usk, of Severn and of Wye.

Alike they bite, alike they pull down low
The sinking cork that strives to rise again;
And when they feel the sudden deadly blow,
Alike they shun the danger and the pain;
And as an arrow from the Scythian bow,
All flee alike into the stream amain;
Until the angler by his wary skill,
There tires them out, and brings them up at will.

Yet furthermore it doth behove to know
That for the most part fish do seek their food
Upon the ground, or deepest bottom low,
Or at the top of water, stream or flood;
And so you must your hook and bait bestow,
For in the midst you shall do little good:
For heavy things down to the bottom fall,
And light do swim, and seldom sink at all.

All summer long aloft the fishes swim,
Delighted with fair PHŒBUS' shining ray,
And lie in wait within the waters dim
For flies and gnats that on the top do play;
Then half a yard beneath the upper brim,
It shall be best your baited hook to lay,
With gnat or fly of any sort or kind,
That every month on leaves or trees you find.

But then your line must have no lead at all,
And but a slender cork or little quill
To stay the bait that down it does not fall,
But hang a link within the water still;
Or else upon the top thereof you shall
With quicker hand and with more ready skill
Let fall your fly, and now and then remove,
Which soon the fish will find and better love.

And in the stream likewise they use to be
At tails of floodgates, or at arches wide;
Or shallow flats where as the waters free
With fresher springs and swifter course do slide:
And then of wasp the brood that cannot fly,
Upon a tile-stone first a little dried;
Or yellow "bobs" turned up before the plough
Are chiefest baits; with cork and lead enough.

But when the golden chariot of the sun,
Departing from our northern countries far
Beyond the Balance, now his course hath run
And goes to warm the cold Antarctic star;
And summer's heat is almost spent and done:
With new approach of winter's dreadful war;
Then do the fish withdraw into the deep,
And low from sight and cold more close do keep.

Then on your lines you may have store of lead
And bigger corks of any size you will,
And where the fish are usèd to be fed
There shall you lay upon the bottom still:
And whether that your bait be corn or bread
Or worms or paste, it doth not greatly skill;
For these alone are to be usèd then
Until the spring or summer come again.

Thus have I showed how fish of divers kind
Best taken are, and how their baits to know:
But PHŒBUS now beyond the western Ind,
Beginneth to descend and draweth low;
And well the weather serves, and gentle wind.
Down with the tide and pleasant stream to row
Unto some place where we may rest us in,
Until we shall another time begin.

The end of the Second Book.

The Third Book.



Ow FALLS it out in order to declare
What time is best to angle in aright;
And when the chief and fittest seasons are
Wherein the fish are most disposed to bite;
What wind doth make, and which again doth mar
The Angler's sport wherein he takes delight;
And how he may with pleasure best aspire
Unto the wishèd end of his desire.

For there are times in which they will not bite,
But do forbear, and from their food refrain;
And days there are wherein they more delight
To labour for the same and bite amain:
So he that can those seasons find aright
Shall not repent his travail spent in vain,
To walk a mile or two amidst the fields
Reaping the fruit this harmless pleasure yields.

And as a ship in safe and quiet road
Under some hill or harbour doth abide,
With all her freight, her tackling and her load,
Attending still the wind and wishèd tide;
Which when it serves, no longer makes abode,
But forth into the wat'ry deep doth slide,
And through the waves divides her fairest way
Unto the place where she intends to stay.

So must the Angler be provided still
Of divers tools and sundry baits in store,
And all things else pertaining to his skill
Which he shall get and lay up long before;
That when the weather frameth to his will
He may be well appointed evermore
To take fit time when it is offered ever:
For time in one estate abideth never.

The Qualities of an Angler.

BUT ERE I further go, it shall behove
To show what gifts and qualities of mind
Belong to him that doth the pastime love;
And what the virtues are of every kind
Without the which it were in vain to prove
Or to expect the pleasure he should find:
No more than he that having store of meat
Hath lost all lust and appetite to eat.

For what avails to brook or lake to go,
With handsome rods and hooks of divers sort,
Well-twisted lines, and many trinkets moe
To find the fish within their wat'ry fort:
If that the mind be not contented so
But wants those gifts, that should the rest support.
And make his pleasure to his thoughts agree.
With these therefore he must endued be.

The first is Faith, not wavering and unstable;
But such as had that holy patriarch old,
That to the Highest was so acceptable
As his increase and offspring manifold,
Exceeded far the stars innumerable:
So must he still a firm persuasion hold,
That where as waters, brooks and lakes are found,
There store of fish without all doubt abound.

For Nature, that hath made no empty thing,
But all her works doth well and wisely frame;
Hath filled each brook, each river, lake and spring
With creatures, apt to live amidst the same;
Even as the earth, the air and seas do bring
Forth beasts and birds of sundry sort and name,
And given them shape, ability and sense
To live and dwell therein without offence.

The second gift and quality is Hope,
The anchor hold of every hard desire;
That having of the day so large a scope
He shall in time to wished hap aspire,
And ere the sun hath left the heav'nly cope
Obtain the sport and game he doth desire;
And that the fish, though sometimes slow to bite,
Will recompense delay with more delight.

The third is Love and liking to the game,
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling by;
For greedy pleasure not to spoil the same,
Nor of his fish some portion to deny
To any that are sickly, weak or lame;
But rather with his line and angle try
In pond or brook, to do what in him lies
To take such store for them as may suffice.

Then followeth Patience, that the furious flame
Of Choler cools, and Passion puts to flight;
As doth a skilful rider break and tame
The courser wild, and teach him tread aright:
So patience doth the mind dispose and frame
To take mishaps in worth and count them light;
As loss of fish, line, hook or lead, or all,
Or other chance that often may befall.

The fifth good gift is low Humility;
As when a lion coucheth for his prey,
So must he stoop or kneel upon his knee
To save his line or put the weeds away;
Or lie along sometimes if need there be
For any let or chance that happen may:
And not to scorn to take a little pain
To serve his turn, his pleasure to obtain.

The sixth is painful Strength and Courage good,
The greatest to encounter in the brook,
If that he happen in his angry mood
To snatch your bait and bear away your hook.
With wary skill to rule him in the flood
Until more quiet, tame and mild he look:
And all adventures constantly to bear,
That may betide, without mistrust or fear.

Next unto this is Liberality,
Feeding them oft with full and plenteous hand
Of all the rest a needful quality
To draw them near the place where you will stand
Like to the ancient hospitality,
That sometime dwelt in Albion's fertile land;
But now is sent away into exile
Beyond the bounds of Isabella's isle.

The eighth is Knowledge, how to find the way
To make them bite when they are dull and slow;
And what doth let the same and breeds delay;
And every like impediment to know,
That keeps them from their food and wonted prey
Within the stream or standing waters low;
 And with Experience skilfully to prove,
 All other faults to mend or to remove.

The ninth is Placability of mind,
Contented with a reasonable dish;
Yea though sometimes no sport at all he find
Or that the weather prove not to his wish.
The tenth is Thanks to that GOD, of each kind,
To net and bait, doth send both fowl and fish;
 And still reserve enough in secret store
 To please the rich and to relieve the poor.

Th'eleventh good gift and hardest to endure,
Is Fasting long from all superfluous fare;
Unto the which he must himself inure
By exercise and use of diet spare:
And with the liquor of the waters pure
Acquaint himself if he cannot forbear;
 And never on his greedy belly think,
 From rising sun until alow he sink.

The twelfth and last of all is Memory,
Remembering well before he setteth out,
Each needful thing that he must occupy;
And not to stand of any want in doubt
Or leave something behind forgetfully:
When he hath walked the fields and brooks about,
 It were a grief back to return again,
 For things forgot that should his sport maintain.

Here then you see what kind of qualities
An Angler should enduèd be withal;
Besides his skill and other properties
To serve his turn, as to his lot doth fall:
But now what season for this exercise
The fittest is, and which doth serve but small:
My Muse! vouchsafe some little aid to lend
To bring this also to the wishèd end.

Season and Time not to Angle.



IRST, IF the weather be too dry and hot,
And scalds with scorching heat the lowly plain;
As if that youthful PHAETON had got
The guiding of his father's car again;
Or that it seemed APOLLO had forgot
His light-foot steeds to rule with steadfast rain:
It is not good with any line or hook,
To angle then in river, pond or brook.

Or when cold BOREAS with his frosty beard,
Looks out from underneath the "lesser bear;"
And makes the weary traveller afeard
To see the valleys covered everywhere
With ice and snow, that late so green appeared:
The waters stand as if of steel they were;
And hoary frosts do hang on every bough,
Where freshest leaves of summer late did grow.

So neither if Don ÆOLUS lets go [24. p. 196.]
His blust'ring winds out of the hollow deep;
Where he their strife and struggling to and fro,
With triple fork doth still in order keep:
They rushing forth do rage with tempests so
As if they would the world together sweep;
And ruffling so with sturdy blasts they blow,
That tree and house sometimes they overthrow.

Besides, when shepherds and the swains prepare,
Unto the brooks withal, their flocks of sheep;
To wash their fleeces, and to make them fair [25. p. 196.]
In every pool and running water deep:
The savour of the wool doth so impair
The pleasant streams, and plunging that they keep,
As if that Lethe-flood ran everywhere
Or bitter Doris intermingled were.

Or when land floods through long and sudden rain,
Descending from the hills and higher ground,
The sand and mud the crystal streams do stain,
And make them rise above their wonted bound,
To overflow the fields and neighbour plain:
The fruitful soil and meadows fair are drowned;
The husbandman doth leese his grass and hay;
The banks, their trees; and bridges borne away.

So when the leaves begin to fall apace
And bough and branch are naked to be seen;
While Nature doth her former work deface,
Unclothing bush and tree of summer's green;
Whose scattered spoils lie thick in every place
As sands on shore or stars the poles between,
And top and bottom of the rivers fill:
To Angle then I also think it ill.

All winds are hurtful, if too hard they blow: [26. p. 196.]
The worst of all is that out of the East,
Whose nature makes the fish to biting slow
And lets the pastime most of all the rest;
The next that comes from countries clad with snow
And Arctic pole, is not offensive least;
The Southern wind is counted best of all;
Then that which riseth where the sun doth fall.

Best Times and Season to Angle.

BUT IF the weather steadfast be and clear, [27. p. 196.]
Or overcast with clouds, so it be dry;
And that no sign nor token there appear
Of threat'ning storm through all the empty sky;
But that the air is calm and void of fear
Of ruffling winds or raging tempests high;
Or that with mild and gentle gale they blow;
Then it is good unto the brook to go.

And when the floods are fall'n and past away,
And carried have the dregs into the deep;
And that the waters wax more thin and grey
And leave their banks above them high and steep;
The milder stream of colour like to whey
Within his bounds his wontèd course doth keep;
And that the wind South or else by-West:
To angle then is time and seasons best.

When fair AURORA rising early shows [28. p. 196.]
Her blushing face among the Eastern hills,
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rows
That far abroad the world with brightness fills;
The meadows green are hoar with silver dews
That on the earth the sable night distils,
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray
The near approaching of the cheerful day:

Then let him go to river, brook or lake,
That loves the sport, where store of fish abound;
And through the pleasant fields his journey make,
Amidst sweet pastures, meadows fresh and sound;

Where he may best his choice of pastime take,
While swift HYPERION runs his circle round:
And as the place shall to his liking prove,
There still remain or further else remove.

To know each Fish's Haunt.

NOW THAT the Angler may the better know
Where he may find each fish he doth require;
Since some delight in waters still and slow,
And some do love the mud and slimy mire;
Some others where the stream doth swifter flow;
Some stony ground, and gravel some desire:
Here shall he learn how every sort do seek
To haunt the lair that doth his nature like.

Carp, eel and tench do love a muddy ground;
Eels under stones or hollow roots do lie,
The tench among thick weeds is soonest found,
The fearful carp into the deep doth fly:
Bream, chub and pike, where clay and sand abound,
Pike love great pools and places full of fry,
The chub delight in stream or shady tree,
And tender bream in broadest lake to be.

The salmon swift the rivers sweet doth like,
Where largest streams into the sea are led;
The spotted trout, the smaller brooks doth seek,
And in the deepest hole there hides his head;
The prickled perch, in every hollow creek (cp. p. 199.)
Hard by the bank and sandy shore is fed:
Perch, trout and salmon love clear waters all,
Green weedy rocks and stony gravel small.

So doth the bullhead, gudgeon and the loach,
Who most in shallow brooks delight to be:
The ruff, the dace, the barbel and the roach,
Gravel and sand do love in less degree;
But to the deep and shade do more approach,
And overhead some covert love to see,
Of spreading poplar, oak or willow green,
Where underneath they lurk for being seen.

The mighty luce great waters haunts alway, [See p. 197.]
And in the stillest place thereof doth lie,
Save when he rangeth forth to seek his prey,
And swift among the fearful fish doth fly.
The dainty umber loves the marly clay
And clearest streams of champaign country high;
And in the chiefest pools thereof doth rest,
Where he is soonest found and taken best.

The chavender amidst the waters fair,
The swiftest streams doth most himself bestow:
The shad and tweat do rather like the lair
Of brackish waves, where it doth ebb and flow;
And thither also doth the flock repair,
And flat upon the bottom lieth low,
The peel, the mullet and the suant good
Do like the same, and therein seek their food.

But here experience doth my skill exceed,
Since divers countries divers rivers have;
And divers rivers change of waters breed,
And change of waters sundry fish doth crave,
And sundry fish in divers places feed,
As best doth like them in the liquid wave.
So that by use and practice may be known
More than by art or skill can well be shown.

So then it shall be needless to declare
What sundry kinds there lie in secret store;
And where they do resort and what they are,
That may be still discovered more and more.
Let him that list, no pain or travail spare
To seek them out, as I have done before;
And then it shall not discontent his mind,
New choice of place, and change of game to find.

The best Hours of the Day to Angle.

FROM FIRST appearing of the rising sun
Till nine of clock, low under water best,
The fish will bite; and then from nine to noon,
From noon to four they do refrain and rest:
From four again till PHŒBUS swift hath run
His daily course, and setteth in the West.
But at the fly aloft they use to bite,
All summer long, from nine till it be night.

Now lest the Angler leave his tools behind,
For lack of heed or haste of his desire;
And so enforcèd with unwilling mind
Must leave his game and back again retire,
Such things to fetch as there he cannot find,
To serve his turn when need shall most require:
Here shall he have to help his memory,
A lesson short of every want's supply.

Light rod to strike, long line to reach withal,
Strong hook to hold the fish he haps to hit,
Spare lines and hooks whatever chance do fall,
Baits quick and dead to bring them to the bit,

Fine lead and quills, with corks both great and small,
Knife, file and thread, and little basket fit,
Plummets to sound the depth of clay and sand,
With pole and net to bring them safe to land.

And now we are arrivèd at the last
In wishèd harbour, where we mean to rest,
And make an end of this our journey past:
Here then in quiet road I think it best
We strike our sails and steadfast anchor cast,
For now the sun low setteth in the West.
And ye boatswains! a merry carol sing
To Him that safely did us hither bring.

FINIS.

Wouldst thou catch fish?
Then here's thy wish;
Take this receipt
To anoint thy bait.

THOU THAT desir'st to fish with line and hook,
Be it in pool, in river, or in brook,
To bless thy bait and make the fish to bite,
Lo, here's a means! if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, fine beat, and laid in soak [30. p. 197.]
In oil well drawn from that which kills the oak.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;
When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill. [31. p. 197.]

Probatum.

It's perfect and good,
If well understood;
Else not to be told
For silver or gold.

B. R.

FINIS.

WILLIAM LAUSON.

Comments on *The Secrets of Angling.*

[Second Edition, *Augmented with many approved experiments*]

To the Reader.

IT may seem in me presumption to add this little Comment to the work of so worthy an Author.

But Master HARRISON the Stationer's request and desire to give his country satisfaction; must be satisfied, and in it I myself rest excused.

What mine observations are, I refer to censure. Assuredly, the truth stands on so well-grounded experience; that but my haste, nothing can do them injury. What to me is doubtful; I have, as I can, explained. What wants, in my judgment, I have supplied as the time would suffer; what I pass by, I approve.

The Author by verse hath expressed much Learning, and by his Answer to the Objection shows himself to have been virtuous. The subject itself is honest and pleasant; and sometimes profitable.

Use it! and give GOD all glory. Amen.

W. LAUSON.

1 [p. 149]. Beath [*bathe*] them a little, except the top, all in a furnace: they will be lighter and not top heavy; which is a great fault in a rod.

2 [p. 149]. Tie them together at every bout, and they will keep one another straight.

3 [p. 149]. White or gray are likest the sky, and therefore of all colours offend the least.

4 [p. 149]. Besides the fish discerns it, and is put away with the stiffness of the rod: whereas on the contrary the weak rod yields liberty to the fish without suspicion, to run away with the bait at his pleasure.

5 [p. 150]. Knit the hair you mean to put in one link at the rod's end, and divide them as equally as you can: put your three lowest fingers betwixt, and twine the knot; and your link shall be equally twist. If you wet your hair, it will twine better. A nimble hand, a weak and light rod that may be easily guided with one hand, needs but four or five hairs at the most for the greatest river fish, though a salmon or a luce, so you have length enough: and except the luce and salmon, three will suffice.

6 [p. 150]. Intermixing with silver or gold is not good: because: First, the thread and hair are not of equal reach. Secondly, the colours differing from the hairs or fly, affright the fish. Thirdly, they will not be[n]d and twist with the hairs.

7 [p. 150]. An upper end also, to put it to and fro the rod.

8 [p. 150]. The same colour, to wit, grey like the sky; the like bigness and strength: is good for all the line, and every link thereof. Weight is hurtful; so unequal strength causeth the weakest to break.

9 [p. 151]. I utterly dislike your Southern corks. First, for they affright the fish in the bite and sight; and because they follow not so kindly the nimble rod and hand. Secondly, they breed weight to the line; which puts it in danger, hinders the nimble jerk of the rod, and loads the arm. A good eye and hand may easily discern the bite.

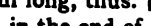
10 [p. 151]. I use [*am accustomed*] to make mine own hooks; so that I shall have them of the best Spanish and Milan needles of what size, bent or sharpness as I like and need. Soften your needles in an hot fire, in a chafer.

The Instruments.

First. An holdfast.

Secondly. A hammer to flatten the place or the beard.

Thirdly. A file to make the beard, and sharpen the point.

Fourthly. A bender, viz. a pin bended, and put in the end of a stick, an handful long, thus. 

When they are made, lap them in the end of a wire; beat them again, and temper them in oil or butter.

11 [p. 152]. The best form for ready striking and sure holding and strength, is a straight and somewhat long shank and straight nibbed; with a little compass: not round in any wise,  for it neither strikes surely nor readily; but is weak, as having too great a compass. Some use to batter the upper end thus  to hold the faster: but good thread or silk, good baud [*? band*] may make it fast enough. It is botcherly, hinders the biting, and sometimes cuts the line.

12 [p. 152]. He means the hook may be too weak at the point. It cannot be too sharp, if the metal be good steel.

13 [p. 153]. Or wind them on two or three of your fingers, like an Orph-Arion's string.

14 [p. 153]. Worm poke of cloth, or boxes.

15 [p. 153]. A plummet you need not; for your line being well leaded and without a float, will try your depths. When the lead above your hook comes to the earth, the line will leave sinking.

16 [p. 154]. That is good: but a forked rod about two yards long is better. When your hook is fastened in the water, take a rod thus fashioned



and put the line in the fork, and so follow down to your hook. So letting your line be somewhat slack, move your fork to and fro, especially downwards; and so shall your hook be loosed.

17 [p. 154]. White and grey are good, answering to the colours of the sky.

18 [p. 167]. The Gudgeon hath his teeth in his throat (as

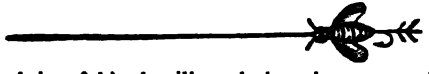
also the Chub) and lives by much sucking. He is a dainty fish, like or nearly as good as the Sparling.

19 [p. 168]. The Roach is one of the meanest.

20 [p. 170]. Diversely. For the Trout is a ravening fish, and at that time of the day comes from his hole, if he come at all.

21 [p. 171]. The Trout makes the Angler the most gentlemanly and readiest sport of all other fishes: if you angle with a made fly, and a line twice your rod's length or more, of three hairs, in a plain water without wood, in a dark windy day from mid-afternoon, and have learned the cast of the fly.

Your fly must counterfeit the May Fly, which is bred of the cad bait; and is called the Water Fly. You must change his colour every month; beginning with a dark white and so grow to a yellow. The form cannot so well be put on a paper, as it may be taught by slight [? *sight*]: yet it will be like this form.



The head is of black silk or hair; the wings of a feather of a mallard, teal, or pickled hen's wing; the body of crewel, according to the month for colour, and run about with a black hair: all fastened at the tail with the thread that fastened the hook. You must fish in or by the stream, and have a quick hand, a ready eye and a nimble rod. Strike with him! or you lose him.

If the wind be rough, and trouble the crust of the water: he will take it in the plain deeps: and then and there commonly the greatest will rise. When you have hooked him, give him leave! keeping your line straight. Hold him from the roots, and he will tire himself. This is the chief pleasure of Angling.

This fly, and two links, among wood or close by a bush, moved in the crust of the water; is deadly in an evening, if you come close [*hidden*]. This is called "Busking for Trout."

Cad bait is a worm bred under stones in a shallow river: or in some out-runner of the river, where the streams run not strongly, in a black shale. They stick by heaps on the low side of a great stone, it being hollow. They be ripe in

the beginning of May: they are past with July. They be yellow when they be ripe, and have a black head. This is a deadly bait for a Trout, either aloft [*on the surface*] or at the ground; if your tools be fine and you come close: for the Trout of all other fish, is most affrighted with sight. And indeed it should be considered that fish are afraid of any extraordinary motion or sight of whatsoever colour: except the Pike; which will be open to your sight on a sunshiny day, till you halter him.

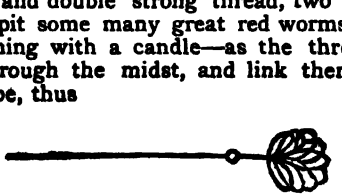
The Trout will take also the worm, menise or any bait: so will the Pike, save that he will not take the fly.

22 [p. 171]. There be divers ways to catch the wrinkling Eel. Your line must be stronger—six or seven hairs—and your hook accordingly: for she must upon the hooking presently [*immediately*] be drawn forth with force: otherwise she fastens herself with her tail about a root or stone or such like; and so you lose your labour, your hook, and the fish. The worm or menise are her common bait.

There is a way to catch Eels by "Braggling:" thus. Take a rod, small and tough, of sallow, hazel or such like, a yard long, as big as a beanstalk. In the small end thereof, make a nick or cleft with a knife; in which nick put your strong but little hook baited with a red worm; and made sure to a line of ten or twelve good hairs, but easily that the Eels may pull it out.

Go into some shallow place of the river among the great stones, and braggle up and down till you find holes under the stones. There put in your hook so baited at your rod's end, and the Eel under the stone will not fail to take it. Give her time to put it over; and then, if your strength will serve, she is your own.

There is a third usual way to catch Eels, called "Bobbing." Upon a long and double strong thread, two yards long or thereabouts, spit some many great red worms—gotten in a summer's evening with a candle—as the thread will hold lengthways through the midst, and link them about your hand like a rope, thus



And fasten these to a long goad's end with a cord as long as your rod; and a great plummet of lead, a handful above the "Bob."

In a troubled or flooded river, in a deep tun, or by a stream side; let it fall within a handbreadth of the ground: and then shall you sensibly feel a multitude of Eels, all in that pit, like so many dogs at a carrion; tug and pull. Now at your good time, when you think that every Eel hath got a link and swallowed it up—like so many ducks the entrails of a pullet—draw up very easily, and they will follow working and pulling; till you have them near the crust: and then amain hoist them to land. This is the readiest way where Eels are plentiful, to catch many.

For the Trout, you shall find in the root of a great dock; a white worm with a red head. With this, fish for a Trout at the ground.

23 [p. 172]. A young whelp, kitling, or such like; is good bait for a Luce.

24 [p. 183]. The stronger the wind blows, so you may abide it and guide your tools; and the colder the summer days are: the better will they bite, and the closer [*nearer*] shall you come to them.

25 [p. 184]. I rather think the kades and other filth that fall from sheep do so glut the fish; that they will not take any artificial bait. The same is the reason of the flood; washing down worms, flies, frog-clocks, &c.

26 [p. 184]. I find no difference of winds; except too cold or too hot: which is not the wind, but the season.

27 [p. 185]. Clear cannot be good, by reason of the offensive sight.

28 [p. 185]. The morning can no way be good because the fish have been at relief all the night, as all other wild creatures: and in the day they rest or sport. In the evening is the fittest. Then hunger begins to bite.

29 [p. 186]. The Trout lies in the deep; but feeds in the stream, under a bush, bray, foam, &c.

30 [p. 190]. I have heard much of an ointment that will presently [*immediately*] cause any fish to bite; but I could never attain the knowledge thereof. The nearest in mine opinion—except this *Probatum*—is the oil of an Osprey, which is called *Aquila Marina*, the Sea Eagle. She is of

body near the bigness of a goose; one of her feet is webbed to swim withal, the other hath talons to catch fish. It seems the fish come up to her: for she cannot dive.

Some likelihood there is also in a paste made of *Cocculus Indiæ*, *Assafœtida*, Honey, and Wheat-flour.

But I never tried them. Therefore I cannot prescribe.

31 [p. 190]. That which kills the oak, I conjecture to be Ivy: till I change my mind.

This excellent receipt, divers anglers can tell you where you may buy it.

[Surely this must have been a standing joke among the practitioners of the Art.—E. A.]

CERTAIN OBSERVATIONS FORGOTTEN.

Chevan and chub are one.

The	Shotrell,	1 year	are one.
	Pickerel,	2 year	
	Pike,	3 year	
	Luce,	4 year	

The Summer—May, June and July—are fittest for Angling.

Fish are the fattest in July.

Fish commonly spawn at Michael's tide [29th September]. After spawning; they be kipper, and out of season.

They thrust up little brooks to spawn. The Trout and Salmon will have lying on their backs.

All the summer time, great fish go downwards to deeps.

Bar netting and night hooking; where you love Angling.

When you are angling at the ground: your line must be no longer than your rod.

He that is more greedy of fish than sport: let him have three or four angles fitted and baited: and laid in several pools. You shall sometimes have them all sped at once.

If you go forth in or immediately after a shower, and take the water in the first rising; and fish in the stream at the ground with a red worm: you may load yourself, if there be store. Thus may any botcher kill fish.

For want of a pannier: spit your fish by the gills on a small wicker or such like.

I use a pouch of parchment, with many several places to put my hooks and lines in.

I use a rod of two parts, to join in the midst when I come to the river: with two pins and a little hemp waxed. Thus the pins join it, and the hemp fastens it firmly.



A whale bone made round, no bigger than a wheat straw at the top; yields well, and strikes well.

Let your rod be without knots. They are dangerous for breaking, and bouts are troublesome.

Keep your rod neither too dry nor too moist; lest they grow brittle or rotten.

When you angle in [a time of] drought, wet your rod. It will not break so soon.

You shall hardly get a rod of one piece, but either crooked or top heavy or unequally grown.

Enterprise no man's ground without leave. Break no man's hedge to his loss.

Pray to GOD with your heart to bless your lawful exercise.

FINIS.



Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

The last refuges of the Devil to maintain his kingdom.

[*History of the World*]



OW THE Devil because he cannot play upon the open stage of this world, as in those days; and being still as industrious as ever, finds it more for his advantage to creep into the minds of men; and inhabiting the temples of their hearts, works them to a more effectual adoration of himself than ever.

For whereas he first taught them to sacrifice to monsters; to dead stones cut into faces of beasts, birds, and other mixed natures: he now sets before them the high and shining idol of Glory, the all-commanding image of bright Gold.

He tells them that Truth is the goddess of dangers and oppressions: that Chastity is the enemy of Nature: and lastly, that as all Virtue, in general, is without taste; so Pleasure satisfieth and delighteth every sense. For true wisdom (saith he) is exercised in nothing else than in the obtaining of power, to oppress; and of riches, to maintain plentifully our worldly delights.

And if this arch-politician finds in his pupils any remorse, any feeling or fear of GOD's future judgments; he persuades them that GOD hath so great need of men's souls, that He will accept them at any time, and upon any condition: interrupting by his vigilant endeavours, all offer of timeful return towards GOD; by laying those great blocks of Rugged Poverty and Despised Contempt in the narrow passage leading to His divine presence.

But as the mind of man hath two ports [*gates*]—the one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities; the other desolate and overgrown with grass, by which enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations: so hath

that of Death a double and twofold opening; worldly misery passing by the one, worldly prosperity by the other.

At the entrance of the one, we find our sufferings and patience to attend us; all which have gone before us, to prepare our joys: at the other, our cruelties, covetousness, licentiousness, injustice and oppressions—the harbingers of most fearful and terrible sorrow; staying for us.

And as the Devil, our most industrious enemy, was ever most diligent; so is he now more laborious than ever: the long Day of mankind drawing fast to an evening; and the World's Tragedy and Time near at an end.

A[NTHONY] M[UNDAY].

Captivity of John Fox of Woodbridge, Gunner of the Three Half Moons, *by the Turks; and of his wonderful escape from Alexandria.*

[HAKLUYT, *Voyages*, 1589.]

The worthy enterprise of JOHN FOX an Englishman, in delivering 266 Christians out of the captivity of the Turks at Alexandria, the 3rd of January, 1577.



MONG OUR merchants here in England, it is a common voyage to traffic into Spain. Whereunto a ship, being called the *Three Half Moons*, manned with eight and thirty men, and well fenced with munitions the better to encounter their enemies withal; having wind and tide, set forth from Portsmouth in the year 1563, and bent her journey towards Seville, a city in Spain: intending there to traffic with them.

And falling near the Straits of Gibraltar; they perceived themselves to be beset round about with eight galleys of the Turks, in such wise that there was no way for them to fly or escape away: but that either they must yield or else be sunk. Which the Owner perceiving, manfully encouraged his company; exhorting them "valiantly to show their manhood, showing them that GOD was their GOD and not their enemy's, requesting them also not to faint in seeing such a heap of their enemies ready to devour them:" putting them in mind also "that if it were GOD's

pleasure to give them into their enemies' hands; it was not they that ought to show one displeasant look or countenance there against: but to take it patiently and not to prescribe a day and time for their deliverance as the citizens of Bethuliah did [*JUDITH*, v. 24]; but to put themselves under His mercy." And again, "if it were His mind and goodwill to show His mighty power by them; if their enemies were ten times so many, they were not able to stand in their hands." Putting them likewise in mind of "the old and ancient worthiness of their countrymen: who in the hardest extremities have always most prevailed; and gone away conquerors, yea, and where it hath been almost impossible." "Such," quoth he, "hath been the valiantness of our countrymen; and such hath been the mighty power of our GOD."

With such other like encouragements, exhorting them to behave themselves manfully; they fell all on their knees making their prayers briefly unto GOD: who being all risen up again, perceived their enemies by their signs and defiances bent to the spoil, whose mercy was nothing else but cruelty. Whereupon every man took him to his weapon.

Then stood up one GROVE the Master, being a comely man, with his sword and target; holding them up in defiance against his enemies. So likewise stood up the Owner, the Master's Mate, Boatswain, Purser, and every man well appointed. Now likewise sounded up the drums, trumpets, and flutes, which would have encouraged any man; had he never so little heart or courage in him.

Then taketh him to his charge, JOHN FOX the Gunner, in the disposing of his pieces in order to the best effect: and sending his bullets towards the Turks; who likewise bestowed their pieces thrice as fast towards the Christians. But shortly they drew near, so that the bowmen fell to their charge in sending forth their arrows so thick amongst the galleys; and also in doubling their shot so sore upon the galleys, that there were twice so many of the Turks slain as the number of the Christians were in all. But the Turks discharged twice as fast against the Christians, and so long; that the ship was very sore stricken and bruised under water. Which the Turks perceiving, made the more haste to come aboard the ship; which ere they could do, many a Turk

bought it dearly with the loss of his life. Yet was all in vain, and boarded they were: where they found so hot a skirmish, that it had been better they had not meddled with the feast. For the Englishmen showed themselves men indeed, in working manfully with their brown bills and halberds; where the Owner, Master, Boatswain, and their company stood to it so lustily, that the Turks were half dismayed. But chiefly the Boatswain showed himself valiant above the rest, for he fared [*went*] among the Turks like a wood [*enraged*] lion; for there were none of them that either could or durst stand in his face: till at the last there came a shot from the Turks, which brake his whistle asunder and smote him on the breast, so that he fell down; bidding them farewell and to be of good comfort, encouraging them likewise to win praise by death rather than to live captives in misery and shame. Which they hearing, indeed intended to have done, as it appeared by their skirmish; but the press and store [*number*] of the Turks was so great, that they were not long able to endure it: but were so overpressed, that they could not wield their weapons. By reason whereof, they must needs be taken; which none of them intended to have been, but rather to have died: except only the Master's Mate, who shrank from the skirmish like a notable coward; esteeming neither the valour of his name, nor accounting the present example of his fellows, nor having respect to the miseries whereunto he should be put. But in fine, so it was; that the Turks were victors: whereof they had no great cause to rejoice or triumph.

Then would it have grieved any hard heart to see these infidels so violently intreating the Christians, not having any respect unto their manhood which they had tasted of; nor yet respecting their own state, how they might have met with such a booty [*prey*] as might have given them the overthrow: but no remorse hereof, or any thing else doth bridle their fierce and tyrannous dealing, but that the Christians must needs go to the galleys to serve in new offices. And they were no sooner in them, but their garments were pulled over their ears and torn from their backs: and they set to the oars.

I will make no mention of their miseries, being now under their enemies' raging stripes. I think there is no man will judge their fare good, or that bodies unladen with stripes, and not pestered with too much heat and also with too much

cold: but I will go to my purpose, which is to show the end of those who, being in mere [*utter*] misery, continually do call on GOD with a steadfast hope that He will deliver them; and with a sure faith that He can do it.

Nigh to the city of Alexandria, being a haven town, and under the dominion of the Turks; there is a road, being made very fencible with strong walls: whereinto the Turks do customably bring their galleys on shore every year in the winter season, and there do trim them and lay them up against the spring time. In which road, there is a prison wherein the captives, and such prisoners as serve in the galleys are put for all that time, until the seas be calm and passable for the galleys: every prisoner being most grievously ladened with irons on their legs to their great pain, and sore disabling of them to taking any labour. Into which prison were these Christians put; and fast warded all the winter season. But ere it was long, the Master and the Owner, by means of friends, were redeemed. The rest abiding still by the misery; while that they were all, through reason of their ill-usage and worse fare, miserably starved: saving one JOHN FOX, who—as some men can abide harder and more misery than some others can; so can some likewise make more shift and work more devices to help their state and living than some others can do—being somewhat skilful in the craft of a barber, by reason thereof made great shift in helping his fare now and then with a good meal. Insomuch, till at the last, GOD sent him favour in the sight of the Keeper of the prison; so that he had leave to go in and out to the road at his pleasure, paying a certain stipend unto the Keeper, and wearing a lock about his leg. Which liberty likewise six more had upon like sufferance; who—by reason of their long imprisonment, not being feared or suspected to start aside, or that they would work the Turks any mischief—had liberty to go in and out of the said road in such manner as this JOHN FOX did; with irons on their legs, and to return again at night.

In the year of our Lord 1577, in the winter season, the galleys happily coming to their accustomed harbour, and being discharged of their masts, sails, and other such furniture as unto galleys do appertain; and all the masters and mariners of them being then nested in their own homes: there

remained in the prison of the said road two hundred threescore and eight Christian prisoners, who had been taken by the Turks' force; and were of sixteen sundry nations. Among which, there were three Englishmen, whereof one was named JOHN FOX of Woodbridge in Suffolk; the other WILLIAM WICKNEY of Portsmouth in the county of Southampton, and the third ROBERT MOORE of Harwich in the county of Essex. Which JOHN FOX having been thirteen or fourteen years under their gentle entreatance, and being too too weary thereof, minding his escape; weighed with himself by what means it might be brought to pass; and continually pondering with himself; thereof took a great heart unto him, in hope that GOD would not be always scourging His children, and never ceasing to pray Him to further his pretended [*intended*] enterprise, if that it should redound to His glory.

Not far from the road, and somewhat from thence at one side of the city, there was a certain victualling house; which one PETER UNTICARO had hired, paying also a certain fee unto the Keeper of the road. This PETER UNTICARO was a Spaniard born, and a Christian, and had been prisoner above thirty years; and never practised any means to escape, but kept himself quiet without touch or suspect of any conspiracy: until that now this JOHN FOX using much thither; they brake one to another their minds, concerning the restraint of their liberty and imprisonment. So that this JOHN FOX at length opening unto this UNTICARO the device which he would fain put in practice, made privy one more to this their intent. Which three debated of this matter at such times as they could compass to meet together; insomuch, that at seven weeks' end they had sufficiently concluded how the matter should be, if it pleased GOD to further them thereto. Who making five more privy to this their device, whom they might safely trust; determined in three nights after to accomplish their deliberate purpose.

Whereupon the said JOHN FOX and PETER UNTICARO and the other six appointed to meet all together in the prison the next day, being the last day of December [1576 A.D.]; where JOHN FOX certified the rest of the prisoners what their intent and device was, and how and when they minded to bring their purpose to pass: who thereunto persuaded them without much ado to further their device. Which the same

JOHN FOX seeing, delivered unto them a sort [*number*] of files, which he had gathered together for this purpose, by the means of PETER UNTICARO: charging them that every man should be ready discharged of his irons by eight o'clock on the next day at night.

On the next day at night, this said JOHN FOX and his six other companions, being all come to the house of PETER UNTICARO; passed the time away in mirth for fear of suspect till the night came on, so that it was time for them to put in practice their device: sent PETER UNTICARO to the Master of the Road, in the name of one of the Masters of the city with whom this Keeper was acquainted and at whose request he also would come at the first; who desired him to take the pains to meet him there, promising him that he would bring him back again. The Keeper agreed to go with him, willing the warders not to bar the gate; saying, "that he would not stay long, but would come again with all speed."

In the mean season, the other seven had provided them of such weapons as they could get in that house: and JOHN FOX took him to an old rusty sword blade, without either hilt or pommel; which he made to serve his turn, in bending the hand end of the sword, instead of a pommel: and the others had got such spits and glaives as they found in the house.

The Keeper now being come into the house, and perceiving no light, nor hearing any noise; straightway suspected the matter: and returning backward, JOHN FOX, standing behind the corner of the house, stepped forth unto him; who perceiving it to be JOHN FOX said, "O Fox! what have I deserved of thee, that thou shouldest seek my death?" "Thou villain," quoth FOX, "hast been a bloodsucker of many a Christian's blood; and now thou shalt know what thou hast deserved at my hands." Wherewith he lifted up his bright shining sword of ten years' rust, and stroke him so main a blow, as therewithal his head clave asunder; so that he fell stark dead to the ground. Whereupon PETER UNTICARO went in and certified the rest how the case stood with the Keeper; who came presently forth and some with their spits ran him through, and the other with their glaives hewed him asunder, cut off his head, and mangled him so, that no man should discern what he was.

Then marched they toward the road, whereinto they entered softly; where were six warders: one of whom asked, saying "Who was there?" Quoth Fox and his company "All friends." Which when they were all within proved contrary; for, quoth Fox, "My masters, here is not to every man, a man; wherefore look you play your parts." Who so behaved themselves indeed, that they had despatched these six quickly. Then JOHN FOX, intending not to be barred of his enterprise, and minding to work surely in that which he went about; barred the gate surely, and planted a cannon against it.

Then entered they into the Gaoler's lodge, where they found the keys of the fortress and prison by his bedside; and there had they all better weapons. In this chamber was a chest, wherein was a rich treasure, and all in ducats; which this PETER UNTICARO and two more, opening, stuffed themselves so full as they could between their shirts and their skin: which JOHN FOX would not once touch, and said, "that it was his and their liberty whether he sought for, to the honour of his GOD; and not to make a mart of the wicked treasure of the infidels." Yet did these words sink nothing into their stomachs, "they did it for a good intent;" so did SAUL save the fattest oxen to offer unto the LORD, and they to serve their own turn. But neither did SAUL escape the wrath of GOD therefore; neither had these that thing which they desired so, and did thirst after. Such is GOD's justice. He that they put their trust in to deliver them from the tyrannous hands of their enemies; He, I say, could supply their want of necessaries.

Now these eight being armed with such weapons as they thought well of; thinking themselves sufficient champions to encounter a stronger enemy, and coming unto the prison, FOX opened the gates and doors thereof, and called forth all the prisoners: whom he set, some to ramming up the gate, some to the dressing up of a certain galley, which was the best in all the road, and was called the *Captain of Alexandria*; whereinto some carried masts, sails, oars, and other such furniture as doth belong to a galley.

At the prison, were certain warders; whom JOHN FOX and his company slew. In the killing of whom, there were eight more of the Turks which perceived them, and got themselves to

the top of the prison; unto whom JOHN FOX and his company were fain to come by ladders, where they found a hot skirmish. For some of them were slain, some wounded, and some but scared and not hurt. As JOHN FOX was thrice shot through his apparel and not hurt; PETER UNTICARO and the other two that had armed themselves with ducats were slain, as not able to wield themselves, being so pestered with the weight and uneasy carrying of the wicked and profane treasure; and also divers Christians were as well hurt about that skirmish as Turks slain.

Amongst the Turks, was one thrust through, who (let us not say it was ill fortune) fell off from the top of the prison wall, and made such a lowing; that the inhabitants thereabout, as here and there scattering stood a house or two, came and dawed [*aroused*] him: so that they understood the case, how that the prisoners were paying their ransoms: wherewith they raised both Alexandria, which lay on the west side of the road, and a castle at the city's end next to the road, and also another fortress which lay on the north side of the road: so that now they had no way to escape but one, which by man's reason (the two holds lying so upon the mouth of the road) might seem impossible to be a way for them. So was the Red Sea impossible for the Israelites to pass through, the hills and rocks lay so on the one side, and their enemies compassed them on the other. So was it impossible that the walls of Jericho should fall down; being neither undermined nor yet rammed at with engines, nor yet any man's wisdom, policy, or help set or put thereunto. Such impossibilities can our GOD make possible. He that held the lions' jaws from rending DANIEL asunder, yea, or yet from once touching him to his hurt: cannot He hold the roaring cannons of this hellish force? He that kept the fierce rage in the hot burning oven from the three children that praised His name: cannot He keep the fierce flaming blasts from among his elect?

Now is the road fraught [*filled*] with lusty soldiers, labourers, and mariners, who are fain to stand to their tackling; in setting to every man his hand: some to the carrying in of victuals, some of munition, some of oars, and some one thing and some another: but most are keeping their enemy from the wall of the road. But to be short,

there was no time misspent, no man idle, nor any man's labour ill-bestowed or in vain. So that in short time this galley was ready trimmed up. Whereinto every man leaped with haste, hoisting up the sails lustily: yielding themselves to His mercy in whose hands are both wind and weather.

Now is this galley afloat, and out of the safety of the road. Now have the two castles full power upon the galley. Now is there no remedy but sink. How can it be avoided? The cannons let fly from both sides; and the galley is even in the midst, and between them both. What man can devise to save it? There is no man, but would think it must needs be sunk.

There was not one of them that feared the shots; which went thundering round about their ears: nor yet were once scarred or touched with five and forty shots which came from the castles. Here did GOD hold forth His buckler! He shieldeth now this galley, and hath tried their faith to the uttermost. Now cometh His special help, yea, even when man thinks them past all help, then cometh He himself down from heaven with His mighty power; then is His present remedy, most ready pressed. For they sail away, being not once touched with the glance of a shot, and are quickly out of the Turkish cannons' reach.

Then might they see them coming down by heaps to the waterside, in companies like unto swarms of bees, making show to come after them with galleys: in bustling themselves to dress up the galleys; which would be a swift piece of work for them to do, for that they had neither oars, masts, sails, cables, nor anything else ready in any galley. But yet they are carrying them into them, some into one galley and some into another; so that, being such a confusion amongst them, without any certain guide, it were a thing impossible to overtake them. Besides that, there was no man that would take charge of a galley; the weather was so rough, and there was such an amazedness amongst them. And verily I think their god was amazed thereat, it could not be but he must blush for shame; he can speak never a word for dulness, much less can he help them in such an extremity. Well, howsoever it is, he is very much to blame to suffer them to receive such a gibe. But howsoever their god behaved himself, our GOD showed Himself a GOD indeed, and that

He was the only living GOD; for the seas were swift under His faithful ones, which made the enemies aghast to behold them; a skilful pilot leads them, and their mariners bestir them lustily: but the Turks had neither mariners, pilots, nor any skilful Master that was in readiness at this pinch.

When the Christians were safe out of the enemy's coast, JOHN FOX called to them all, willing them to be thankful unto Almighty GOD for their delivery; and most humbly to fall down upon their knees, beseeching Him to aid them unto their friends' land and not to bring them into another danger; since He had most mightily delivered them from so great a thraldom and bondage.

Then when every man had made his petition, they fell straightway to their labour with the oars, in helping one another when they were wearied; and with great labour striving to come to some Christian land, as near as they could guess by the stars. But the winds were so diverse, one while driving them this way, another while that way; that they were now in a new maze, thinking that GOD had forsaken them, and left them to a greater danger. And forasmuch as there were no victuals now left in the galley, it might have been cause to them (if they had been the Israelites) to have murmured against their GOD; but they knew how that their GOD who had delivered them out of Egypt, was such a loving and merciful GOD, as that He would not suffer them to be confounded, in whom He had wrought so great a wonder. But what calamity soever they sustained, they knew that it was but for their further trial; and also (in putting them in mind of their farther misery) to cause them not to triumph and glory in themselves therefore. Having, I say, no victuals in the galley; it might seem one misery continually to fall upon another's neck. But to be brief, the famine grew to be so great, that in twenty-eight days wherein they were on the sea, there died eight persons; to the astonishment of all the rest.

So it fell out, that upon the twenty-ninth day after they had set out from Alexandria, they fell on the island of Candia, and landed at Gallipoli: where they were much made of by the Abbot and monks there; who caused them to stay there, while they were well refreshed and eased. They kept there the sword wherewith JOHN FOX had killed the Keeper;

esteeming it as a most precious jewel, and hanged it up for a monument.

When they thought good, having leave to depart from thence; they sailed along the coast, till they arrived at Tarento: where they sold their galley; and divided it, every man having a part thereof.

The Turks receiving so shameful a foil at their hands, pursued the Christians; and scoured the seas, where they could imagine that they had bent their course. And the Christians [*in their galley*] had departed from thence [*? Gallipoli*] on the one day in the morning; and seven galleys of the Turks came thither that night: as it was certified by those who followed FOX and his company; fearing lest he should have been met with.

And then, they came afoot to Naples; where they departed asunder: every man taking him to his next way home.

From whence, JOHN FOX took his journey unto Rome, where he was well entertained of an Englishman, who presented his worthy deed unto the Pope: who rewarded him liberally, and gave him his letters to the King of Spain; where he was very well entertained of him there [*in Spain*], who for this his most worthy enterprise, gave him twenty pence a day.

From whence, being desirous to come into his own country; he came thither at such time as he conveniently could, which was in the year of our LORD GOD, 1579. Who being come into England, went into the Court; and showed all his travel unto the Council: who considering the state of this man, in that he had spent and lost a great part of his youth in thraldom and bondage, extended to him their liberality; to help maintain him now in age: to their right honour, and to the encouragement of all true-hearted Christians.

The copy of the certificate for JOHN FOX and his company, made by the Prior and the brethren of Gallipoli; where they first landed.

WE the Prior and Fathers of the Convent of the Amerciates, of the city of Gallipoli, of the Order of Preachers; do testify that upon the 29th of January last past, 1577, there came into the said city a certain galley

from Alexandria, taken from the Turks, with two hundred and fifty and eight Christians: whereof was principal, master JOHN FOX, *an Englishman, Gunner; and one of the chiefest that did accomplish that great work, whereby so many Christians have recovered their liberties. In token and remembrance whereof, upon our earnest request to the same* JOHN FOX, *he hath left an old sword wherewith he slew the Keeper of the prison: which sword we do as a monument and memorial of so worthy a deed, hang up in the chief place of our Convent house. And for because all things aforesaid are such as we will testify to be true, as they are orderly passed and have therefore good credit, that so much as is above expressed is true; and for the more faith thereof, we the Prior and Fathers aforesaid have ratified and subscribed these presents. Given in Gallipoli the third of February,* 1577.

I Friar VINCENT BARBA, *Prior of the same place, confirm the premises, as they are above written.*

I Friar ALBERT DAMARO *of Gallipoli, Sub-Prior, confirm as much.*

I Friar ANTHONY *Cellarer of Gallipoli, confirm as aforesaid.*

I Friar BARTHOLOMEW *of Gallipoli, confirm as above said.*

I Friar FRANCIS *of Gallipoli, confirm as much.*

The Bishop of ROME'S letters in behalf of JOHN FOX.

BE it known unto all men to whom this writing shall come, that the bringer hereof, JOHN FOX, *Englishman, a Gunner, after he had served captive in the Turks' galleys by the space of fourteen years, at length, through GOD's help, taking good opportunity, the third of January last past, slew the Keeper of the prison (whom he first struck on the face); together with four and twenty other Turks, by the assistance of his fellow-prisoners: and with* 266 *Christians (of whose liberty he was the author) launched from Alexandria, and from thence arrived first at Gallipoli in Candia, and afterwards at Tarento in Apulia: the written testimony and credit of which things, as also of others, the same* JOHN FOX *hath in public tables from Naples.*

Upon Easter Eve [29th March, 1577], *he came to Rome, and is now determined to take his journey to the Spanish Court; hoping*

there to obtain some relief towards his living: wherefore the poor distressed man humbly beseecheth; and we, in his behalf, do in the bowels of CHRIST, *desire you that taking compassion of his former captivity and present penury, you do not only suffer him freely to pass through all your cities and towns, but also succour him with your charitable alms, the reward whereof you shall hereafter most assuredly receive: which we hope you will afford to him, whom with tender affection of pity, we commend unto you: At Rome, the 20th of April,* 1577.

THOMAS GROLOS, Englishman, Bishop of ASTRAPHAN.

RICHARD SILLEUN, Prior Angliæ.

ANDREAS LUDOVICUS. Registrar to our sovereign Lord the Pope: which for the greater credit of the premisses, have set my seal to these presents. At Rome, the day and year above written.

MAURICIUS CLEMENT. The Governor and Keeper of the English Hospital in the city.

The King of Spain's letters to the Lieutenant, for placing of JOHN FOX in the office of a Gunner, &c.

TO the illustrious Prince, VESPASIAN GONZAGA COLONNA, our Lieutenant and Captain General of our Realm of Valencia. Having consideration that JOHN FOX, Englishman, hath served us, and was one of the most principal which took away from the Turks a certain galley, which they have brought to Tarento, wherein were two hundred, fifty and eight Christian captives: We license him to practise, and give him the office of a Gunner, and have ordained that he go to our said Realm, there to serve in the said office in the galleys, which by our commandment are lately made. And we do command that you cause to be paid to him eight ducats pay a month, for the time that he shall serve in the said galleys as a gunner, or till we can otherwise provide for him: the said eight ducats monthly of the money which is already of our provision present and to come, and to have regard of those which come with him.

From Escurial the tenth of August, 1577.

I THE KING

JUAN DEL GODA.

And under that a confirmation of the Council.

[The following lines by ANTHONY MUNDAY are omitted by HAKLUYT in his reprint of this little book in his *Principal English Voyages*, ii. 136. Ed. 1589–1600.]

Verses written by A. M. *To the courteous Readers*, who was present at Rome, when JOHN FOX received his letters of the Pope.



EAVING AT large all fables vainly used,
all trifling toys that do no truth import;
Lo here, how the end (at length) though long diffused,
unfoldeth plain a rare and true report:
To glad those minds, who seek their country's wealth
by proffered pains t'enlarge its happy health.
At Rome I was, when Fox did there arrive;
therefore I may sufficiently express
What gallant joy his deeds did there revive
in the hearts of those which heard his valiantness.
And how the Pope did recompense his pains,
and letters gave to move his greater gains.
But yet I know that many do misdoubt
that those his pains are fables and untrue:
Not only I in this, will bear him out;
but divers more that did his Patents view.
And unto those so boldly I dare say
that nought but truth JOHN FOX doth here bewray.
Besides there's one was slave with him in thrall
lately returned into our native land;
This witness can this matter perfect all:
what needeth more? for witness he may stand.
And thus I end, unfolding what I know;
the other man more larger proof can show.

I was at Rome in the English house, when Fox was there and received his letters.

Honos alit artes.

A. M.

CHARLES COTTON.

Winter.

[*Poems on several occasions.*]



ARK! HARK! I hear the north wind roar.
See how he riots on the shore!
And with expanded wings outstretcht,
Ruffles the billows on the beach.

Hark! how the routed waves complain,
And call for succour to the main;
Flying the storm as if they meant
To creep into the continent.

Surely all ÆOL's huffing brood
Are met to war against the flood;
Which seems surprised, and has not yet
Had time his levies to complete.

The beaten bark, her rudder lost,
Is on the rolling billows tost;
Her keel now ploughs the ooze, and soon
Her topmast tilts against the moon.

'Tis strange the pilot keeps his seat,
His bounding ship does so curvet:
Whilst the poor passengers are found
In their own fears, already drowned.

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
Their scaly squadrons through the air;
Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy plumage in the main.

Now stars concealed in clouds, do peep
Into the secrets of the deep:
And lobsters spuèd from the brine,
With Cancer's constellations, shine.

Sure NEPTUNE's watery kingdoms yet,
Since first their coral graves were wet;
Were ne'er disturbed with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their arms.

See where a liquid mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable tides;
And tumbles headlong on the strand:
As if the sea would come to land.

A sail! a sail! I plainly spy
Betwixt the ocean and the sky;
An argosy, a tall built ship,
With all her pregnant sails atrip.

Nearer and nearer she makes way,
With canvas wings, into the bay;
And now upon the deck appears
A crowd of busy mariners.

Methinks, I hear the cordage crack,
With furrowing NEPTUNE's foaming back;
Who wounded and revengeful, roars
His fury to the neighbouring shores.

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding keel above the waves;
Opening his liquid arms to take
The bold invader in his wreck.

See how she dives into his chest!
Whilst raising up his floating breast,
To clasp her in; he makes her rise
Out of the reach of his surprise.

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
The azure surface of the deep;
And now at last the waves have thrown
Their rider on our Albion.

Under the black cliff's spumy base,
The sea-sick hulk her freight displays;
And as she walloweth on the sand,
Vomits her burden to the land.

With heads erect and plying oar,
The shipwrecked mates make to the shore;
And dreadless of their danger, climb
The floating mountains of the brine.

Hark! hark! the noise their echo makes,
The islands, silver waves to shake;
Sure with these throws the labouring main
Is delivered of a hurricane.

And see the seas becalmed behind,
Not crispt with any breeze of wind;
The tempest has forsook the waves,
And on land begins his braves.

Hark! hark! their voices higher rise,
They tear the welkin with their cries.
The very rocks their fury feel,
And like sick drunkards nod and reel.

Louder and louder, still they come
Nile's cataracts to these are dumb.
The CYCLOPS to these blades, are still;
Whose anvils shake the burning hill.

Were all the stars enlightened skies,
As full of ears as sparkling eyes;
This rattle in the crystal hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

What monstrous race is hither tost,
Thus to alarm our British coast
With outcries; such as never yet
War or confusion could beget.

Oh! now I know them, let us home.
Our mortal enemy is come.
WINTER and all his blust'ring train
Have made a voyage o'er the main.

Banisht the countries of the sun,
The fugitive is hither run;
To ravish from our fruitful fields
All that the teeming season yields.

Like an invader, not a guest;
He comes to riot, not to feast:
And in wild fury overthrows
Whatever does his march oppose.

With bleak and with congealing winds,
The earth in shining chains he binds;
And still as he doth further pass,
Quarries his way with liquid glass.

Hark! how the blusterers of the Bear,
Their gibbous cheeks in triumph tear;
And with continued shouts do ring
The entry of their palsied King.

The squadron nearest to your eye
Is his Forlorn of infantry;
Bowmen of unrelenting minds,
Whose shafts are feathered with the winds.

Now you may see his Vanguard rise
Above the earthly precipice;
Bold horse, on bleakest mountains bred,
With hail instead of provend fed.

Their lances are the pointed locks,
Torn from the brows of frozen rocks;
Their shields are crystals, as their swords,
The steel the rusted rock affords.

See the Main body now appears!
And hark! the Æolian trumpeters,
By their hoarse levets, do declare
That the bold General rides there.

And look where mantled up in white
He sleds it like the Muscovite.
I know him by the port he bears,
And his life-guards of mountaineers.

Their caps are furred with hoary frost,
The bravery their cold kingdom boasts;
Their spongy plaids are milk-white frieze
Spun from the snowy mountains' fleece.

Their partisans are fine carved glass,
Fringed with the morning's spangled grass;
And pendant by their brawny thighs,
Hang scimitars of burnisht ice.

See! see! the Rearward now has won
The promontory's trembling crown;
Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground
Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

The Forlorn now halts for the Van,
The Rearguard draws up to the Main;
And now they altogether crowd
Their troops into a threatening cloud.

Fly! fly! the foe advances fast.
Into our fortress, let us haste;
Where all the roarers of the north
Can neither storm, nor starve us forth.

There underground a magazine
Of sovereign juice is collared in,
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

'Tis that, that gives the poet rage,
And thaws the jellied blood of age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold.

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow;
Or else go whistle to the shore
And make the hollow mountains roar.

While we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit;
Where though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, th'opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind;
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded virtue, praise;
And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For freed from envy and from care,
What would we be? but what we are.

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce;
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance or wind and weather.

Then let Old WINTER take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse;
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire;
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

Let him our little castle ply
With all his loud artillery:
Whilst Sack and Claret man the fort,
His fury shall become our sport.

THE
Carriers' Cosmography:
or
A Brief Relation
of
The Inns, Ordinaries, Hostelries,
and other lodgings in and near London; where the Carriers, Waggons, Foot-posts and Higglers do usually come from any parts, towns, shires and countries of the Kingdoms of England, Principality of Wales; as also from the Kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland.

With nomination of what days of
the week they do come to London, and on what days they return: whereby all sorts of people may find direction how to receive or send goods or letters unto such places as their occasions may require.

As also,

Where the Ships, Hoys, Barks,
Tiltboats, Barges and Wherries, do usually attend to carry Passengers and Goods to the coast towns of England, Scotland, Ireland, or the Netherlands; and where the Barges and Boats are ordinarily to be had, that go up the River of Thames westward from London.

By *Iohn Taylor.*

London Printed by *A. G.* 1637.

To all whom it may concern; with my kind remembrance to the Posts, Carriers, Waggoners and Higglers.

IF any man or woman whomsoever hath either occasion or patience to read this following description, it is no doubt but they shall find full satisfaction for as much as they laid out for the book: if not, it is against my will; and my good intentions are lost and frustrate.

I wrote it for three causes. First, for a general and necessary good use for the whole commonwealth. Secondly, to express my grateful duty to all those who have honestly paid me my money which they owed me for my books of The collection of Taverns in London and Westminster, and ten shires or counties next round about London; *and I do also thank all such as do purpose to pay me hereafter. Thirdly, for the third sort, that can pay me and will not; I write this as a document: I am well pleased to leave them to the hangman's tuition, as being past any other man's mending, for I would have them to know, that I am sensible of*

the too much loss that I do suffer by their pride or cousenage; their number being so many and my charge so great, which I paid for paper and printing of those books, that the base dealing of those sharks is insupportable. But the tedious toil that I had in this collection, and the harsh and unsavoury answers that I was fain to take patiently, from Hostlers, Carriers, and Porters, may move any man that thinks himself mortal to pity me.

In some places, I was suspected for a Projector; or one that had devised some trick to bring the Carriers under some new taxation; and sometimes I was held to have been a Man-taker, a Sergeant, or Bailiff to arrest or attach men's goods or beasts. Indeed I was scarce taken for an honest man amongst the most of them. All which suppositions I was enforced oftentimes to wash away with two or three jugs of beer, at most of the Inns I came to. In some Inns or Hostelries, I could get no certain intelligence, so that I did take instructions at the next Inn unto it; which I did oftentimes take upon trust though I doubted [feared] *it was indirect and imperfect.*

Had the Carriers, Hostlers, and others known my harmless and honest intendments, I do think this following relation had been more large and useful: but if there be any thing left out in this first impression, it shall be with diligence inserted hereafter, when the Carriers and I shall be more familiarly acquainted; and they, with the Hostlers, shall be pleased in their generosity, to afford me more ample directions. In the mean space, I hope I shall give none of my readers cause to curse the Carrier that brought me to town.

Some may object that the Carriers do often change and shift from one Inn or Lodging to another, whereby this following direction may be hereafter untrue. To them I answer, that I am not bound to bind them or to stay them in one place; but if they do remove, they may be inquired for at the place which they have

left or forsaken; and it is an easy matter to find them by the learned intelligence of some other Carriers, an Hostler, or an understanding Porter.

Others may object and say that I have not named all the towns and places that Carriers do go unto in England and Wales. To whom I yield; but yet I answer, that if a Carrier of York hath a letter or goods to deliver at any town in his way thither, he serves the turn well enough: and there are Carriers and Messengers from York to carry such goods and letters as are to be passed any ways north, broad and wide as far or farther than Berwick. So he that sends to Lancaster may from thence have what he sends conveyed to Kendal or Cockermouth; and what a man sends to Hereford may from thence be passed to St. Davids in Wales. The Worcester Carriers can convey anything as far as Caermarthen; and those that go to Chester may send to Caernarvon. The Carriers or Posts that go to Exeter may send daily to Plymouth, or to the Mount in Cornwall. Mixfield, Chippenham, Hungerford, Newberry, and all those towns between London and Bristol; the Bristol Carriers do carry letters unto them: so likewise all the towns and places are served, which are betwixt London and Lincoln, or Boston, Yarmouth, Oxford, Cambridge, Walsingham, Dover, Rye, or any place of the King's dominions, with safe and true carriage of goods and letters; as by this little book's directions may be perceived.

Besides, if a man at Constantinople or some other remote part or region shall chance to send a letter to his parents, master, or friends that dwell at Nottingham, Derby, Shrewsbury, Exeter, or any other town in England; then this book will give instructions where the Carriers do lodge that may convey the said letter, which could not easily be done without it; for there are not many that by heart or memory can tell suddenly where and when every Carrier is to be found.

I have (for the ease of the reader and the speedier finding out of every town's name, to which any one would send, or from whence they would receive) set them down by way of Alphabet; and thus Reader if thou beest pleased, I am satisfied; if thou beest contented, I am paid; if thou beest angry, I care not for it.

A.



THE Carriers of Saint Albans do come every Friday to the sign of the *Peacock* in Aldersgate street: on which days also cometh a coach from Saint Albans, to the *Bell* in the same street. The like Coach is also there for the carriage of passengers every Tuesday.

The Carriers of Abingdon do lodge at the *George* in Bread street. They do come on Wednesdays, and go away on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire do lodge at the *George* near Holborn Bridge, at the *Swan* in the Strand, at the *Angel* behind St. Clement's church, and at the *Bell* in Holborn. They are at one of these places every other day.

The Carriers of Ashbury do lodge at the *Castle* in Great Wood street. They are to be found there on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

B.

THE Carriers of Blanville in Dorsetshire do lodge at the *Chequer* near Charing Cross. They do come thither every second Thursday. Also there cometh Carriers from Blandford, to the sign of the *Rose* near Holborn Bridge.

The Carriers of Braintree and Bocking in Essex do lodge at the sign of the *Tabard* in Gracious [*Gracechurch*] street, near the Conduit. They do come on Thursdays, and go away on Fridays.

The Carriers of Bath do lodge at the *Three Cups* in Bread street. They come on Fridays, and go on Saturdays.

The Carriers of Bristol do lodge at the *Three Cups* in Bread street; and likewise from Bristol on Thursdays, a Carrier which lodgeth at the *Swan* near to Holborn Bridge.

The Carriers of Bruton in Dorsetshire do lodge at the *Rose* near Holborn Bridge. They come on Thursdays, and go away on Fridays.

The Carriers from divers parts of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire are almost every day to be had at the sign of the *Saracen's Head* without Newgate.

The Carriers of Broomsbury do lodge at the sign of the *Maidenhead* in Cateaton street, near the Guildhall in London. They come on Thursdays, and go away on Fridays.

The Carriers of Bingham in Nottinghamshire do lodge at the *Black Bull* in Smithfield. They come on Fridays.

The Carriers of Bramley in Staffordshire do lodge at the *Castle* near Smithfield-bars. They come on Thursdays, and go away on Fridays or Saturdays.

The Carriers of Burford in Oxfordshire do lodge at the *Bell* in Friday street. They come on Thursdays, and go away on Fridays.

The Carriers of Buckingham do lodge at the *King's Head* in the Old Change. They come Wednesdays and Thursdays.

The Carriers of Buckingham do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* in Carter lane. They come and go Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Bewdley in Worcestershire do lodge at the *Castle* in Wood street. They come and go Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Buckingham do lodge at the *George* near Holborn Bridge. They come and go on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Brackley in Northamptonshire do lodge at the *George* near Holborn Bridge. They come and go on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Banbury in Oxfordshire do lodge at the

George near Holborn Bridge. They go and come Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Bedford do lodge at the *Three Horseshoes* in Aldersgate street. They come on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Bridgnorth do lodge at the *Maidenhead* in Cateaton street, near the Guildhall.

The Carriers of Bury, or St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk, do lodge at the *Dolphin* without Bishopsgate street. They come on Thursdays.

The Waggons of Bury, or Berry, in Suffolk, do come every Thursday to the sign of the *Four Swans* in Bishopsgate street.

A Foot Post doth come from the said Bury every Wednesday to the *Green Dragon* in Bishopsgate street; by whom letters may be conveyed to and fro.

The Carriers of Barnstaple in Devonshire do lodge at the *Star* in Bread street. They come on Fridays, and return on Saturdays or Mondays.

The Carriers of Bampton do lodge at the *Mermaid* in Carter lane; and there also lodge the carriers of Buckland. They are there on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Brill in Buckinghamshire do lodge at the sign of *Saint Paul's Head* in Carter lane. They come on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

The Carriers of Bampton in Lancashire do lodge at the *Bear* at Bassishaw. They are there to be had on Thursdays and Fridays. Also thither cometh Carriers from other parts in the said county of Lancashire.

The Carriers of Batcombe in Somersetshire do lodge at the *Crown* or *Jarret's Hall* at the end of Basing lane, near Bread street. They come every Friday.

The Carriers of Broughton in Leicestershire do lodge at the sign of the *Axe* in Aldermanbury. They are there every Friday.

C.



THE Carriers of Colchester do lodge at the *Cross Keys* in Gracious street. They come on the Thursdays, and go away on the Fridays.

The Carrier of Chesham in Buckinghamshire

doth come twice every week to the sign of the *White Hart* in High Holborn, at the end of Drury lane.

The Carrier of Coggeshall in Suffolk doth lodge at the *Spread Eagle* in Gracious street. He comes and goes on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Waggons from Chippenganger [*Chipping Ongar*] in Essex do come every Wednesday to the *Crown* without Aldgate.

The Waggons from Chelmsford in Essex come on Wednesdays to the sign of the *Blue Boar* without Aldgate.

The Carriers of Cheltenham in Gloucestershire do lodge at the *Three Cups* in Bread street. They do come on Fridays, and go away on Saturdays.

The Carriers of Camden in Gloucestershire, and of Chipping Norton, do lodge at the *Three Cups* in Bread street. They come and go Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Chester do lodge at the *Castle* in Wood street. They are there to be had on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Chard in Dorsetshire do lodge at the *Queen's Arms* near Holborn Bridge. They are there to be had on Fridays.

The Carriers of Chard do lodge at the *George* in Bread street.

The Carriers of Chester do lodge at *Blossom's* or *Bosom's Inn* in St. Laurance lane, near Cheapside: every Thursday.

The Carriers of Coleashby in Northamptonshire do lodge at the sign of the *Ball* in Smithfield. Also there do lodge Carriers of divers parts of that country [*county*] at the *Bell*, in Smithfield. They do come on the Thursdays.

The Carriers of Crawley in Bedfordshire do lodge at the *Bear and Ragged Staff* in Smithfield. They come on the Thursdays.

The Carriers of Coventry in Warwickshire, do lodge at the *Ram* in Smithfield. They come on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

There are other Carriers from Coventry that do, on Thursdays and Fridays, come to the *Rose* in Smithfield.

The Carrier of Creete in Leicestershire doth lodge at the *Rose* in Smithfield.

The Waggons or Coaches from Cambridge do come every Thursday and Friday to the *Black Bull* in Bishopsgate street.

The Carriers of Coventry do lodge at the sign of the *Axe* in Saint Mary Axe in Aldermanbury. They are there Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Cambridge do lodge at the *Bell* in Coleman street. They come every Thursday.

The Foot Post of Canterbury doth come every Wednesday and Saturday to the sign of the *Two-necked* [i.e. *nicked*] *Swan* at Sommers Key, near Billingsgate.

The Carriers of Crookehorne in Devonshire do lodge at the *Queen's Arms* near Holborn Bridge. They come on Thursdays.

D.

THE Carriers of Dunmow in Essex do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* in Gracious street. They come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Waggons from Dunmow do come every Wednesday to the *Crown* without Aldgate.

The Carriers of Ditmarsh in Berkshire do lodge at the *George* in Bread street.

The Carriers of Doncaster in Yorkshire, and many other parts in that country, do lodge at the *Bell*, or *Belle Sauvage*, without Ludgate. They do come on Fridays, and go away on Saturdays or Mondays.

The Carriers of Dorchester do lodge at the *Rose* near Holborn Bridge. They come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Denbigh in Wales do lodge at *Bosom's Inn* every Thursday. Also other Carriers do come to the said Inn from other parts of that country.

The Carrier of Daintree doth lodge every Friday night at the *Cross Keys* in Saint John's street.

The Carriers from Duneehanger, and other places near Stony Stratford, do lodge at the *Three Cups* in Saint John's street.

The Carriers of Derby, and other parts of Derbyshire, do lodge at the *Axe* in Saint Mary Axe, near Aldermanbury. They are to be heard of there on Fridays.

The Carriers of Derby do lodge at the *Castle* in Wood street every week, on Thursdays or Fridays.

E.

THE Carrier of Epping in Essex doth lodge at the *Prince's Arms* in Leadenhall street. He comes on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Exeter do lodge at the *Star* in Bread street. They come on Fridays, and go away on Saturdays or Mondays.

The Carriers of Exeter do lodge at the *Rose* near Holborn Bridge. They come on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Evesham in Worcestershire do lodge at the *Castle* in Wood street. They come thither on Fridays.

F.

THE Carriers of Feckingham-forest in Worcestershire do lodge at the *Crown* in High Holborn, and at the *Queen's Head* at Saint Giles in the fields. There is also another Carrier from the same place.

The Carriers of Farringdon in Berkshire do lodge at the *Saint Paul's Head* in Carter lane. They come on Tuesdays, and go away on Wednesdays.

G.

CARRIERS from Grindon Under Wood in Buckinghamshire do lodge at the *Saint Paul's Head* in Carter lane. They are to be found there on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

The Carriers of Gloucester do come to the *Saracen's Head* without Newgate, on Fridays.

The Carriers of Gloucester do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* in Carter lane. They come on Fridays.

Clothiers do come every week out of divers parts of Gloucestershire to the *Saracen's Head* in Friday street.

The Wains or Waggons do come every week from sundry places in Gloucestershire, and are to be had at the *Swan* near Holborn Bridge.

There are Carriers of some places in Gloucestershire that do lodge at the *Mermaid* in Carter lane.

H.



CARRIERS from Hadley in Suffolk do lodge at the *George* in Lombard street. They come on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Huntingdon do lodge at the *White Hind* without Cripplegate. They come upon Thursdays, and go away on Fridays.

The Carriers of Hereford do lodge at the *King's Head* in the Old Change. They do come on Fridays, and go on Saturdays.

The Carriers of Halifax in Yorkshire do lodge at the *Greyhound* in Smithfield. They do come but once every month.

The Carriers of Halifax are every Wednesday to be had at the *Bear* at Bassishaw.

The Carriers of Halifax do likewise lodge at the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury.

The Carriers of Halifax do likewise lodge at the *White Hart* in Coleman street.

The Carriers of Hatfield in Hertfordshire do lodge at the *Bell* in Saint John's street. They come on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Harding in Hertfordshire do lodge at the *Cock* in Aldersgate street. They come on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

The Carrier or Waggon of Hadham in Hertfordshire do lodge at the *Bull* in Bishopsgate street. They do come and go on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

The Waggon or Coach from Hertford town doth come every Friday to the *Four Swans* without Bishopsgate street.

The Waggon or Coach of Hatfield doth come every Friday to the *Bell* in Aldersgate street.

I.



THE Carriers of Ipswich in Suffolk do lodge at the sign of the *George* in Lombard street. They do come on Thursdays.

The Post of Ipswich doth lodge at the *Cross Keys* in Gracious street. He comes on Thursdays, and goes on Fridays.

The Wains of Ingarstone in Essex do come every Wednesday to the *King's Arms* in Leadenhall street.

The Carriers of Ivell in Dorsetshire do lodge at *Jarvel's Hall* or the *Crown* in Basing lane, near Bread street.

K.

THE Carriers of Keinton in Oxfordshire do lodge at the *Bell* in Friday street. They are there to be had on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Post of the Town of Kingston upon Hull, commonly called Hull, doth lodge at the sign of the *Bull* over against Leadenhall.

L.

THE Carrier of Lincoln do lodge at the *White Horse* without Cripplegate. He cometh every second Friday.

The Carriers of Leighton Beudesart, corruptly called Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire; do lodge at the *Hart's Horns* in Smithfield. They come on Mondays and Tuesdays.

The Carriers of Leicester do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* without Newgate. They come on Tuesdays.

The Carriers of Leicester do also lodge at the *Castle* near Smithfield-bars. They do come on Thursdays.

There be Carriers that do pass to and through sundry parts of Leicestershire; which do lodge at the *Ram* in Smithfield.

The like Carriers are weekly to be had at the *Rose* in Smithfield, that come and go through other parts of Leicestershire.

The Carriers of Lewton [*Luton*] in Hertfordshire do lodge at the *Cock* in Aldersgate street. They are there Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

The Carriers of Leeds in Yorkshire do lodge at the *Bear* in Bassishaw. They come every Wednesday.

The Carriers of Leeds do also lodge at the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury.

The Carriers of Leicester do lodge at the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury.

The Carriers of Loughborough in Leicestershire do lodge at the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury. Also other Carriers do lodge there which do pass through Leicestershire, and through divers places of Lancashire.

M.

THE Carriers of Malden in Essex do lodge at the *Cross Keys* in Gracious street. They come on Thursdays, and go on Fridays.

The Carriers of Monmouth in Wales, and some parts of Monmouthshire; do lodge at the [*Saint*] *Paul's Head* in Carter lane. They do come to London on Fridays.

The Carriers of Marlborough do lodge at the sign of the *Swan* near Holborn Bridge. They do come on Thursdays.

There doth come from Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire some higglers or demi-carriers. They do lodge at the *Swan* in the Strand, and they come every Tuesday.

The Carriers of Manchester do lodge at the *Bear* in Bassishaw. They do come on Thursdays or Fridays.

The Carriers of Manchester do likewise lodge at the sign of the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury.

The Carriers of Manchester do also lodge at the *Two-necked Swan* in Lad lane; between Great Wood street and Milk-street end. They come every second Thursday. Also there do lodge Carriers that do pass through divers other parts of Lancashire.

The Carriers of Melford in Suffolk do lodge at the *Spread Eagle* in Gracious street. They come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.

N.

CARRIERS from New-Elme in Berkshire do lodge at the *George* in Bread street. They come on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

The Carriers of Netherley in Staffordshire do lodge at the *Bear and Ragged Staff* in Smithfield. They do come on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Northampton, and from other parts of that country there about; are almost every day in the week to be had at the *Ram* in Smithfield.

There doth come also Carriers to the *Rose* in Smithfield, daily; which do pass to or through many parts of Northamptonshire.

The Carrier of Nottingham doth lodge at the *Cross Keys* in Saint John's street. He cometh every second Saturday.

There is also a Foot Post that doth come every second Thursday from Nottingham. He lodgeth at the *Swan* in St. John's street.

The Carriers of Norwich do lodge at the *Dolphin* without Bishopsgate. They are to be found there on Mondays and Tuesdays.

The Carriers of Newport Pannel [*Pagnell*] in Buckinghamshire do lodge at the *Peacock* in Aldersgate street. They do come on Mondays and Tuesdays.

The Carriers at Nantwich do lodge at the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury. They are there Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Nuneaton in Warwickshire do lodge at the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury. They come on Fridays.

O.

THE Carriers of Oxford do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* without Newgate, near Saint Sepulchre's Church. They are there on Wednesdays, or almost any day.

The Carriers of Olney in Buckinghamshire do lodge at the *Cock* in Aldersgate street, at the Long lane end. They do come on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

P.

THE Carriers of Preston in Lancashire do lodge at the *Bell* in Friday street. They are there on Fridays.

R.

THE Carriers of Reading in Berkshire do lodge at the *George* in Bread street. They are there on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers from Rutland and Rutlandshire, and other parts of Yorkshire, do lodge at the *Ram* in Smithfield. They come weekly; but their days of coming are not certain.

S.

THE Carriers of Sudbury in Suffolk do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* in Gracious street. They do come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Sawbridgeworth in Hertfordshire do lodge at the *Prince's Arms* in Leadenhall street. They come on Thursdays.

The Wains from Stock in Essex do come every Wednesday to the *King's Arms* in Leadenhall street.

The Carriers from Stroodwater in Gloucestershire do lodge at the *Bell* in Friday street. They do come on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Sisham in Northamptonshire do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* in Carter lane. They come on Friday, and return on Saturday.

The Carriers from Sheffield in Yorkshire do lodge at the *Castle* in Wood street. They are there to be found on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers from Salisbury do lodge at the *Queen's Arms* near Holborn Bridge. They come on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Shrewsbury do lodge at the *Maidenhead* in Cateaton street, near Guildhall. They come on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Shrewsbury do also lodge at *Bosom's Inn*. They do come on Thursdays. And there do lodge Carriers that do travel divers parts of the county of Shropshire and places adjoining.

The Carrier from Stony Stratford doth lodge at the *Rose and Crown* in Saint John's street. He cometh every Tuesday.

There doth come from Saffron Market in Norfolk a Foot Post who lodgeth at the *Chequer* in Holborn.

The Carriers of Stamford do lodge at the *Bell* in Aldersgate street. They do come on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

The Waggon from Saffron Walden in Essex doth come to the *Bull* in Bishopsgate street. It is to be had there on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

The Carriers of Shaftesbury, and from Sherborne in Dorsetshire, do lodge at the *Crown* or *Jarret's Hall* in Basing lane near Bread street. They come on Fridays.

The Carriers from Stopford in Cheshire do lodge at the *Axe* in [Saint Mary Axe] Aldermanbury. Also there are Carriers to other parts of Cheshire.

The Carriers of Stafford and other parts of that county, do lodge at the *Swan with two Necks* in Lad lane. They come on Thursdays.

T.



ARRIERS from Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire do lodge at the *Three Cups* in Bread street. They come and go on Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Tiverton in Devonshire do lodge at the *Star* in Bread street. They come on Fridays, and return on Saturdays or Mondays.

The Carriers of Thame in Oxfordshire do lodge at the *Saracen's Head* in Carter lane. They come and go on Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Torcester in Northamptonshire do lodge at the *Castle* near Smithfield-bars. They come on Thursdays.

V.



ARRIERS from Vies or the De-vises [*Devizes*] in Wiltshire, do lodge at the sign of the *Swan* near Holborn Bridge. They come on Thursdays, and go away on Fridays.

W.



HE Carrier from Wendover in Buckinghamshire doth lodge at the *Black Swan* in Holborn, and is there every Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Carrier of Witham in Essex doth lodge at the *Cross Keys* in Gracious street every Thursday and Friday.

The Carriers of Wallingfield in Suffolk do lodge at the *Spread Eagle* in Gracious street. They come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers from Wallingford in Berkshire do lodge at the *George* in Bread street. Their days are Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Winchcombe in Gloucestershire do lodge at the *Three Cups* in Bread street. They come and go on Fridays and Saturdays.

The clothiers of sundry parts of Wiltshire do weekly come and lodge at the *Saracen's Head* in Friday street.

The Carriers of Warwick do lodge at the *Bell* in Friday street. They are there on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Woodstock in Oxfordshire do lodge at the *Mermaid* in Carter lane on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Wantage in Berkshire do lodge at the *Mermaid* in Carter lane. Their days are Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers of Worcester do lodge at the *Castle* in Wood street. Their days are Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Winslow in Buckinghamshire do lodge at the *George* near Holborn Bridge; Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The Waggon from Watford in Middlesex [*or rather* Hertfordshire] doth come to the *Swan* near Holborn Bridge on Thursdays.

The Carriers from Wells in Somersetshire do lodge at the *Rose* near Holborn Bridge. They come on Thursdays, and on Fridays.

The Carriers from Witney in Oxfordshire do lodge at the sign of the *Saracen's Head* without Newgate. They come on Wednesdays.

There cometh a Waggon from Winchester every Thursday to the *Swan* in the Strand: and some Carriers come thither from divers parts of Buckinghamshire; but the days of their coming are not certain.

The Carriers of Worcester do lodge at the *Maidenhead* in Cateaton street, near Guildhall. They come on Thursdays.

The Carriers from many parts of Worcestershire and Warwickshire do lodge at the *Rose and Crown* in High Holborn; but they keep no certain days.

The Carrier of Warwick doth come to the *Queen's Head* near Saint Giles in the Fields, on Thursdays.

The Carrier of Walsingham in Norfolk doth lodge at the *Chequer* in Holborn. He cometh every second Thursday.

The Carriers of Wendover in Buckinghamshire do lodge at the *Bell* in Holborn.

There doth a Post come every second Thursday from Walsingham to the *Bell* in Holborn.

The Carrier of Ware in Hertfordshire doth lodge at the *Dolphin* without Bishopsgate: and is there on Mondays and Tuesdays.

There is a Foot Post from Walsingham that doth come to the *Cross-keys* in Holborn every second Thursday.

There are Carriers from divers parts of Warwickshire that do come weekly to the *Castle* near Smithfield-bars: but their days of coming are variable.

There is a Waggon from Ware at the *Vine* in Bishopsgate street every Friday and Saturday.

The Carriers of Wakefield in Yorkshire do lodge at the *Bear* in Bassishaw. They do come on Wednesdays.

The Carriers of Wells in Somersetshire do lodge at the *Crown* in Basing lane near Bread street. They come and go on Fridays and Saturdays.

The Carriers of Wakefield, and some other parts of Yorkshire, do lodge at the *Axe* in [St. Mary Axe] Aldermanbury. They are to be had there on Thursdays.

The Carriers of Wakefield, and some other parts of Yorkshire, do also lodge at the *White Hart* in Coleman street. They come every second Thursday.

Y.

THE Carriers of York, with some other parts near York within that county, do lodge at the sign of the *Bell* or *Bell Savage* without Ludgate. They come every Friday, and go away on Saturday or Monday.

A Foot Post from York doth come every second Thursday to the *Rose and Crown* in St. John's street.

FOR SCOTLAND.

THOSE that will send any letter to Edinburgh, that so they may be conveyed to and fro to any parts of the kingdom of Scotland, the Post doth lodge at the sign of the *King's Arms* (or the *Cradle*) at the upper end of Cheapside: from whence, every Monday, any that have occasion may send.

The Inns and Lodgings of the Carriers which come into the Borough of Southwark out of the countries of Kent, Sussex and Surrey.

A CARRIER from Reigate in Surrey doth come every Thursday (or oftener) to the *Falcon* in Southwark.

The Carriers of Tunbridge, of Sevenoaks, of Faut and Staplehurst in Kent, do lodge at the *Katharine Wheel*. They do come on Thursdays and go away on Fridays. Also on the same days, do come hither the Carriers of Marden and Penbree, and from Warbleton in Sussex.

On Thursdays the Carriers of Hanckhurst and Blenchley in Kent, and from Dorking and Leatherhead in Surrey; do come to the *Greyhound* in Southwark.

The Carriers of Tenterden and Penshurst in Kent, and the Carriers from Battle in Sussex, do lodge at the sign of the *Spur* in Southwark. They come on Thursdays, and go away on Fridays.

To the *Queen's Head* in Southwark do come, on Wednesdays and Thursdays, the Carriers from Portsmouth in Hampshire; and from Chichester, Havant, Arundel, Billingshurst, Rye,

Lamberhurst, and Wadhurst, in Sussex: also from Godstone and Linvill in Surrey. They are there to be had Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carriers from Cranbroke, and Bevenden in Kent; and from Lewes, Petworth, Uckfield and Cuckfield in Sussex: do lodge at the *Tabard* or *Talbot* in Southwark. They are there on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

To the *George* in Southwark, come every Thursday the Carriers from Guildford, Wonersh, Goudhurst, and Chiddington in Surrey. Also thither come out of Sussex, on the same days weekly, the Carriers of Battle, Sindrich, and Hastings.

The Carriers from these places undernamed out of Kent, Sussex and Surrey, are every week to be had on Thursdays at the *White Hart* in the Borough of Southwark; namely, Dover, Sandwich, Canterbury, Biddenden, Mayfield, Eden (or Eaten Bridge), Hebsome, Wimbledon, Godaliman, (corruptly called Godly Man) Witherham, Shoreham, Enfield, Horsham, Haslemere. And from many other places far and wide in the said Counties; Carriers are to be had almost daily at the said inn, but especially on Thursdays and Fridays.

The Carrier from Chiltington, Westrum, Penborough, Slenge, Wrotham, and other parts of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, do lodge at the *King's Head* in Southwark. They do come on Thursdays, and they go on Fridays.

Every week there cometh and goeth from Tunbridge in Kent a Carrier that lodgeth at the *Green Dragon* in Fowl lane in Southwark, near the Meal Market.

Here followeth certain directions for to find out Ships, Barks, Hoys and Passage Boats that do come to London, from the most parts and places by sea, within the King's dominions; either of England, Scotland or Ireland.



Hoy doth come from Colchester in Essex to Smart's Key near Billingsgate; by which goods may be carried from London to Colchester weekly.

He that will send to Ipswich in Suffolk, or Lynn in Norfolk; let him go to Dice Key, and there his turn may be served.

The ships from Kingston upon Hull (or Hull) in Yorkshire do come to Ralph's Key, and to Porter's Key.

At Galley Key, passage for men and carriage for goods may be had from London to Berwick.

At Chester's Key, shipping may be had from Ireland, from Poole, from Plymouth, from Dartmouth and Weymouth.

At Sabb's Docks, a Hoy or Bark is to be had from Sandwich or Dover in Kent.

A Hoy from Rochester, Margate in Kent or Feversham and Maidstone doth come to Saint Katherine's Dock.

Shipping from Scotland is to be found at the Armitage or Hermitage below Saint Katherine's.

From Dunkirk, at the Custom House Key.

From most parts of Holland or Zealand, pinks or shipping may be had at the brewhouses in Saint Katherine's.

At Lion Key, twice almost in every twenty-four hours, or continually, are Tide boats or Wherries; that pass to and fro betwixt London and the towns of Deptford, Greenwich,

Woolwich, Erith, and Greenhithe in Kent; and also boats are to be had that every tide do carry goods and passengers betwixt London and Rainham, Purfleet, and Grayes in Essex.

At Billingsgate are, every tide, to be had Barges, Light horsemen, Tiltboats and Wherries, from London to the towns of Gravesend and Milton in Kent, or to any other place within the said bounds; and as weather and occasions may serve, beyond or further.

Passage Boats and Wherries that do carry passengers and goods from London, and back again thither East or West above London Bridge.

TO BULL Wharf, near Queenhithe, there doth come and go great boats twice or thrice every week, which boats do carry goods betwixt London and Kingston upon Thames. Also thither doth often come a boat from Colebrooke; which serveth those parts for such purposes.

Great Boats that do carry and recarry passengers and goods to and fro betwixt London and the towns of Maidenhead, Windsor, Staines, Chertsey, with other parts in the counties of Surrey, Berkshire, Middlesex and Buckinghamshire; do come every Monday and Thursday to Queenhithe; and they do go away upon Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The Reading Boat is to be had at Queenhithe weekly.

All those that will send letters to the most parts of the habitable world, or to any parts of our King of Great Britain's Dominions; let them repair to the General Post Master THOMAS WITHERING at his house in Sherburne lane, near Abchurch.

FINIS.

[EDMUND SPENSER, the Countess of PEMBROKE.]

ASTROPHEL.

[*COLIN CLOUT's &c.*]

THIS Collection of Elegies must be regarded as a literary monument raised by the family and friends of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY to his perpetual remembrance and fame. Our main purpose in inserting it, is on account of the information it affords in regard to the relations between Sir PHILIP and his only love; which he has himself immortalized in his Sonnets entitled *ASTROPHEL and STELLA*: which constitute the gem of this First Volume, and will be found at pages 467–600.

The Elegies, with much poetic setting, comprise three biographies of him; by E. SPENSER at pages 252–255, by M. ROYDON at pages 284–287, and by an anonymous writer at pages 292–293: together with analyses or summaries of his life and character from other pens.

We would simply note here their testimony to SIDNEY's own self: merely pointing out, in passing, how appropriately his sister under the name of CLORINDA, makes *no* allusion to *STELLA*. Her praises are sung only by the stronger sex.

Note SPENSER's remark of him—

> In one thing only failing of the best;
> That he was not so happy as the rest.

And then his further testimony to his personal attractiveness—

> He grew up fast in goodness and in grace;
> And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.
> Which daily more and more he did augment
> With gentle usage and demeanour mild;
> That all men's hearts with secret ravishment
> He stole away.

This testimony M. ROYDON repeats in another form—

"The Muses met him every day;
That taught him sing, to write, and say."

"When he descended down the mount,
His personage seemed most divine;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerful eyen:
To hear him speak, and sweetly smile;
You were in Paradise the while."

"A sweet attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books.
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

"Was ever eye did see such face;
Was never ear did hear that tongue;
Was never mind did mind his grace;
That ever thought the travail long:
But eyes and ears and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught."

Can we wonder, then, as stated at p. 294—

Young sighs, sweet sighs, sage sighs, bewailed his fall.

ASTROPHEL.

A Pastoral Elegy upon the death of the most noble and valorous Knight, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the most beautiful and virtuous Lady the Countess of ESSEX.

[By EDMUND SPENSER, the Countess of PEMBROKE, and others.]

[Printed as an Appendix to *COLIN CLOUT's come home again*, first printed in 1595; but the epistle of which is dated "From my house of Kilcolman, the 27 of December, 1591."]

Astrophel.



HEPHERDS that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
Ofttimes to plain your love's concealèd smart;
And with your piteous lays have learned to breed
Compassion in a country lass's heart.
Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song!
And place my doleful plaint, your plaints emong.

To you alone, I sing this mournful verse,
The mournful'st verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierce
With dolour's dart, for death of ASTROPHEL.
To you I sing, and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rhymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read:
Think he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead:
And if in him, found pity ever place;
Let him be moved to pity such a case.

ASTROPHEL.

A Pastoral Elegy upon the death of the most noble and valorous Knight,

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.



GENTLE shepherd born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore;
About the grassy banks of Hœmony,
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In fairest fields; and ASTROPHEL he hight.

Young ASTROPHEL! the pride of shepherds' praise.
Young ASTROPHEL! the rustic lasses' love.
Far passing all the pastors of his days
In all that seemly shepherd might behove.
In one thing only failing of the best;
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring; and taught, her lambs to feed:
A slender swain, excelling far each other
In comely shape, like her that did him breed:
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace;
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment
With gentle usage and demeanour mild;
That all men's hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and wittingly beguiled.
Ne Spite itself—that all good things doth spill—
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall;
And he himself seemed made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bower and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightful play
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and dance, and carol sweet;
Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast:
As summer's lark that with her song doth greet
The dawning day, forth coming from the East.
And lays of love he also would compose.
Thrice happy she! whom he to praise did choose.

Full many maidens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe, emongst his rhymes to name;
Or make for them, as he was wont to do,
For her that did his heart with love inflame;
For which they promised to dight for him,
Gay chaplets of flowers and garlands trim.

And many a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill;
Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill:
And brought him presents; flowers, if it were prime;
Or mellow fruit, if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit;
Yet wood-gods for them oft sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the country's store.
For One alone he cared, for One he sighed
His life's treasure, and his dear love's delight.

STELLA the fair! the fairest star in sky:
As fair as VENUS, or the fairest fair.
A fairer star saw never living eye,
Shot her sharp pointed beams through purest air.
Her, he did love; her, he alone he did honour;
His thoughts, his rhymes, his songs were all upon her.

To her, he vowed the service of his days;
On her, he spent the riches of his wit;
For her, he made hymns of immortal praise:
Of only her; he sang, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed:
For all the rest, but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he vowed,
And verses vain—yet verses are not vain:
But with brave deeds, to her sole service vowed;
And bold achievements, her did entertain.
For both in deeds and words he nurtured was.
Both wise and hardy—too hardy, alas!

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;
In shooting, steady; and in swimming, strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are emong.
In every one, he vanquished every one,
He vanquished all, and vanquished was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicity
Or rather infelicity, he found;
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where savage beasts do most abound.
No beast so savage, but he could it kill:
No chase so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matched with such courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise;
To seek abroad, of danger nought y'drad,
His mistress' name and his own fame to raise.
What need, peril to be sought abroad?
Since round about us, it doth make abode.

It fortuned as he, that perilous game
In foreign soil pursued, far away;
Into a forest wide and waste, he came,
Where store he heard to be of savage prey.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardenne, nor foul Arlo is.

There his well-woven toils and subtle trains
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practice and with pains,
That he of them, great troops did soon entrap.
Full happy man! misweening much, was he;
So rich a spoil within his power to see.

Eftsoons, all heedless of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the herd he thrust
To slaughter them and work their final bale,
Lest that his toil should of their troops be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them, many one he made;
Now with his sharp boar spear, now with his blade.

His care was all, how he them all might kill;
That none might 'scape, so partial unto none.
Ill mind! so much to mind another's ill,
As to become unmindful of his own.
But pardon that unto the cruel skies,
That from himself to them, withdrew his eyes.

So as he raged emongst that beastly rout;
A cruel beast of most accursèd brood,
Upon him turned—despair makes cowards stout;
And with fell tooth, accustomèd to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscle rivèd quite.

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
And so huge streams of blood thereout did flow;
That he endurèd not the direful stound
But on the cold dear earth, himself did throw.
The whiles the captive herd his nets did rend,
And having none to let; to wood did wend.

Ah, where were ye this while, his shepherd peers?
To whom alive was nought so dear as he.
And ye fair maids, the matches of his years!
Which in his grace, did boast you most to be?
And where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah, wretched boy! the shape of drearihead!
And sad ensample of man's sudden end!
Full little faileth, but thou shalt be dead;
Unpitied, unplained of foe or friend:
Whilst none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close;
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds suing of the chase,
As they the forest rangèd on a day;
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay.
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepherds thither led.

They stopped his wound—too late to stop, it was,
And in their arms then softly did him rear:
Tho, as he willed, unto his lovèd lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear.
The doleful'st bier that ever man did see
Was ASTROPHEL, but dearest unto me.

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With curdled blood and filthy gore deformed;
That wont to be with flowers and garlands dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorned.
Her face, the fairest face that eye might see,
She likewise did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day;
She fiercely tore: and with outrageous wrong,
From her red cheeks, the roses rent away.
And her fair breast, the treasury of joy;
She spoiled thereof, and fillèd with annoy.

His pallid face, impicturèd with death;
She bathèd oft with tears and drièd oft:
And with sweet kisses, sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft.
And oft she called to him, who answered nought;
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous moan, the which she for him made;
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set:
But he whose heart, like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forewent.

Which when she saw, she stayèd not a whit,
But after him, did make untimely haste:
Forthwith her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her mate, like turtle chaste.
To prove that death, their hearts cannot divide;
Which living were in love so firmly tied.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld.
And pitying this pair of lovers true;
Transformèd them, there lying on the field,
Into one flower that is both red and blue.
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade;
Like ASTROPHEL, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
As fairly formed as any star in sky;
Resembling STELLA in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes:
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some, "Starlight" is called by name;
Of others *Penthia*, though not so well:
But thou wherever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it *Astrophel*.
And whensoever thou it up dost take;
Do pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tidings far abroad did pass,
The shepherds all which lovèd him full dear—
And sure, full dear of all he lovèd was—
Did thither flock to see what they did hear.
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding moan,
With inward anguish and great grief opprest;
And every one did weep and wail and moan,
And means devised to show his sorrow best.
That from that hour since first on grassy green,
Shepherds kept sheep; was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that CLORINDA hight,
The gentlest shepherdess that lives this day;
And most resembling both in shape and sprite,
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay.
Which lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

"AYE me! to whom shall I, my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain
That my enriven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powers it show,
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?"

"To heavens! Ah, they, alas, the authors were
And workers of my unremedied woe;
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffered this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill;
That which they made, who can them warn to spill?'

"To men! Ah, they, alas, like wretched be
And subject to the heaven's ordinance;
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redress, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me?
The which no less, need comforted to be."

"Then to myself, will I my sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowful remains;
And to myself, my plaints shall back return,
To pay their usury with doubled pains.
The woods, the hills, the rivers shall resound
The mournful accent of my sorrow's ground."

"Woods, hills and rivers now are desolate;
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do wail their widow-state;
Sith death, their fairest flower did late deface.
The fairest flower in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel: that 'was,' we all may rue."

"What cruel hand of cursèd foe unknown,
Hath cropped the stalk which bore so fair a flower?
Untimely cropped, before it well were grown,
And clean defacèd in untimely hour.
Great loss to all that ever him see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me."

"Break now your garlands, O ye shepherds' lasses!
Sith the fair flower, which them adorned, is gone:
The flower, which them adorned, is gone to ashes,
Never again let lass put garland on.
Instead of garland, wear sad cypress now;
And bitter elder, broken from the bough."

"Ne ever sing the love-lays which he made;
Whoever made such lays of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles, which he said
Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee.
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry-maker now, alas! is dead."

"Death! the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbèd you, and reft from me my joy;
Both you and me and all the world, he quite
Hath robbed of joyance; and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world! and shepherds' pride was he:
Shepherds hope never, like again to see."

"Oh, Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least, What hast thou with it done?
What is become of him, whose flower here left;
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone.
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was:
Nought like, but that he, like a shade, did pass."

"But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace;
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly quires select,
And lineally derived from angels' race:
O what is now of it become aread?
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead?"

"Ah, no! It is not dead, nor can it die;
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise:
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie
In bed of lilies, wrapped in tender wise:
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet."

"There, thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night;
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angelic delight:
Whilst in sweet dream, to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see."

"But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain;
And kindling love in him above all measure
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain.
For what so goodly form he there doth see,
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free."

"There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet spirit! never fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beast's more cruelty.
Whilst we here, wretches! wail his private lack;
And with vain vows do often call him back."

"But live thou there still happy, happy spirit!
And give us leave, thee here thus to lament:
Not thee, that dost thy heaven's joy inherit;
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others, our own miseries."

Which when she ended had, another swain,
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device;
Whom Astrophel full dear did entertain
Whilst here he lived, and held in passing price:
Hight Thestylis, began his mournful tourn,
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him, full many other moe,
As every one in order loved him best;

'Gan dight themselves t'express their inward woe
With doleful lays unto the tune addrest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowers to deck his mournful hearse.

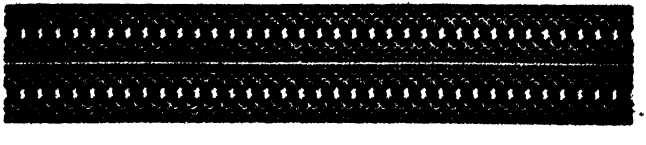
The mourning Muse of THESTYLIS.



OME FORTH ye nymphs! come forth! forsake your watery bowers!
Forsake your mossy caves; and help me to lament.
Help me to tune my doleful notes to gurgling sound
Of Liffey's tumbling streams. Come let salt tears of ours,
Mix with his waters fresh. O come let one consent
Join us to mourn with wailful plaints the deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made, decreed by higher powers;
The dreary day in which they have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
Mourn! mourn great PHILIP'S fall! mourn we his woeful end,
Whom spiteful death hath plucked untimely from the tree;
While yet his years in flower did promise worthy fruit.
Ah, dreadful MARS! why didst thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathful mood, what fault of ours hath moved thee,
Of such a shining light to leave us destitute?
Thou with benign aspect sometime didst us behold.
Thou hast in Britons' valour ta'en delight of old,

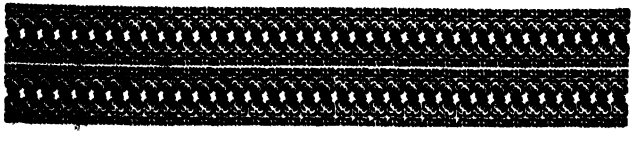


And with thy presence oft vouchsafed to attribute
Fame and renown to us, for glorious martial deeds:
But now their ireful beams have chilled our hearts with cold.
Thou hast estranged thyself and deignest not our land:
Far off to others now, thy favour, honour breeds;
And high disdain doth cause thee shun our clime, I fear.
For hadst thou not been wroth, or that time near at hand;
Thou wouldst have heard the cry that woeful England made:
Eke Zealand's piteous plaints, and Holland's toren hair
Would haply have appeased thy divine angry mind.
Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yield their shad
And wailing to let fall the honour of their head,
And birds in mournful tunes lamenting in their kind.
Up from his tomb, the mighty CORINEUS rose,
Who cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens unkind.
The Thames was heard to roar, the Rhine, and eke the Meuse,
The Scheldt, the Danow self this great mischance did rue:
With torment and with grief, their fountains pure and clear
Were troubled; and with swelling floods declared their woes.
The Muses comfortless, the nymphs with pallid hue;
The sylvan gods likewise came running far and near;
And all, with hearts bedewed, and eyes cast up on high,
"O help! O help, ye gods!" they ghastly 'gan to cry,
"O change the cruel fate of this so rare a wight
And grant that nature's course may measure out his age!"
The beasts their food forsook, and trembling fearfully,



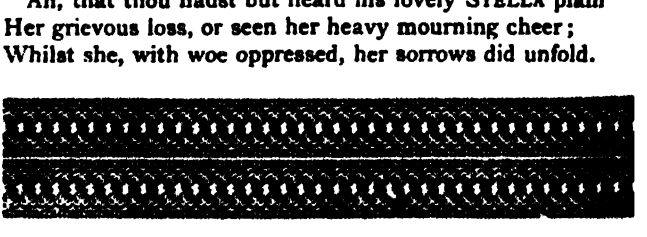


Each sought his cave or den. This cry did them so fright.
Out from amid the waves, by storm then stirred to rage,
This cry did cause to rise th'old father OCEAN hoar,
Who grave with eld, and full of majesty in sight,
Spake in this wise, "Refrain," quoth he, "your tears and plaints!
Cease these your idle words! Make vain requests no more!
No humble speech nor moan may move the fixèd stint
Of destiny or death. Such is His will that paints
The earth with colours fresh, the darkest skies with store
Of starry lights: and though your tears a heart of flint
Might tender make; yet nought herein will they prevail."
Whiles thus he said, the noble Knight, who 'gan to feel
His vital force to faint, and death with cruel dint
Of direful dart his mortal body to assail:
With eyes lift up to heaven, and courage frank as steel;
With cheerful face where valour lively was exprest,
But humble mind, he said, "O LORD! if ought this frail
And earthly carcass have Thy service sought t'advance;
If my desire have been still to relieve th'opprest;
If Justice to maintain, that valour I have spent
Which Thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might advance
Thy name, Thy truth: then spare me, LORD! if Thou think best;
Forbear these unripe years! But if Thy will be bent,
If that prefixèd time be come which Thou hast set:
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be placed





In th'everlasting bliss; which with Thy precious blood
Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he fet,
And straight a cloudy mist his senses overcast.
His lips waxed pale and wan, like damask rose's bud
Cast from the stalk; or like in field to purple flower
Which languisheth, being shred by culter as it past.
A trembling chilly cold ran through their veins, which were
With eyes brimful of tears to see his fatal hour:
Whose blustering sighs at first their sorrow did declare;
Next, murmuring ensued; at last they not forbear
Plain outcries; all against the heavens that enviously
Deprived us of a sprite so perfect and so rare.
The sun his lightsome beams did shroud, and hide his face
For grief; whereby the earth feared night eternally:
The mountains eachwhere shook, the rivers turned their streams;
And th'air 'gan winter-like to rage and fret apace:
And grisly ghosts by night were seen; and fiery gleams
Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did seem
To rent the skies; and made both man and beast afraid:
The birds of ill presage this luckless chance foretold
By dernful noise; and dogs with howling made man deem
Some mischief was at hand: for such they do esteem
As tokens of mishap; and so have done of old.
Ah, that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella plain
Her grievous loss, or seen her heavy mourning cheer;
Whilst she, with woe oppressed, her sorrows did unfold.

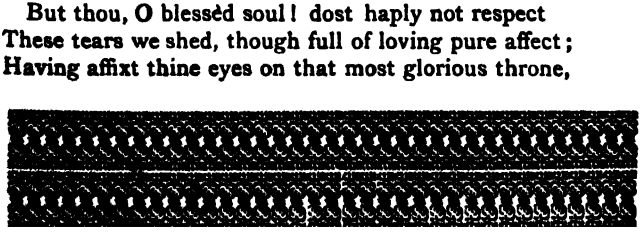


Her hair hung loose neglect about her shoulders twain :
And from those two bright stars to him sometime so dear,
Her heart sent drops of pearl ; which fell in foison down
'Twixt lily and the rose. She wrung her hands with pain
And piteously 'gan say, " My true and faithful pheer!
Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortune frown
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my joy?
What cruel envious hand hath taken thee away ;
And with thee, my content, my comfort and my stay?
Thou only wast the ease of trouble and annoy :
When they did me assail, in thee my hopes did rest.
Alas, what now is left but grief that night and day
Afflicts this woeful life, and with continual rage
Torments ten thousand ways my miserable breast?
O greedy envious heaven! what needed thee to have
Enriched with such a jewel this unhappy age ;
To take it back again so soon? Alas, when shall
Mine eyes see ought that may content them, since thy grave
My only treasure hides, the joy of my poor heart?
As here with thee on earth I lived, even so equal
Methinks it were, with thee in heaven I did abide :
And as our troubles all, we here on earth did part ;
So reason would that there, of thy most happy state
I had my share. Alas, if thou my trusty guide
Were wont to be : how canst thou leave me thus alone
In darkness and astray ; weak, weary, desolate,
Plunged in a world of woe—refusing for to take

Me with thee, to the place of rest where thou art gone?"
This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tied her tongue:
And instead of more words, seemed that her eyes a lake
Of tears had been, they flowed so plenteously therefrom:
And with her sobs and sighs th'air round about her rung.
If VENUS when she wailed her dear ADONIS slain,
Ought moved in thy fierce heart, compassion of her woe:
His noble sister's plaints, her sighs and tears emong;
Would sure have made thee mild, and inly rue her pain.
AURORA half so fair, herself did never show;
When from old TITHON's bed, she weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy, like lark in shower of rain,
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
Under those crystal drops which fell from her fair eyes;
And at their brightest beams him proined in lovely wise.
Yet sorry for her grief, which he could not amend;
The gentle boy 'gan wipe her eyes, and clear those lights:
Those lights through which his glory and his conquests shine.
The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threads of gold
Along her ivory breast, the treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep, it seemèd did incline;
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so cold.
The air did help them mourn, with dark clouds, rain and mist;
Forbearing many a day to clear itself again:
Which made them eftsoons fear the days of PYRRHA should
Of creatures spoil the earth, their fatal threads untwist.



For PHŒBUS' gladsome rays were wishèd for in vain,
And with her quivering light LATONA's daughter fair;
And Charles' Wain eke refused to be the shipman's guide.
On NEPTUNE, war was made by ÆOLUS and his train.
Who letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th'air,
So that on every coast, men shipwreck did abide,
Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves:
And such as came to shore were beaten with despair.
The Medway's silver streams that wont so still to slide,
Were troubled now and wroth; whose hidden hollow caves
Along his banks, with fog then shrouded from man's eye,
Aye "PHILIP" did resound, aye "PHILIP" they did cry.
His nymphs were seen no more, though custom still it craves,
With hair spread to the wind, themselves to bathe or sport;
Or with the hook or net, barefooted wantonly
The pleasant dainty fish to entangle or deceive.
The shepherds left their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still, their lovely merry lays
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks, men might perceive
To wander and to stray, all carelessly neglect:
And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and days
Nought else was to be heard, but woes, complaints and moan.
But thou, O blessèd soul! dost haply not respect
These tears we shed, though full of loving pure affect;
Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,



Where full of majesty, the high Creator reigns.
In whose bright shining face thy joys are all complete,
Whose love kindles thy sprite, where happy always one,
Thou liv'st in bliss that earthly passion never stains;
Where from the purest spring the sacred nectar sweet
Is thy continual drink: where thou dost gather now
Of well-employed life, th'estimable gains.
There VENUS on thee smiles, APOLLO gives thee place;
And MARS in reverent wise doth to thy virtue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chair of gold he sets to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew; whereby even they that boast
Themselves of ancient fame, as PYRRHUS, HANNIBAL,
SCIPIO and CÆSAR, with the rest that did excel
In martial prowess; high thy glory do admire.
All hail! therefore, O worthy PHILIP immortal!
The flower of SIDNEY's race, the honour of thy name.
Whose worthy praise to sing, my Muses not aspire.
But sorrowful and sad these tears to thee let fall:
Yet wish their verses might so far and wide thy fame
Extend, that ENVY's rage nor time might end the same.

A pastoral Eclogue upon the death of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight, &c.

Lycon. **Colin.**

Lycon. COLIN! well fits thy sad cheer this sad stound,
This woeful stound, wherein all things complain
This great mishap, this grievous loss of ours.
Hear'st thou the Orown? How with hollow sound
He slides away, and murmuring doth plain,
And seems to say unto the fading flowers
Along his banks, unto the barèd trees;
PHILLISIDES is dead. Up, jolly swain!
Thou that with skill canst tune a doleful lay;
Help him to mourn! My heart with grief doth freeze;
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I bear, though rude: but as I may,
With sobs and sighs I second will thy song;
And so express the sorrows of my heart.

Colin. Ah LYCON! LYCON! what need skill to teach
A grieved mind pour forth his plaints? How long
Hath the poor turtle gone to school, weenest thou,
To learn to mourn her lost make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to wail.
Seest not these flocks; how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leader's bell, their bleating tunes
In doleful sound. Like him, not one doth fail,
With hanging head to show a heavy cheer.
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seen that prunes
Himself of late? Did any cheerful note
Come to thine ears, or gladsome sight appear
Unto thine eyes, since that same fatal hour?
Hath not the air put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing tears?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his power,
Doth us invite to make a sad consort:
Come let us join our mournful song with theirs!
Grief will indite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice; and ECHO will our words report.

Lycon. Though my rude rhymes, ill with thy verses frame,
That others far excel: yet will I force
Myself to answer thee the best I can;
And honour my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe, O PAN!

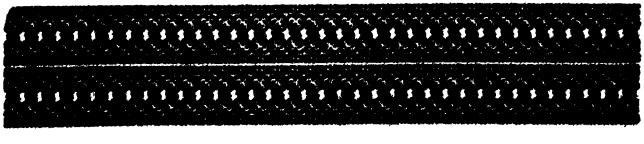
To pardon me; and hear this hard constraint
With patience, while I sing; and pity it.
And eke ye rural Muses, that do dwell
In these wild woods: if ever piteous plaint
We did indite, or taught a woeful mind
With words of pure affect, his grief to tell;
Instruct me now! Now COLIN then go on;
And I will follow thee, though far behind.

Colin. PHILLISIDES is dead! O harmful death!
O deadly harm! Unhappy Albion!
When shalt thou see emong thy shepherds all
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom uneath
Envy could touch for virtuous life and skill;
Courteous, valiant, and liberal.
Behold the sacred PALES! where with hair
Untrusst, she sits in shade of yonder hill;
And her fair face bent sadly down, doth send
A flood of tears to bathe the earth: and there
Doth call the heavens despiteful, envious;
Cruel his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthy to have been
Prolonged with many years, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassy green;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,
Accuse the direful dart that DEATH sent out



To give the fatal stroke. The stars they blame;
That deaf or careless seem at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun.
They leave their crystal springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowers of myrtle twigs and laurel fair;
To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
And now the hollow caves, where HORROR dark
Doth dwell, whence banished is the gladsome air
They seek; and there in mourning spend their time
With wailful tunes; whiles wolves do howl and bark,
And seem to bear a bourdon to their plaint.

Lycon. PHILLISIDES is dead! O doleful rhyme!
Why should my tongue express thee? Who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint;
LYCON unfortunate? What spiteful fate?
What luckless destiny hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort, of thy only stay?
Where is become thy wonted happy state?
Alas, wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknown way,
Along the banks of many silver streams,
Thou with him yodest; and with him did scale
The craggy rocks of th'Alps and Appennine?
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beams
Of virtue kindled in his noble breast;
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?



But, woe is me, they now yquenched are
All suddenly, and death hath them oppressed,
Lo, father NEPTUNE! with sad countenance,
How he sits mourning on the strond now bare
Yonder; where th'OCEAN with his rolling waves
The white feet washeth, wailing this mischance,
Of Dover cliffs. His sacred skirt about
The sea gods all are set; from their moist caves,
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitful Severn, with the rest; are come
To help their lord to mourn, and eke to see
The doleful sight, and sad pomp funeral
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdom;
And all their heads with cypress garlands crowned:
With woeful shrieks salute him, great and small.
Eke wailful ECHO, forgetting her dear
NARCISSUS, their last accents doth resound.

Colin. PHILLISIDES is dead! O luckless age!
O widow world! O brooks and fountains clear!
O hills! O dales! O woods that oft have rung
With his sweet carolling, which could assuage
The fiercest wrath of tiger or of bear!
Ye sylvans, fawns and satyrs, that emong
These thickets oft have danced after his pipe!
Ye Nymphs and Naiads with golden hair

That oft have left your purest crystal springs
To hearken to his lays, that coulden wipe
Away all grief and sorrow from your hearts!
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you hear again like harmony?
So sweet a sound, who to you now imparts?
Lo where engravèd by his hand yet lives
The name of STELLA in yonder bay tree.
Happy name! happy tree! Fair may you grow
And spread your sacred branch, which honour gives,
To famous emperors; and poets crown.
Unhappy flock! that wander scattered now.
What marvel if through grief, ye woxen lean,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adown?
For such a shepherd never shall you guide;
Whose parting, hath of weal bereft you clean.

Lycon. PHILLISIDES is dead! O happy sprite!
That now in heaven with blessèd souls dost bide.
Look down awhile from where thou sitt'st above,
And see how busy shepherds be to indite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrows to declare;
And grateful memory of their kind love.
Behold myself with COLIN gentle swain,
Whose learned Muse thou cherisht most whilere,
Where we thy name recording, seek to ease
The inward torment and tormenting pain

That thy departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each other's sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withered grass with cypress boughs bespread!
Behold these flowers which on thy grave we strew!
Which faded, show the givers' faded state;
(Though eke they show their fervent zeal and pure)
Whose only comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose prayers importune shall the heavens for aye,
That to thy ashes, rest they may assure;
That learnedst shepherds honour may thy name
With yearly praises; and the nymphs alway,
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowers;
And that for ever may endure thy fame.

Colin. The sun, lo, hastened hath his face to steep
In western waves, and th'air with stormy showers,
Warns us to drive homewards our silly sheep.
LYCON! let's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa; cætera fortuna.

L. B.

An Elegy, or Friend's Passion for his ASTROPHIL.

Written upon the death of the Right Honourable Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knight, Lord Governor of Flushing.*

AS THEN, no wind at all there blew,
No swelling cloud accloyed the air,
The sky, like grass of watchet hue,
Reflected PHŒBUS' golden hair;
The garnished tree no pendant stirred,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly bear,
The lion king, the elephant.
The maiden unicorn was there,
So was ACTÆON's hornèd plant:
And what of wild or tame are found,
Were couched in order on the ground.

ALCIDES' speckled poplar tree;
The palm that monarchs do obtain;
With love juice stained, the mulberry,
The fruit that dews the poet's brain;
And PHILLIS' filbert there away
Compared with myrtle and the bay:

The tree that coffins doth adorn,
With stately height threat'ning the sky,
And for the bed of love forlorn,
The black and doleful ebony:
All in a circle compassed were
Like to an amphitheatre.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The air-winged people sat,
Distinguished in odd degrees;
One sort is this, another that.
Here PHILOMEL that knows full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The sky-bred eagle, royal bird,
Perched there upon an oak above;
The turtle by him never stirred,
Example of immortal love.
The swan that sings about to die;
Leaving MEANDER, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Araby;
And on a cedar in this coast,
Built up her tomb of spicery.
As I conjecture by the same,
Prepared to take her dying flame.

In midst and centre of this plot,
I saw one grovelling on the grass;
A man or stone, I knew not what.
No stone; of man, the figure was.
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him rear
His body on his elbows' end:
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheer,
Upon his knees he upward tend;
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throws,
As might have torn the vital strings;
Then down his cheeks the tears so flows
As doth the stream of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twain,
And makes a passage for the rain.

Incontinent with trembling sound,
He woefully 'gan to complain;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And tear a diamond rock in twain.
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavily he 'gan to say.

"O sun!" said he, seeing the sun,
"On wretched me, why dost thou shine?
My star is fallen, my comfort done;
Out is the apple of my eyen.
Shine upon those possess delight,
And let me live in endless night!"

"O grief! that liest upon my soul,
As heavy as a mount of lead;
The remnant of my life control,
Consort me quickly with the dead!
Half of this heart, this sprite and will,
Died in the breast of ASTROPHIL."

"And you compassionate of my woe,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shady trees!
I am assured ye long to know
What be the sorrows me aggrieves;
Listen ye then to what ensu'th,
And hear a tale of tears and ruth."

" You knew, who knew not ASTROPHIL ?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still !)
Things known, permit me to renew :
Of him you know, his merit such,
I cannot say, you hear too much."

" Within these woods of Arcady,
His chief delight and pleasure took :
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him every day ;
That taught him sing, to write, and say.'

" When he descended down the mount,
His personage seemed most divine ;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerful eyen :
To hear him speak, and sweetly smile ;
You were in Paradise the while."

" A sweet attractive kind of grace ;
A full assurance given by looks ;
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books.
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

"Was ever eye did see that face;
Was never ear did hear that tongue;
Was never mind did mind his grace;
That ever thought the travail long:
But eyes and ears and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.'

"O GOD! that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare deserts did reign;
Desired thus, must leave us then:
And we to wish for him in vain.
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixèd sit."

"Then being filled with learned dew,
The Muses willèd him to love:
That instrument can aptly show,
How finely our conceits will move.
As BACCHUS opes dissembled hearts,
So LOVE sets out our better parts."

"STELLA, a nymph within this wood,
Most rare, and rich of heavenly bliss;
The highest in his fancy stood,
And she could well demerit this.
'Tis likely, they acquainted soon:
He was a sun, and she a moon."

"Our ASTROPHIL did STELLA love.
O STELLA! vaunt of ASTROPHIL!
Albeit thy graces gods may move;
Where wilt thou find an ASTROPHIL?
The rose and lily have their prime;
And so hath beauty but a time,"

"Although thy beauty do exceed
In common sight of every eye;
Yet in his poesies when we read,
It is apparent more thereby.
He that hath love and judgment too,
Sees more than any others do."

"Then ASTROPHIL hath honoured thee.
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternal be.
And live by virtue of his ink.
For by his verses he doth give
To shortlived beauty aye to live."

"Above all others this is he,
Which erst approvèd in his song
That love and honour might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sin nor blame
To love a man of virtuous name."

"Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before?
Did never Muse inspire beneath,
A poet's brain with finer store?
He wrote of love with high conceit;
And beauty reared above her height."

"Then PALLAS afterward attired
Our ASTROPHIL with her device,
Whom in his armour heaven admired,
As of the nation of the skies:
He sparkled in his arms afar,
As he were dight with fiery stars."

"The blaze whereof, when MARS beheld
(An envious eye doth see afar)
'Such majesty,' quoth he, 'is seld.
Such majesty, my mart may mar.
Perhaps this may a suitor be
To set MARS by his deity.'"

"In this surmise, he made with speed
An iron can, wherein he put
The thunders that in clouds do breed;
The flame and bolt together shut,
With privy force burst out again;
And so our ASTROPHIL was slain."

His word, "was slain," straightway did move,
And Nature's inward life-strings twitch,
The sky immediately above,
Was dimmed with hideous clouds of pitch.
The wrastling winds, from out the ground
Filled all the air with rattling sound.

The bending trees expressed a groan,
And sighed the sorrow of his fall;
The forest beasts made ruthful moan;
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And PHILOMEL for ASTROPHIL,
Unto her notes, annexed a "phil."

The turtle dove with tones of ruth,
Showed feeling passion of his death;
Methought she said "I tell thee truth,
Was never he that drew in breath,
Unto his love more trusty found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound."

The swan that was in presence here,
Began his funeral dirge to sing;
"Good things," quoth he, "may scarce appear;
But pass away with speedy wing.
This mortal life as death is tried,
And death gives life, and so he died."

The general sorrow that was made
Among the creatures of kind,
Fired the Phœnix where she laid,
Her ashes flying with the wind.
So as I might with reason see
That such a Phœnix ne'er should be.

Haply, the cinders driven about,
May breed an offspring near that kind;
But hardly a peer to that, I doubt:
It cannot sink into my mind
That under branches e'er can be,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The eagle marked with piercing sight
The mournful habit of the place;
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signify to JOVE the case:
What sorrow Nature doth sustain,
For ASTROPHIL, by ENVY slain.

And while I followed with mine eye
The flight the eagle upward took;
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappearèd from my look.
The trees, beasts, birds and grove were gone:
So was the friend that made this moan.

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deep compassion in my sprite;
My molten heart issued, methought,
In streams forth at mine eyes aright:
And here my pen is forced to shrink;
My tears discolour so mine ink.

An Epitaph upon the Right Honourable Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight, Lord Governor of Flushing.

TO PRAISE thy life or wail thy worthy death;
And want thy wit, thy wit pure, high, divine:
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in learning's lore;
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppresst,
Thy dear life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought;
As one that seld the rising sun hath sought:
With words and tears now wail thy timeless fate.

Drawn was thy race aright from princely line,
Nor less than such (by gifts that Nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have)
Doth virtue show, and princely lineage shine.

A King gave thee thy name; a kingly mind
That GOD thee gave: who found it now too dear
For this base world; and hath resumed it near,
To sit in skies, and 'sort with powers divine.

Kent, thy birthdays; and Oxford held thy youth.
The heavens made haste, and stayed nor years nor time;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime:
Thy will, thy words; thy words, the seals of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare employed thee thence,
To treat from kings, with those more great than kings.
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported thence.

Whence to sharp wars, sweet Honour did thee call,
Thy country's love, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the marks, the lives and ends;
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

These didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Grief, sorrow, sickness and base fortune's might.
Thy rising day saw never woeful night,
But passed with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the camp, by thee that day was brought
First, thine own death; and after, thy long fame;
Tears to the soldiers; the proud Castilians' shame;
Virtue expressed; and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost? that such great grace hath won.
Young years, for endless years; and hope unsure
Of fortune's gifts, for wealth that still shall 'dure.
O happy race! with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy limbs, that bred the same;
Flanders, thy valour; where it last was tried.
The camp, thy sorrow; where thy body died.
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy virtue's fame.

Nations, thy wit; our minds lay up thy love.
Letters, thy learning; thy loss, years long to come.
In worthy hearts, sorrow hath made thy tomb;
Thy soul and sprite enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberal heart embalmed in grateful tears,
Young sighs, sweet sighs, sage sighs bewail thy fall.
ENVY, her sting; and SPITE, hath left her gall.
MALICE herself, a mourning garment wears.

That day their HANNIBAL died, our SCIPIO fell:
SCIPIO, CICERO, and PETRARCH of our time:
Whose virtues, wounded by my worthless rhyme,
Let angels speak; and heaven, thy praises tell.

Another of the same.

SILENCE augmenteth grief! writing increaseth rage!
Stald are my thoughts, which loved and lost the wonder of our age.
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enraged I write, I know not what. Dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard-hearted minds relent, and RIGOUR'S tears abound,
And ENVY strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found;



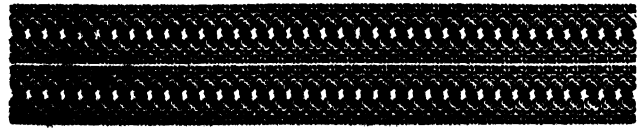
KNOWLEDGE her light hath lost; VALOUR hath slain her Knight:
SIDNEY is dead! Dead is my friend! Dead is the world's delight.

PLACE pensive wails his fall, whose presence was her pride.
TIME crieth out "my ebb is come; his life was my springtide."
FAME mourns in that she lost the ground of her reports.
Each living wight laments his lack, and all in sundry sorts.

He was (woe worth that word!) to each well-thinking mind,
A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue ever shined:
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ;
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

He only like himself, was second unto none,
Whose death (though life) we rue, and wrong, and all in vain do moan.
Their loss, not him; wail they, that fill the world with cries.
DEATH slew not him; but he made death his ladder to the skies.

Now sink of sorrow I, who live, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom death denies, whose thread is all too long;
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no relief,
Must spend my ever-dying days in never-ending grief.



Heartsease and only I like parallels run on,
Whose equal length keep equal breadth, and never meet in one:
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrows' cell,
Shall not run out; though leak they will, for liking him so well.

Farewell to you! my hopes, my wonted waking dreams.
Farewell sometimes enjoyèd joy! Eclipsèd are thy beams.
Farewell self-pleasing thoughts! which quietness brings forth.
And farewell friendship's sacred league! uniting minds of worth.

And farewell, merry heart! the gift of guiltless minds;
And all sports! which for life's restore, variety assigns.
Let all that sweet is, void! In me no mirth may dwell.
PHILIP, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell!

Now rhyme, the son of rage, which art no kin to skill;
And endless grief which deads my life, yet knows not how to kill:
Go, seek that hapless tomb! which if ye hap to find;
Salute the stones that keep the limbs that held so good a mind.

FINIS.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

Letter to his wife ALICE on the burning of his barns.

[*Works* 1557.]

Sir THOMAS MORE was made Lord Chancellor of England in Michaelmas Term in the year of our Lord 1529, and in the 21st year of King HENRY the EIGHTH. And in the latter end of the harvest then next before, Sir THOMAS MORE then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster being returned from Cambray in Flanders (where he had been Ambassador for the King), rode immediately to the King at the Court at Woodstock: and while he was there with the King, part of his own dwelling house at Chelsea and all his barns there full of corn, suddenly fell on fire and were burnt and all the corn therein, by the negligence of one of his neighbour's carts that carried the corn; and by occasion thereof, were divers of his next neighbours' barns burnt also. Upon which news brought unto him to the Court, he wrote to the Lady his wife the letter following.

¶ A Copy of the Letter.

MISTRESS ALICE, in my most hearty wise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son HERON of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also, with all the corn that was therein: albeit (saving GOD's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet since it hath liked Him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden not only to be

content but also to be glad of His visitation. He sent us all that we have lost: and since he hath by such a chance, taken it away again, His pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth; and heartily thank Him, as well for adversity as prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank Him for our loss than for our winning. For His wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves.

Therefore I pray you to be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank GOD: both for that He hath given us and for that He hath taken from us, and for that He hath left us; which if it please Him, He can increase when He will. And if it please Him to leave us yet less, at His pleasure be it.

I pray you make some good ensearch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefore: for and I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbour of mine, bear no loss by any chance happened in my house.

I pray you be with my children and your household merry in GOD. And devise somewhat with your friends, what way were best to take for provision to be made for corn for your household, and for seed this year coming; if you think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether ye think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up; and to put away our folk off the farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get other masters; ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, we wot [*knew*] nere whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other, but that I should tarry still with the King's Grace. But now I shall (I think) because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you; and then shall we further devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take.

And thus heartily fare you well with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock the third of September [1529], by the hand of

Your loving husband

THOMAS MORE, Knight.

The Privy Council.

A brief note of the benefits that grow to this Realm, by the observation of Fish Days: with a reason and cause wherefore the law in that behalf made, is ordained.

Very necessary to be placed in the houses of all men, especially common Victuallers.

WHERE heretofore, by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, of her clemency and care conceived, for divers private benefits that might grow to her loving subjects, specially for the better maintenance of the Navy of this land; hath with the consent of the whole state of her realm, caused to be made and published sundry statute laws and proclamations for the expense [*consumption*] of fish and observation of Fish Days, with great penalties to be laid on the offenders; that by the certain observation thereof, fishermen, the chiefest nurse for mariners, might the more be increased and maintained.

The common sort of people contemning this Observation, to avoid the ceremony in times past therein used, and not certainly knowing the benefits thereby growing to the realm, nor remembering the penalties by the same laws appointed: do not only fall into the danger of the said laws: but the same hath caused a great decay to fishing; whereby groweth many other great detriments to the commonwealth of this realm. For the better instruction therefore of such persons as for the benefit of their country will be persuaded; in this brief Table

is set down the punishment appointed for the offenders, the discommodities that happen to the realm by the said contempt, and the great benefit that might grow to the people by the observation hereof; with the opinion that ought to be conceived in the eating of fish at the days and times prescribed: being briefly set down as hereafter followeth.

The Branches of the Statute.

IN the fifth year of Her Majesty's most gracious reign, it was ordained that it should not be lawful for any person within this realm to eat any flesh upon any days then usually observed as Fish Days; upon pain to forfeit £3 [= £30 *of present money*] for every time he offended, or suffer three months of imprisonment without bail or mainprize.

And every person within whose house any such offence shall be done, being privy and knowing thereof and not effectually punishing or disclosing the same to some public officer having authority to punish the same; to forfeit for every such offence forty shillings.

The said penalty being great, and many of the poor estate favoured by reason thereof; but the offence thought necessary not to be left unpunished: the Queen's Majesty, of her great clemency, in the Parliament holden in the 34th year of her most gracious reign, hath caused the forfeiture for the eater to be but twenty shillings; and for him in whose house it is eaten, but 13s. 4d.—which being executed, will prove very damageable to the offenders.

In the 27th year of Her Highness's reign, it was further ordained and remaineth still in force; that no innholder, vintner, alehouse-keeper, common victualler, common cook, or common table-keeper shall utter or put to sale upon any Friday, Saturday or other days appointed to be Fish Days, or any day in time of Lent, any kind of flesh victuals; upon pain of forfeiture of £5; and shall suffer ten days' imprisonment without bail, mainprize, or remove, for every time so offending.

The Cause and Reason.

FIRST forasmuch as our country is for the most part, compassed with the seas; and the greatest force for defence thereof, under GOD, is the Queen Majesty's Navy of ships: for maintenance and increase of the said Navy, this law for abstinence hath been most carefully ordained, that by the *certain* expense [*consumption*] of fish, fishing and fishermen might be the more increased and the better maintained; for that the said trade is the chiefest nurse not only for the bringing up of youth for shipping; but great numbers of ships therein are used, furnished with sufficient mariners, men at all times in a readiness for Her Majesty's service in those affairs.

The second cause is, for that many towns and villages upon the sea coasts are, of late years, wonderfully decayed, and some wonderfully depopulated; which in times past, were replenished not only with fishermen and great store of shipping, but sundry other artificers, as shipwrights, smiths, rope-makers, net-makers, sail-makers, weavers, dressers, carriers, and utterers of fish, maintained chiefly by fishing: that they hereby again might be renewed, the want whereof is and hath been the cause of great numbers of idle persons, with whom the realm is greatly damaged; and this happeneth by reason of the uncertainty of the sale of fish and the contempt which in the eating of fish is conceived.

Furthermore, it is considered that the trade for grazing of cattle through the unlawful expense of flesh, is so much increased; that many farmhouses and villages wherein were maintained great numbers of people, and by them the markets plentifully served with corn and other victuals: are now utterly decayed and put down: for the feeding or grassing [*grazing*] of beefs [*oxen*] and muttons [*sheep*] only. By means whereof the people which in such places were maintained, are not only made vagrant; but also calves, hogs, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, capons, eggs, butter, cheese, and such like things, do become exceedingly scarce and dear; by want of

their increase in those places, so that the markets are not, nor cannot be served, as in times past it hath been done.

Many other things for confirmation hereof might be spoken, as the great number of ships decayed which have been maintained by fishing; the wealth and commodity that fishing bringeth to this realm; the cause that certain days and times for expense of fish must of necessity be observed, grown by reason of the provision of flesh for the people's diet must be certainly provided: whereof the gentle reader shall be more at large instructed in a little book published to that effect, with sundry other arguments which for brevity are omitted. In hope the consideration hereof will be sufficient to persuade such persons as esteem more the benefit of their country than their own lust or appetite; setting before their eyes the fear of GOD in obedience to the Prince's commandment: especially in such things as concern the benefit of a commonwealth, considering Saint PAUL saith, "There is no power but of GOD. The powers," saith he, "that be, are ordained of GOD: and those that resist these powers, resist the ordinance of GOD."

It is further to be considered that there is no conscience to be made in the kind or nature of the meat being flesh or fish, as in times past a feigned ceremony therein was used; neither is the meat concerning itself unlawful to be eaten at any time: but the use thereof is unlawful, being forbidden to eat by the Prince having power and authority from GOD, and done by the consent of the whole estate for a commonwealth; wherein obedience ought to be showed, not for fear of punishment only, as Saint PAUL saith, but for conscience' sake, not esteeming the meat or the day but obedience to the law and benefit to our country and poor brethren. Remembering that the magistrate beareth not the sword for nought, but to take vengeance upon them that do evil. For Saint PAUL saith further, "He that will live without fear of punishment must do well, and so shall he have praise for the same."

And although fear of punishment will not reform such persons, as by affection conceived hath been addicted from the expense of fish and the observation of fish days: yet the foresaid things considered, let obedience to their Prince and benefit to their country persuade them to bridle their

affectioned lust for a small time; so shall they both see and feel the great benefits thereby growing, and escape the punishment for the offence appointed.

And for that the commodities may in some part more plainly appear, hereafter followeth an estimate of the beefs [*oxen*] that were killed and uttered in the City of London and its suburbs for a year; and what number of them might be spared in the said year, by one day's abstinence [from flesh] in a week: by which also may be conjectured, what may be spared in the whole realm.

An estimate of what beefs [oxen] *might be spared in a year, in the City of London, by one day's abstinence* [*from flesh*] *in a week.*

FIRST. In the year are 52 weeks, for every week, seven days: in all, 365. The Lent, with Friday and Saturday in every week, and the other accustomed Fish Days, being collected together, extend to 153. So in the year there are 153 fish days and 211 flesh days, that is 58 flesh days more than fish days.

So the year, being 52 weeks; abate 7 for the time of Lent, wherein no beefs [*oxen*] ought to be killed: and there remaineth but 45 weeks.

Then let us say there be threescore Butchers, that be freemen within the City; and every Butcher to kill weekly, the one with the other, five beefs [*oxen*] apiece: the same amounteth to 13,500 beefs.

The foreigners in the suburbs, and such as come out of the country to serve the markets in the City; as it is credibly affirmed, kill and utter [*sell*] in the City weekly, four times so many as the freemen: which amounteth to 54,000.

So joining the beefs uttered by the freemen and foreigners &c. together; they extend to 67,500.

If we will now know what number of beefs might be spared in a year, by one day's abstinence in a week: let us say that in the week are five days accustomably served with flesh—for that Friday and Saturday by the law are days of abstinence—whereof one being taken away, the rest are but four. In like case, divide the said 67,500 into five parts; and the fifth part spared by the fifth day's abstinence is 13,500.

By this it is not meant that any more fish days should be ordained than there already are; but that Friday and Saturday might in better sort be observed: for that flesh victuals on those days, in most places, are as commonly spent as on flesh days; and therefore may well be accounted for the expense of one flesh day. The due observation whereof would spare the number of beefs aforesaid or more; besides those things sold by the Poulterers; and other small cattle, as calves, sheep and lambs innumerable, killed by the Butcher.

Seen and allowed by the most Honourable Privy Council in the year of our Lord GOD 1593 [*i.e.* 1594]. The 20th of March.

AT LONDON.

Printed for HENRY GOSSON and FRANCIS COULES.



Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Letter to his brother ROBERT, then in Germany, 18 October 1580.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY to his brother, ROBERT SIDNEY, who was the first Earl of LEICESTER of that familiar name.

[A. COLLINS *Letters &c.*]

This gossippy letter, dashed off in the greatest hurry, is a remarkable testimony to the breadth and depth of the writer's natural and acquired attainments; and to his most loving heart. "Lord! how I have babbled!" Especially note his saying, "I write this to you as one that, for myself have given over the delight in the world;" yet see how (like a true man) merry and loving is he to his only brother.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

FOR THE money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me; as that which is for you. If ever I have ability, you shall find it so: if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you, of me.

I cannot write now to N. WHITE. Do you excuse me! For his nephew, they are but passions in my father; which we must bear with reverence: but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel; for you shall never have such a servant, as he would prove. Use your own discretion!

For your countenance, I would (for no cause) have it diminished in Germany. In Italy, your greatest expense must be upon worthy men, and not upon householding. Look to your diet, sweet ROBIN! and hold up your heart in courage and virtue. Truly, great part of my comfort is in you! I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you; so greatly you may see I condemn you. Be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares.

I have written to Master SAVELL. I wish you kept still together. He is an excellent man. And there may, if you

list, pass good exercises betwixt you and Master NEVELL. There is great expectation of you both.

For method of writing history, BODEN hath written at large. You may read him, and gather out of many words, some matter.

This I think, in haste. A Story is either to be considered as a Story; or as a Treatise, which, besides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament. As a Story, he is nothing, but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendices thereof. In that kind, your method must be to have *seriem temporum* very exactly, which the chronologies of MELANCTHON, TARCHAGNORA, LANGUET and such others will help you to.

Then to consider by that as you note yourself, XENOPHON to follow THUCYDIDES, so doth THUCYDIDES follow HERODOTUS, and DIODORUS SICULUS follow XENOPHON. So generally, do the Roman stories follow the Greek; and the particular stories of the present monarchies follow the Roman.

In that kind, you have principally to note the examples of virtue and vice, with their good or evil success; the establishment or ruins of great Estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then written of; the enterings and endings of wars; and therein, the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier.

And thus much as a very historiographer.

Besides this, the Historian makes himself a Discourser for profit; and an Orator, yea, a Poet sometimes, for ornament. An Orator; in making excellent orations, *è re nata*, which are to be marked, but marked with the note of rhetorical remembrances: a Poet; in painting for the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the people, which though in disputation, one might say were true—yet who will mark them well shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked—for though perchance, they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so. The last point which tends to teach profit, is of a Discourser; which name I give to whosoever speaks *non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti*: and that is it

which makes me and many others, rather note much with our pen than with our mind.

Because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory; because they be not tied to the tenour of a question: as Philosophers use sometimes, places; the Divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the Lawyer, in showing the causes and benefits of laws; sometimes a Natural Philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing which the Story binds him to speak of; but most commonly a Moral Philosopher, either in the ethic part, where he sets forth virtues or vices and the natures of passions; or in the politic, when he doth (as often he doth) meddle sententiously with matters of Estate. Again, sometimes he gives precept of war, both offensive and defensive. And so, lastly, not professing any art as his matter leads him, he deals with all arts; which—because it carrieth the life of a lively example—it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves; so as the great Civilians help themselves with the discourses of the Historians. So do Soldiers; and even Philosophers and Astronomers.

But that I wish herein is this, that when you read any such thing, you straight bring it to his head, not only of what art; but by your logical subdivisions to the next member and parcel of the art. And so—as in a table—be it witty words, of which TACITUS is full; sentences, of which LIVY; or similitudes, whereof PLUTARCH: straight to lay it up in the right place of his storehouse—as either military, or more specially defensive military, or more particularly, defensive by fortification—and so lay it up. So likewise in politic matters. And such a little table you may easily make wherewith I would have you ever join the historical part; which is only the example of some stratagem, or good counsel, or such like.

This write I to you, in great haste, of method, without method: but, with more leisure and study—if I do not find some book that satisfies—I will venture to write more largely of it unto you.

Master SAVELL will, with ease, help you to set down such a table of remembrance to yourself; and for your sake I perceive he will do much; and if ever I be able, I will deserve it of him. One only thing, as it comes into my

mind, let me remember you of, that you consider wherein the Historian excelleth, and that to note: as DION NICÆUS in the searching the secrets of government; TACITUS, in the pithy opening of the venom of wickedness; and so of the rest.

My time—exceedingly short—will suffer me to write no more leisurely. STEPHEN can tell you who stands with me, while I am writing.

Now, dear brother! take delight likewise in the mathematicals. Master SAVELL is excellent in them. I think you understand the sphere. If you do, I care little for any more astronomy in you. Arithmetic and Geometry, I would wish you well seen in: so as both in matter of number and measure, you might have a feeling and active judgment. I would you did bear the mechanical instruments, wherein the Dutch excel.

I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delight in the world; but wish to you as much, if not more, than to myself.

So you can speak and write Latin, not barbarously; I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, *qui dum verba sectantur, res ipsas negligunt.*

My toyful books I will send—with GOD's help—by February [1581]; at which time you shall have your money. And for £200 [*nearly £2,000 at the present day*] a year, assure yourself! If the estates of England remain, you shall not fail of it. Use it to your best profit!

My Lord of LEICESTER sends you £40, as I understand, by STEPHEN; and promiseth he will continue that stipend yearly at the least. Then that is above commons. In any case, write largely and diligently unto him: for, in truth, I have good proof that he means to be every way good unto you. The odd £30 shall come with the £100, or else my father and I will jarle.

Now, sweet Brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music. You will not believe what a want I find of it, in my melancholy times.

At horsemanship; when you exercise it, read CRISON CLAUDIO, and a book that is called *La Gloria de l' Cavallo* withal: that you may join the thorough contemplation of it

with the exercise: and so shall you profit more in a month, than others in a year. And mark the bitting, saddling, and cur[ry]ing of horses.

I would, by the way, your Worship would learn a better hand. You write worse than I: and I write evil enough. Once again, have a care of your diet; and consequently of your complexion. Remember *gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus.*

Now, Sir, for news; I refer myself to this bearer. He can tell you how idly we look on our neighbour's fires: and nothing is happened notable at home; save only DRAKE's return. Of which yet, I know not the secret points: but about the world he hath been, and rich he is returned. Portugal, we say, is lost. And to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business.

God bless you, sweet Boy! and accomplish the joyful hope I conceive of you. Once again commend me to Master NEVELL, Master SAVELL, and honest HARRY WHITE, and bid him be merry.

When you play at weapons; I would have you get thick caps and bracers [*gloves*], and play out your play lustily; for indeed, ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest: for the time of the one and the other greatly differs. And use as well the blow as the thrust. It is good in itself; and besides increaseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First, in any case, practise the single sword; and then, with the dagger. Let no day pass without an hour or two of such exercise. The rest, study; or confer diligently: and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit.

Lord! how I have babbled! Once again, farewell, dearest Brother!

Your most loving and careful brother

PHILIP SIDNEY.

At Leicester House
this 18th of October 1580.

Vice-Admiral Sir JOHN MENNIS
or
Rev. JAMES SMITH.

PHILLADA flouts me.

[*Wit Restored.*]



H! WHAT a pain is love,
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind,
That my strength faileth;
And wavers with the wind,
As a ship that saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way
Alack and well a day!
PHILLADA flouts me.

All the fair, yesterday,
She did pass by me;
She lookt another way,
And would not spy me.
I wooed her for to dine,
But could not get her.
WILL had her to the wine:
He might entreat her.
With DANIEL she did dance,
On me she lookt askance.
O thrice unhappy chance!
PHILLADA flouts me.

Fair maid! be not so coy.
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy.
Sweet! entertain me.
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting:
Her poultry and her bees,
And her geese sitting;
A pair of mattress beds,
And a bag full of shreds.
And yet for all these goods;
PHILLADA flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with good Coventry;
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i' faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it:
To TIBB my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart,
So soon from her to part;
Death strikes me with his dart.
PHILLADA flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting.
Wig and whey whilst thou burst,
And ramble berry;
Pie-lid and pasty crust,
Pears, plums and cherry.

Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaver's skin!
Yet all's not worth a pin.
PHILLADA flouts me.

Fair maiden! have a care
And in time take me.
I can have those as fair;
If you forsake me.
For DOLL the dairymaid
Laught on me lately:
And wanton WINIFRID
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes;
T'other plays with my nose.
What wanton signs are those!
PHILLADA flouts me.

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
With grief and sorrow;
Like to a fatted beast
Penned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year;
And all for very fear
PHILLADA flouts me.

A
NARRATIVE
OF ALL THE
Proceedings in the *Draining* of the
GREAT LEVEL of the
FENS,
Extending into the Counties of
Northampton, *Lincoln*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*,
Cambridge, and *Huntingdon*; and the
ISLE of ELY:
From the time of Queen ELIZABETH,
until this present *MAY*, 1661.

For the Information of all concerned.

BY *N. N.*

LONDON,
Printed by *A. W.* for the use of the Author, 1661.

A Narrative of all the proceedings in the Draining of the Great Level, &c.

IN the 43rd year of Queen ELIZABETH—an Act was made to encourage any that would undertake the draining of the said Great Level: which was attempted in several parts; by CARRIL for the draining of Thorney, by COCKING and others for Londoners' Fens—which were both gained, and lost again. *43 Eliz.*

In the third year of King JAMES—the whole was attempted to be drained by Sir JOHN POPHAM Knight, Chief Justice; Sir THOMAS FLEMING, Chief Baron; Sir WILLIAM RUMNEY, Knight and Alderman of London; and JOHN ELDRED citizen of London; who were to have had for their recompense 130,000 acres: who did proceed, but could not effect that work. *3 Jac.*

In the 16th year of King JAMES—Sir WILLIAM AYLOFFE Knight and ANTHONY THOMAS Esquire became Undertakers to drain the said Level, and were to have had two thirds of some, and one half of other grounds for their recompense: but this draining was without success. *16 Jac.*

Afterwards—King JAMES himself, by a Law of Sewers was declared Undertaker for the draining the whole; and was to have had for his recompense 120,000 acres; but this attempt likewise failed. *Cambridge Law. 20 Feb. 19 Jac.*

In the 6th year of King CHARLES the FIRST (of blessed

memory)—the Commissioners of Sewers for the said Great Level and parts adjacent; did agree with Sir CORNELIUS VERMUYDEN to undertake the draining the said Level; who was to have had for his recompense 95,000 acres: but nothing was done; in respect of his being an alien.

Sept. 6. Car. 1.

After in the said 6th year of King CHARLES—the then Commissioners of Sewers for the said Great Level and parts adjacent; did make it their request to FRANCIS, then Earl of BEDFORD to undertake the said work: who was to have for his recompense 95,000 acres; whereof the said King was to have 12,000 acres for his Royal assent to that law, and concurrence to an Act of Parliament.

Jan. 6. Car. 1.

In pursuance whereof, the said Earl undertook this great and hazardous work: and for his assistance therein, and by an Indenture consisting of fourteen parts; Dated 27 February [1632] 7 *Car.* 1° he took in divers Adventurers and Participants with him; who adventured for these several shares following, viz.

The said FRANCIS, Earl of BEDFORD; for three whole shares or lots, of 4,000 acres to each lot.
OLIVER, Earl of BOLINGBROKE; for one lot, of 4,000 acres.
EDWARD, Lord GORGES; for one.
Sir ROBERT HEATH Knight, for one.
Sir MILES SANDYS Knight and Baronet, for two.
Sir WILLIAM RUSSELL Knight and Baronet, for two.
Sir ROBERT BEVILL Knight, for one.
Sir THOMAS TERRINGHAM Knight, for two.
Sir PHILIBERT PERNATT, for one.
WILLIAM SAMS, Doctor at Law, for one.
ANTHONY HAMOND Esq., for two.
SAMUEL SPALDING Gent., for one.
ANDREW BURWELL Gent., for one.
Sir ROBERT LOVET Knight, for one.

In all twenty lots, each of 4,000 acres, divided between the said fourteen parties.

In and by which said Indenture, amongst other things, it is agreed as followeth.

That if any one of the aforesaid parties or their assigns, after notice, should fail in the payment of such money as from time to time should be imposed on them in pursuance of the said Indenture for the carrying on the said work; that then it should be lawful to and for the rest of the said parties or their assigns to supply the same, or to admit some other person or persons to have the share of such defaulture, paying the sum [then] imposed on the said share: and that all such parties as aforesaid by himself or his assigns so failing; shall be wholly excluded and for ever debarred from demanding or receiving all or any such sum or sums of money, as any such person or persons had formerly disbursed for and towards the said work.

After the executing of the said fourteen-part Indenture; divers of those Participants did assign and conveyed unto other persons several proportions of their Shares and Adventures, by them undertaken by the said Indenture.

By virtue of this Agreement, the said Adventurers and their assigns proceeded so far in this hazardous adventure; that after an expense of £100,000 therein, it was [in 1636] adjudged drained, at Peterborough. 12 Car.

And in October [1637], in the 13th year of the said King CHARLES—by a Law of Sewers made at Saint Ives, 13 Car. the said 95,000 acres were set out by description and boundaries therein mentioned: where and how this 95,000 acres should be taken out of each parish or landowner's land in the whole Level; according to which setting forth, the whole 95,000 was thus divided and allotted.

First, 12,000 acres thereof, for the said late King CHARLES.

And 80,000 acres thereof, were divided into twenty lots, each lot containing 4,000 acres; which were divided amongst the aforesaid parties to the fourteen-part Deed and their assigns, as aforesaid.

And 3,000 acres did remain to be disposed of at the pleasure of the Adventurers.

In pursuance of this Law, a great part of the 95,000 acres was divided from the country: and some of the said Adventurers had possession of some parts of their several proportions; but had no conveyances of the same and received but little rent.

For that by a Law of Sewers made at Huntingdon in [1638] 14 *Car.* the 14th year of the said King CHARLES; upon complaint that the said Level was not perfectly drained—The said King CHARLES (of happy memory) was declared Undertaker to drain the same, *inter alia*, and to have for his recompense, not only the 95,000 acres set out unto the said Earl, but also 57,000 acres more out of the same lands and parishes within the said Level: and the said Earl and his Participants were to have had 40,000 acres of the said 95,000 acres freed from taxes for their charges expended; which would have been of more advantage to them than the whole 95,000 acres on the terms they have it.

After which Law, the inhabitants of the country did re-enter upon the said 80,000 acres and 3,000 acres; part of the said 95,000 acres: and the said King continued in the possession of the said 12,000 acres.

But about the year 1641, his Majesty gave over his 1641. Undertaking: and soon after the whole Level became drowned: and then the country entered upon the said 12,000 acres also, and kept the whole in their own possession.

In this condition, the said Level returned to be as badly drowned as ever before: with the loss of £100,000 to the said Earl and his Participants.

Afterwards a Parliament having been called in the year 1640—the said Earl and his Participants or their Assigns did petition the said Parliament: that they would empower the said Earl to go on and perfect the aforesaid work; and in 1641, their case was committed [*referred to a Committee*]. But the said Earl dying about the said year, and the late unhappy wars being then begun; there was for some time a stop to the prosecution of the said Act, till about 1646. When WILLIAM, now Earl of BEDFORD, son and heir of the said FRANCIS; the Honourables JOHN and EDWARD RUSSELL, brothers to the said WILLIAM, Earl of BEDFORD; Sir MILES SANDYS, Sir JOHN MARSHAM; ANTHONY HAMOND; and

ROBERT HENLEY Esquires, and others, in numbers and interest the greatest part concerned in the said 83,000 acres; did address themselves to the Parliament then sitting, that they might be empowered by an Act to prosecute the said work of Draining, for the recovery of that vast and lost country: which Act—after several hearings of all parties before a Committee—was ready to be presented to the House of Lords; but the late unhappy differences prevented for that time its further progress.

Afterwards, about the year 1648—the said WILLIAM, Earl of BEDFORD, by the assistance of Sir MILES SANDYS, ROBERT HENLEY Esquire, and divers others his said Participants; did prosecute the obtaining of an Act of that pretended Parliament, in order to the draining of the aforesaid Level. And after several hearings of all parties both of the Country and Adventurers before the Committee; an Act passed in the said pretended Parliament in May 1649.

By colour of which pretended Act, the said Earl and his Participants did meet together in the prosecution of the aforesaid fourteen-part Indenture. Accordingly the Earl of ARUNDEL, under whom Sir WILLIAM PLAYTER claims; Colonel JOHN RUSSELL and EDWARD RUSSELL Esquires, brothers to the said Earl of BEDFORD; Sir MILES SANDYS, under whom Colonel SAMUEL SANDYS claims; Sir JOHN HEWETT; Sir WILLIAM TERRINGHAM; WILLIAM DODSON; Sir JOHN MARSHAM; ANTHONY HAMOND and ROBERT HENLEY Esquires, and divers others interested in the said work of Draining; who had seven parts out of eight in the said 83,000 acres: finding themselves out of possession, did in June following resolve to raise money for carrying on the said work in prosecuting of the aforesaid fourteen-part Indenture; being enabled thereto—as the times then were—by the said pretended Act.

But several persons failing in the due payment of their money, as aforesaid: the said Earl with the residue of his said Participants were necessitated about November [1649] following; either to admit some other persons in the room of those who failed to supply the payment of such money as was raised according to the said Agreement, or otherwise to lose the whole.

By which means, money being raised, the said work was

carried on till Lady Day 1653; and then the whole Level being adjudged drained, possession of the said 95,000 acres was given to them accordingly: and by virtue of an Act made in the Parliament begun the 25th of April 1660, it still continues.

There are several banks, which together are above two hundred miles in length: seventy miles whereof are generally nine feet high and sixty feet wide at the seat or bottom; the rest generally five feet high and twenty-four feet wide at the seat. Besides, they have cut one navigable river twenty one miles long and one hundred feet broad: besides divers sewers and drains, altogether above four hundred miles in length, some forty feet, some thirty, some twenty, and none under twelve feet wide. Besides, they have made divers great and navigable sasses and sluices, and bridges.

For the doing whereof, and in other expenses and buildings, and improving the said Level; the said Earl and his Participants have expended at least £500,000; and it will yearly cost great sums to maintain it.

This being the true state of the Case—as indifferent to all interests, and as an affectionate friend to the whole—I heartily wish and advise that all parties herein concerned, would so far recede from their own opinions and private interests, and—for the preservation of the whole—unanimously submit all differences to the determination of the Parliament, or to such persons as they, in their wisdom, shall think fit: whereby the whole may be preserved, and all particular interests may receive justice according to the equity of their cause.

FINIS.

NINETEEN YEARS'

CAPTIVITY

IN THE

KINGDOM OF CONDE UDA

IN THE

highlands of Ceylon,

SUSTAINED BY

CAPTAIN ROBERT KNOX;

BETWEEN

March 1660 & *October* 1679:

Together with his

SINGULAR DELIVERANCE

FROM THAT

STRANGE AND PAGAN LAND.

[From *An Historical Relation &c.*, 1681. fol.]

To the Right Worshipful Sir WILLIAM THOMSON Knight, Governor; THOMAS PAPILLON Esquire, Deputy; and the 24 "Committees" of the Honourable East India Company hereunder specified, viz :—

The Rt. Hon. GEORGE, Earl of BERKLEY.
The Rt Hon. JAMES, Lord CHANDOS.
Sir MATTHEW ANDREWS Knight.
Sir JOHN BANKS Baronet.
Sir SAMUEL BARNARDISTON Baronet
Mr. CHRISTOPHER BOONE.
JOHN BATHURST Esquire.
Sir JOSIAH CHILD Baronet.
Mr. THOMAS CANHAM.
Colonel JOHN CLERK.
Sir JAMES EDWARDS Knight.
Mr. JOSEPH HERNE.
RICHARD HUTCHINSON Esquire.
JAMES HUBLON Esquire.
Sir JOHN LETHIEULLIER Knight.
Mr. NATHANIEL PETTON.
Sir JOHN MOOR Knight.
SAMUEL MOYER Esquire.
Mr. JOHN MORDEN.
Mr. JOHN PAIGE.
EDWARD RUDGE Esquire.
DANIEL SHELDON Esquire.
Mr. JEREMY SAMBROOK.
ROBERT THOMSON Esquire.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

SINCE my return home to my native country of England, after a long and disconsolate captivity; my friends and acquaintance, in our converse together, have been inquisitive into the state of that land in which I was

captivated: whose curiosity I endeavoured to satisfy. But my relations and accounts of things in those parts were so strange and uncouth, and so different from those in the Western nations; and withal, my discourses seeming so delightful and acceptable unto them: they very frequently called upon me to write what I knew of that island of Ceylon, and to digest it into a discourse, and make it more public. Unto which motion, I was not much unwilling; partly that I might comply with the desires and counsels of my friends; and chiefly, that I might publish and declare the great mercy of GOD to me, and commemorate, before all men, my singular deliverance out of that strange and pagan land: which—as often as I think of, or mention—I cannot but admire, and adore the goodness of GOD towards me; there being in it, so many notable footsteps of His signal providence.

I had then by me several papers, which—during my voyage homewards from Bantam, at leisure times—I wrote concerning the King and the country; and concerning the English there; and of my escape: which papers I forthwith set myself to peruse and draw into a method; and to add what more might occur to my thoughts of these matters. Which, at length, I have finished; contriving what I had to relate, under four heads. The first, concerning the country, and products of it. The second, concerning the King and his government. The third, concerning the inhabitants, and their religion and customs. And the last, concerning our surprise, detainment, and escape. In all which, I take leave to declare that I have written nothing but either what I am assured of by my own personal knowledge to be true, and wherein I have borne a great, and a sad share: or what I have received from the inhabitants themselves, of such things as are commonly known to be true among them.

The book being thus perfected; it required no long meditation unto whom to present it. It could be to none but yourselves, my

honoured Masters, by whose wisdom and success the East Indian parts of the world are now nearly as well known as the countries next adjacent to us. So that by your means, not only the wealth, but the knowledge of those Indies is brought home to us.

Unto your favour and patronage, therefore, Right Worshipful, I humbly presume to recommend these papers and the author of them; who rejoiceth at this opportunity to acknowledge the favours you have already conferred on him; and to profess that—next unto GOD—on you depend his future hopes and expectations. Being

Right Worshipful,

Your most obliged, and most humble and devoted servant to be commanded,

ROBERT KNOX.

London.
18*th March* 1681.

To the Right Worshipful the Governor, the Deputy Governor, and Four and Twenty "Committees" of the Honourable the East India Company, viz:

Sir JOSIAH CHILD Baronet, Governor.
THOMAS PAPILION Esquire, Deputy.

The Rt. Hon. GEORGE, Earl of BERKLEY.
Sir JOSEPH ASHE Baronet.
Sir SAMUEL BARNARDISTON Baronet.
Mr. CHRISTOPHER BOONE.
Mr. THOMAS CANHAM.
Colonel JOHN CLERKE.
Mr. JOHN CUDWORTH.
JOHN DUBOIS Esquire.
Sir JAMES EDWARDS Knight and Alderman.
RICHARD HUTCHINSON Esquire.

Mr. JOSEPH HERNE.
Mr. WILLIAM HEDGES.
Sir JOHN LAWRENCE Knight and Alderman.
Mr. NATHANIEL LETTON.
Sir JOHN MOORE Knight and Alderman.
SAMUEL MOYER Esquire.
Mr. JOHN MORDEN.
Mr. JOHN PAIGE.
EDWARD RUDGE Esquire.
Mr. JEREMY SAMBROOKE.
Mr. WILLIAM SEDGWICK.
ROBERT THOMSON Esquire.
SAMUEL THOMSON Esquire.
JAMES WARD Esquire.

RIGHT WORSHIFFUL,

WHAT I formerly presented you in writing, having in pursuance of your commands now somewhat dressed by the help of the Graver and the Printer; I a second time humbly tender to you. 'Tis, I confess, at best too mean a return for your great kindness to me. Yet I hope you will not deny it a favourable acceptance; since it is the whole return I made from the Indies after twenty years' stay there: having brought home nothing else but

(who is also wholly at your service and command)
ROBERT KNOX.

London,
1st of August 1681.

NINETEEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY

IN THE KINGDOM OF CONDE UDA.

BY

Captain ROBERT KNOX.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER I.

A general description of the Island.



OW THIS island lies with respect unto the neighbouring coasts, I shall not speak at all, that being to be seen in our ordinary sea cards [*charts*] which describe those parts); and but little concerning the maritime parts of it, now under the jurisdiction of the Dutch: my design being to relate such things only that are new and unknown unto these European nations. It is the inland country therefore I chiefly intend to write of: which is yet a hidden land; even to the Dutch themselves that inhabit upon the island. For I have seen among them a fair large map of this place; the best I believe extant, yet very faulty. The ordinary maps in use among us are much more so. I have procured a new one to be drawn with as much truth and exactness as I could: and his judgment will not be deemed altogether inconsiderable, who had for twenty years travelled about the island, and knew almost every step of those parts: especially those that most want describing.

I begin with the sea coasts: of all which the Hollander is master. On the north end; the chief places are Jaffnapatam and the island of Manaar. On the east side, Trincomalee and Batticalloe. To the south, is the city of Point de Galle. On the west, the city of Colombo; so called from a tree, the natives call *ambo* (which bears the mango fruit) growing in that place, which never bare fruit but only leaves, which in their language is *cola*; and hence they

called the tree *Colambo*: which the Christians, in honour of COLUMBUS, turned to Colombo. It is the chief city on the sea coasts, where the Dutch Governor hath his residence. On this west side also are Negombo and Calpentyn. All these already mentioned are strong fortified places. There are besides many other smaller forts and fortifications: all which, with considerable territories; to wit, all round bordering upon the sea coasts, belong to the Dutch nation.

I proceed to the inland country, being that that is now under the King of Kandy. It is convenient that we first understand that this land is divided into greater or lesser shares or parts. The greater divisions give me leave to call Provinces, and the lesser, Counties; as resembling ours in England, though not altogether so big.

On the north parts, lie the Province of Nuwerakalawe, consisting of five lesser divisions or counties: the Province also of Hotkorle, signifying "Seven Counties;" it contains seven counties.

On the eastward, is Matella, containing three counties. There are also lying on that side Tammaukadua, Bintenne, Vellas, Panowa. These are single counties. Oowah also, containing three counties: in this province are two and thirty of the King's captains dwelling, with their soldiers.

In the mid-land, within those already mentioned, lie Wallaponahoy, it signifies "Fifty holes or vales," which describe the nature of it, being nothing but hills and valleys —Poncipot, signifying "Five hundred soldiers"—Goddaponahoy, signifying "Fifty pieces of dry land"—Hevoihattay, signifying "Sixty soldiers"—Kottemalle—Horsepot [? *Harasia Pattoo*], "Four hundred soldiers"—Tunponahoy [? *Tumpane*], "Three fifties"—Oodanowera, it signifies "The Upper City;" where I lived last, and had land—Yattenowera, "The Lower City," in which stands the royal and chief city Kandy.

These two counties I last named, have the pre-eminence of all the rest in the land. They are most populous and fruitful. The inhabitants thereof are the chief and principal men: insomuch that it is a usual saying among them, that "if they want a king, they may take any man of either of these two counties from the plough, and wash the dirt off

him; and he—by reason of his quality and descent—is fit to be a king." And they have this peculiar privilege; that none may be their Governor, but one born in their own country.

These that follow, lie to the westward. Ooddaboolat—Dollosbage—Hotterakorle, containing four counties—Portaloon—Tunkorle, containing three counties—Kottiaar. Which last, together with Batticalloe and a part of Tunkorle; the Hollander took from the king, during my being there.

There are about ten or twelve more unnamed; next bordering on the coast; which are under the Hollander.

All these Provinces and Counties, excepting six—Tammankadua, Vellas, Panowa, Hotterakorle, Hotkorle, and Nuwerakalawe—lie upon hills, fruitful and well watered: and therefore are they called in one word, Conde Uda; which signifies, "On top of the hills;" and the king is styled, the King of Conde Uda.

All these counties are divided, each from other, by great woods; which none may fell, being preserved for fortifications. In most of them are Watches kept constantly; but in troublesome times, in all.

The land is full of hills, but exceedingly well watered; there being many pure and clear rivers running through them: which falling down about their lands is a very great benefit for the country; in respect to their rice, their chief substance. These rivers are generally very rocky, and so unnavigable. In them are great quantities of fish; and the greater, for want of skill in the people to catch them.

The main river of all is called Mahavilla Ganga; which proceeds out of the mountain called Adam's Peak (of which afterwards). It runs through the whole land northward, and falls into the sea at Trincomalee. It may be an arrow's flight over in breadth; but not navigable, by reason of the many rocks and great falls in it. Towards the sea, it is full of alligators; but among the mountains there are none at all. It is so deep that, except it be mighty dry weather, a man cannot wade over it; unless towards the head of it. They use little canoes to pass over it: but there are no bridges built over it, it being so broad, and the stream in the time of rains—which in this country are very great—runs so high; that they cannot make them; neither if they could,

would it be permitted. For the King careth not to make his country easy to travel in; but desires to keep it intricate. This river runs within a mile or less of the city of Kandy. In some places of it, it is full of rocks; in others, clear for three or four miles.

There is another large river [*Kottemalle Oya*] running through Kottemalle; and falls into that before mentioned. There are divers other brave rivers that water the country; though none navigable, for the cause above said.

The land is generally covered with woods; excepting the kingdom of Oowah, and the counties of Ooddaboolat and Dollosbage, which are, naturally, somewhat clear of them.

It is most populous about the middle; least near about by the sea. How it is with those parts under the Hollander, I know not. The northern parts are somewhat sickly by reason of bad water. The rest are very healthful.

The valleys between their hills are, many of them, quagmires: and most of them full of brave springs of pure water: which watery valleys are the best sort of land for their corn, as requiring much moisture.

On the south side of Conde Uda is a hill, supposed to be highest on the island, called in the Cingalese language Hamalell; but by the Portuguese and the European nations, Adam's Peak. It is sharp like a sugar loaf; and has on the top a flat stone with the print of a foot, like a man's but far bigger, being about two feet long. The people of the land count it meritorious to go and worship this impression: and generally about their new year, which is in March; they—men, women, and children—go up this vast and high mountain to worship.

Out of this mountain arise many fine rivers, which run through the land; some to the westward, some to the southward, and the main river—the Mahavilla Ganga before mentioned—to the northward.

This kingdom of Conde Uda is strongly fortified by nature. For which way soever you enter into it; you must ascend vast and high mountains, and descend little or nothing. The ways are many; but very narrow, so that but one can go abreast. The hills are covered with woods and great rocks, so that it is scarcely possible to get up anywhere, but only in the paths. In all of which, there are Gates made of thorns—the one at the bottom, the other at the top of the

hills—and two or three men always set to watch: who are to examine all that come and go, and see what they carry; that letters may not be conveyed, nor prisoners or other slaves run away. These Watches, in case of opposition, are to call out to the towns near; who are to assist them. They oftentimes have no arms, for they are people of the next towns: but their weapons to stop people, are to charge them in the King's name; which being disobeyed, is so severely punished, that none dare resist. These Watches are but as sentinels to give notice; for in case of war and danger, the King sends commanders and soldiers to lie here.

The one part of this island differs very much from the other, both in respect of the seasons and the soil. For when the westwardly winds [*the S.-W. monsoon*] blow, then it rains on the west side of the island; and that is the season for them to till their grounds: and at the same time, on the east side is very fair and dry weather, and the time of their harvest. On the contrary, when the east winds [*the N.-E. monsoon*] blow, it is tilling time for those that inhabit the east parts, and harvest to those on the west. So harvest is there, in one part or other, all the year long. These rains and this dry weather do part themselves about the middle of the land; as oftentimes I have seen: there being on the one side of a mountain called Cauragas Hing, rainy and wet weather: and as soon as I came on the other side, dry and so exceeding hot, that I could scarcely walk on the ground; being—as the manner there is—barefooted.

It rains far more in the high lands of Conde Uda, than in the low lands beneath the hills. The north end of this island is much subject to dry weather. I have known it, for five or six years together, so dry, having no rain—and there is no other means of water but that; there being but three springs of running water there, that I know or ever heard of—that they could not plough nor sow, and scarcely could dig wells deep enough to get water to drink; and when they got it, its taste was brackish. At which time, in other parts, there wanted not rain: whither the northern people were forced to come and buy food.

Let thus much suffice to have spoken of the countries, soil, and nature of this island in general. I will proceed to speak of the cities and towns in it; together with some other remarkable matters thereunto belonging.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER II.

Concerning the chief cities and towns of this Island.

IN THIS island are several places where, they say formerly stood cities, and which still retain the name; though little or nothing of building be now to be seen: but there are five cities now standing, which are the most eminent, and where the King hath palaces and goods; yet even these—all of them, except that wherein his person is,—are ruined and fallen to decay.

The first is the city of Kandy—so generally called by the Christians, probably from Conde, which in the Cingalese language signifies "hills," for among them it is situated—but by the inhabitants called Hingodagul-newera, as much as to say, "The City of the Cingalese people;" and Mauneur, signifying "The chief or royal city." This is the chief or metropolitical city of the whole island. It is placed in the midst of the island, in the Province of Yattenowera; bravely situated for all conveniences, excellently well watered. The King's palace stands on the east corner of the city, as is customary in this land for the King's palaces to stand. This city is three square, like a triangle, but has no artificial strength about it: unless on the south side, which is the easiest and openest way to it, where they have long since cast up a bank of earth across the valley from one hill to another; which nevertheless is not so steep but that a man may easily go over it anywhere. It may be some twenty feet in height. In every way to come to this city, about two or three miles off from it, are Thorn Gates and Watches to examine all that go and come. It is environed around with hills. The great river [*the Mahavilla Ganga*] coming down from Adam's Peak, runs within less than a mile of it, on the west side.

It has oftentimes been burnt by the Portuguese in their former invasions of this island; together with the King's palace and the temples. Insomuch that the King has been fain to pay them a tribute of three elephants *per annum*. The King left this city, about twenty years ago [i.e. *about* 1660], and never since has come to it. So that it is now quite gone to decay.

A second city is Nellembe Newera, lying in Ooddaboollat, south of Kandy, some twelve miles distant. Unto this, the King retired and here kept his Court, when he forsook Kandy.

Thirdly. The city Alloot Newera, on the north-east of Kandy. Here this King was born. Here also he keeps a great store of corn and salt, &c., against time of war or trouble. This is situated in the country of Bintenne; which land I have never been at, but have taken a view of it from the top of a mountain. It seems to be a smooth land, and not much hilly. The great river [*the Mahavilla Ganga*] runneth through the midst of it. It is all over covered with mighty woods and abundance of deer: but much subject to dry weather and sickness. In these woods are a sort of wild people [*The Veddahs, supposed to be the original race inhabiting Ceylon*] inhabiting.

Fourthly, Badoolla, eastward from Kandy, some two days' journey: the second city in this land. The Portuguese, in time of war, burnt it down to the ground. The palace here is quite ruined: the pagodas only remain in good repair.

This city stands in the kingdom or province of Oowah, which is a country well watered; the land not smooth, neither the hills very high. Wood very scarce, but what they plant about their houses: but great plenty of cattle; their land, void of wood, being the more apt for grazing. If these cattle be carried to any other parts in this island, they will commonly die. The reason whereof no man can tell. Only they conjecture it is occasioned by a kind of small tree or shrub that grows in all countries but in Oowah, the touch or scent of which may be poison to the Oowah cattle, though it is not so to other. The tree hath a pretty physical smell like an apothecary's shop; but no sort of cattle will eat it. In this country grows the best tobacco that is on the land. Rice is more in plenty here than most other things.

The fifth city is Digligy Newera, towards the east of Kandy, lying in the country of Hevahatt: where the King—ever since he was routed from Nellembe, in the rebellion, *Anno* 1664—hath held his Court. The situation of this place is very rocky and mountainous, the land is barren: so that hardly a worse place could be found out in the whole island. Yet the King chose it, partly because it lies about the middle of his kingdom, but chiefly for his safety: having the great

mountain Gauluda behind his palace, unto which he fled for safety in the rebellion—being not only high, but on the top of it lie three towns, and corn fields, whence he may have necessary supplies. And it is so fenced with steep cliffs, rocks, and woods; that a few men here will be able to defend themselves against a great army.

There are, besides these already mentioned, several other ruinous places that do still retain the name of cities; where kings have reigned, though now there are little footsteps remaining of them.

At the north end of this King's dominions is one of these ruinous cities, called Anuradhapoora, where they say ninety kings have reigned; the spirits of whom they hold now to be saints in glory, having merited it by making pagodas, and stone pillars and images to the honour of their gods: whereof there are many yet remaining, which the Cingalese count very meritorious to worship, and the next way to heaven. Near by is a river by which we came, when we made our escape: all along which there is an abundance of hewn stones; some long for pillars, some broad for paving. Over this river, there have been three stone bridges, built upon stone pillars; but now are fallen down; and the country is all desolate, without inhabitants.

At this city of Anuradhapoora is a Watch kept; beyond which are no more people that yield obedience to the King of Kandy. This place is above ninety miles to the northward of the city of Kandy. In these northern parts there are no hills, nor but two or three springs of running water; so that their corn ripeneth with the help of rain.

There is a port in the country of Portaloon, on the west side of this island, whence part of the King's country is supplied with salt and fish: where they have some small trade with the Dutch; who have a fort on the point to prevent boats from coming. But the eastern parts being too far and too hilly, to drive cattle thither for salt; GOD's providence hath provided them a place on the east side, nearer to them, which in their language they called Leawava: where, the eastwardly winds blowing, the sea beats in; and in westerly winds—being then fair weather there—it becomes salt; and that in such abundance, that they have as much as they please to fetch.

This place of Leawava is so contrived by the Providence of the Almighty Creator, that neither the Portuguese nor Dutch, in all the time of their wars, could ever prevent this people from having the benefit of this salt: which is the principal thing that they esteem in time of trouble or war; and most of them do keep by them, a store of salt against such times. It is, as I have heard, environed with hills on the land side, and by sea not convenient for ships to ride: and very sickly—which they do impute to the power of a great god, who dwelleth near by in a town called Cotteragom, standing in the road; to whom all that go to fetch salt, both small and great, must give an offering. The name and power of this god striketh such terror into the Cingalese, that those who otherwise are enemies to this King, and have served both Portuguese and Dutch against him; yet, would never assist to make invasions this way.

Having said thus much concerning the cities and other eminent places of this kingdom; I will now add a little concerning their towns. The best are those that do belong to their idols, wherein stand their *Dewals* or temples. They do not care to make streets by building their houses together in rows, but each man lives by himself in his own plantation; having a hedge, it may be, and a ditch round about him to keep out cattle. Their towns are always placed some distance from the highways: for they care not that their towns should be a thoroughfare for all people; but only for those that have business with them. The towns are not very big: in some may be forty, and in some fifty houses; and in some, above an hundred: and in some again, not above eight or ten.

As I said before of their cities, so I must of their towns; that there are many of them here and there lying desolate: occasioned by their voluntarily forsaking them; which they often do, in case many of them fall sick, and two or three die soon after one another. For this, they conclude to happen from the hand of the devil; whereupon, they all leave their town, and go to another, thinking thereby to avoid him: thus relinquishing both their houses and lands too. Yet afterwards, when they think the devil hath departed the place: some will sometimes come back, and reassume their lands again.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER III.

General character of the Cingalese, with some of their proverbs.

HERE are iron and crystal in great plenty. Saltpetre they can make. Brimstone, some say, is here; but the King will not have it discovered. Steel they can make of their iron. Ebony is in great abundance, with choice of tall and large timber. Cardamoms, jaggory, arrack, oil, black-lead, turmeric, salt, rice, betel nuts, musk, wax, pepper—which grows here very well, and might be had in great plenty, if it had any vent [*sale*]—and the peculiar commodity of the island, cinnamon. Wild cattle also, and wild honey in great plenty in the woods: it lies in holes or hollow trees, free for any that will take the pains to get it. Elephants' teeth. Cotton, of which there is good plenty, growing in their own grounds: sufficient to make them good and strong cloth for their own use, and also to sell to the people of the uplands, where cotton is not so plentiful.

All these things the land affords, and might do it in much greater quantity; if the people were but laborious and industrious. But that, they are not. For the Cingalese are naturally a people given to sloth and laziness. If they can but any ways live, they abhor to work. Only what their necessities force them to do, they do: that is, to get food and raiment.

Yet in this I must a little vindicate them. For what indeed should they do with more than food and raiment; seeing that, as their estates increase, so do their taxes also? And although the people be generally covetous, spending but little, scraping together what they can: yet such is the government they are under; that they are afraid to be known to have anything, lest it be taken away from them. Neither have they any encouragement for their industry, having no vent by traffic and commerce for what they have got.

"I have given pepper, and got ginger." Spoken when a

man makes a bad exchange: and they use it in reference to the Dutch succeeding the Portuguese in their island.

"Pick your teeth, to fill your belly." Spoken of stingy niggardly people.

"To eat before you go forth, is handsome and convenient." Which they therefore ever do.

"As the saying is, If I come to beg buttermilk, why should I hide my pan." Which is ordinarily spoken to introduce the business that one man comes to speak to another about.

"A beggar and a trader cannot be lost." Because they are never out of their way.

"To lend to another, makes him become an enemy." For he will hate you, if you ask him for it again.

"Go not with a slave in one boat." It signifies to have no dealing nor correspondence with any one's slave: for if any damage should happen, it would fall upon your head; and, by their law, you must make it good.

"First look into the hand, afterwards open the mouth." Spoken of a judge; who first must have a bribe, before he will pronounce on their side.

"Take a ploughman from the plough, and wash off his dirt: and he is fit to rule a kingdom." Spoken of the people of Condę Uda, where there are such eminent persons of the "Hondrew" rank: and because of the civility, understanding, and gravity of the poorest men among them.

"Nobody can reproach the King and the beggar." Because the former is above the slander of the people, and nothing can be said bad enough of the latter.

"Like Noya and Polonga." Denoting irreconcilable enemies.

If the Polonga and the Noya meet together, they cease not fighting till one hath killed the other.

The reason and original of this fatal enmity is this; according to a fable among the Cingalese.

These two chanced to meet in a dry season, when water was scarce. The Polonga being almost famished for thirst; asked the Noya, where he might go to find a little water. The Noya, a little before, had met with a bowl of water in which a child lay playing: as it is usual among this people, to wash their children in a bowl of water, and there leave

them, to tumble and play in it. Here the Noya had quenched his thirst, but, as he was drinking, the child that lay in the bowl, out of his innocency and play, hit him on the head, with his hand; which the Noya made no matter of, but bare patiently, knowing it was not done out of any malice, and having drunk as much as sufficed him, went away, without doing the child any harm.

Being minded to direct the Polonga to this bowl, but desirous withal to preserve the child: he told him, "That he knew of water; but he was such a surly hasty creature, that he was fearful to let him know where it was, lest he might do some mischief." Making him therefore promise that he would not: he then told him, that at such a place there was a bowl of water with a child playing in it; and that probably the child might, as he was tumbling, give him a pat on the head—as he had done to him before—but charged him nevertheless, not to hurt the child. Which the Polonga having promised; went his way towards the water, as the Noya had directed him.

The Noya, knowing his touchy disposition, went after him: fearing that he might do the child a mischief; and that thereby he himself might be deprived of the like benefit afterwards. It fell out as he feared. For as the Polonga drank, the child patted him on the head: and he, in his hasty humour, bit him on the hand, and killed him. The Noya seeing this, was resolved to be revenged: and so, reproaching him for his baseness, fought him so long till he killed him; and after that, devoured him. Which to this day they ever do; and always fight, when they meet: and the conqueror eats the body of the vanquished. Hence the proverb.

"He that hath money to give to his judge, needs not fear; be his cause right or wrong." Because of the corruption of the great men, and their greediness for bribes.

"If our fortune [*gerehah*] be bad, what can god do against it?" Reckoning that none of their gods have power to reverse the fate of an ill planet.

"The ague is nothing, but the headache is all." That country is very subject to agues, which do especially afflict the heads of those who have them.

They have certain words of form and civility that they use

upon occasion. When they come to another man's house; he asks them "What they come for?" which is his civility. And they answer, "I come for nothing;" which is their ordinary reply; though they do come for something.

And upon th' [illegible]cy have a fable. A god came down upon earth one day, [illegible]bade all [illegible] creatures come before him; and demanded, "What they would have, and it should be granted them." So all the beasts and other creatures came: and one desired strength, another legs, and another wings, &c.; and it was bestowed on them. Then came the white men. The god asked them, "What they came for?" And they said, "They desired Beauty, Valour, and Riches." It was granted them. At last, came the Cingalese. The god required of them "What they came for?" They answered, "I come for nothing." Then replied he again, "Do you come for nothing: then go away with nothing!" And so they for their compliment, fared worse than all the rest.

I might multiply many more of their proverbial sayings: but let these suffice.

The worst words they use to whites and Christians, is to call them "Beef-eating slaves."

When they travel together, a great many of them, the roads are so narrow that but one can go abreast. And if there be twenty of them, there is but one argument or matter discoursed among them all from the first to the last. And so they go talking along, all together: and every one carrieth his provisions on his back, for his whole journey.

In short. In carriage and behaviour, they are very grave and stately, like unto Portuguese; in understanding, quick and apprehensive; in design, subtle and crafty; in discourse, courteous but full of flatteries; naturally inclined to temperance both in meat and drink, but not to chastity; near and provident in their families, commending good husbandry. In their dispositions, not passionate; neither hard to be reconciled again when angry. In their promises, very unfaithful; approving lying in themselves, but misliking it in others: delighting in sloth, deferring labour till urgent necessity constrain them. Neat in apparel, nice in eating, and not given to much sleep.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER IV.

The Thorn Gates.



HERE are constant Watches set in convenient places in all parts of the country, and Thorn Gates: but in time of danger, besides the Watches in all towns, they are in all places and at every cross road, exceedingly thick: so that it is not possible for any to pass unobserved.

These Thorn Gates which I here mention, and have done before, are made of a sort of thorn bush or thorn tree; each stick or branch whereof thrusts out on all sides round about, sharp prickles like iron nails, of three or four inches long. One of these very thorns, I have lately seen in the Repository at Gresham College. These sticks or branches being as big as a good cane, are plaited one very close to another, and so being fastened or tied to three or four upright spars, are made in the fashion of a door.

This is hung upon a door case some ten or twelve feet high (so that they may, and do ride through upon elephants) made of three pieces of timber like a gallows, after this manner ⊓: the thorn door hanging upon the transverse piece like a shop window. So they lift it up or clap it down; as there is occasion: and tie it with rope to a cross bar.

But especially in all roads and passes from the city [*Digligy*] where the King now inhabits, are very strict Watches set: which will suffer none to pass, not having a passport; which is the print of a seal in clay.

It is given at the Court to them that have license to go through the Watches. The seals are different, according to the profession of the party. As to a soldier, the print of a man with a pike on his shoulder; or, to a labourer, of a man with two bags hanging at each end of a pole upon his shoulder; which is the manner they commonly carry their loads: and to a white man, the passport is the print of a man with a sword by his side and his hat on his head. And as many men as there are in the company; so many prints there must be in the clay.

There is not half the examination for those that come into the city, as for those that go out; whom they usually search to see what they carry with them.

NINETEEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY

IN THE KINGDOM OF CONDE UDA.

BY

Captain ROBERT KNOX.

CHAPTER I.

Of the reason of our going to Ceylon, and detainment there.



N THIS fourth and last part, I purpose to speak concerning our captivity in this island; and during which, in what condition the English have lived there; and the eminent providence of GOD in my escape thence: together with other matters relating to the Dutch and other European nations that dwell, and are kept there. All which will afford so much variety and new matter, that I doubt not but the readers will be entertained with as much delight in perusing these things, as in any else that have been already related.

I begin with the unhappy occasion of our going to this country.

Anno 1657, the *Anne* frigate of London, Captain ROBERT KNOX Commander, on the 21st day of January; set sail out of the Downs in the service of the Honourable the English East India Company, bound for Fort St. George [*Madras*] on the coast of Coromandel, to trade one year from port to port in India. Which we having performed, as we were lading goods to return for England, being on the road

of Malipatam, on the 19th of November, 1659, there happened such a mighty storm, that in it several ships were cast away: and we were forced to cut our mainmast by the board; which so disabled the ship that she could not proceed in her voyage. Whereupon Kottiaar in the island of Ceylon, being a very commodious bay, fit for our present distress; THOMAS CHAMBERS, Esq., since Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, the Agent at Fort St. George, ordered that the ship should take in some cloth, and go to Kottiaar Bay [i.e. *the Bay of Trincomalee*], there to trade; while she lay, to set her mast. Where being arrived, according to the appointment of those Indian merchants of Porto Nova we carried with us, they were put ashore; and we minded our business to set another mainmast, and repair our other damages that we had sustained by the late storm.

At our first coming hither, we were shy and jealous of the people of the place; by reason our nation never had any commerce or dealing with them. But now having been there some twenty days, and going ashore and coming on board at our pleasure, without any molestation; the Governor of the place also telling us that we were welcome, as we seemed to ourselves to be: we began to lay aside all suspicious thoughts of the people dwelling thereabouts, who had very kindly entertained us for our money with such provisions and refreshings as those parts afforded.

By this time, the King of the country had notice of our being there, and, as I suppose, grew suspicious of us; not having all that while by any message, made him acquainted with our intent and purpose in coming. Thereupon he despatched down a *Dissauva* or general with his army to us. Who immediately sent a messenger on board to acquaint the Captain with his coming and desired him to come ashore to him; pretending to have a letter to him from the King. We saluted the message with the firing of guns, and my father the Captain, ordered me with Master JOHN LOVELAND, merchant [*supercargo*] of the ship, to go on shore and wait upon him.

When we were come before him; he demanded "Who we were?" and "How long we should stay?" We told him, "We were English," and "Not to stay above twenty or thirty days:" and desired permission to trade in his Majesty's port. His answer was, "The King was glad to hear that the

English were come to his country, and had commanded him to assist us as we should desire; and had sent a letter to be delivered to none but to the Captain himself."

We were then some twelve miles from the seaside. Our reply was, "That the Captain could not leave his ship to come so far; but if he pleased to come down to the seaside himself, the Captain would immediately wait upon him to receive the letter." Upon which, the Dissauva desired us to stay that day; and on the morrow, he would go down with us: which being a small request; we, unwilling to displease him, consented to.

The same day at evening, the Dissauva sent two of his chief captains to the house where we lay, to tell us "That he was sending a present to the Captain, and if we pleased we might send a letter to him: that he would send the present in the night; and himself, with us, follow the next morning." At which, we began to suspect, and accordingly concluded to write and advise the Captain not to adventure himself nor any other on shore, till he saw us. We having written a letter to this purpose, they took it and went away; but never delivered it.

The next morning, the present (which was cattle, fruit, &c.) was brought to the seaside and delivered to the Captain; the messengers telling him withal, that we were upon the way coming down with the Dissauva, who desired his company on shore, against his coming; having a letter from the King to deliver into his own hand. Hereupon the Captain mistrusting nothing, came up with his boat into a small river; and being come ashore, sat down under a tamarind tree,* waiting for the Dissauva and us. In which time, the native soldiers privately surrounded him and his men having no arms with them: and so he was seized on, and seven men with him; yet without any violence or plundering them of

* Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K.C.G., in a tour through the northern forests of Ceylon in February 1848, thus—

"At Cottiar, . . . we halted by the identical tamarind tree, under which, two centuries before, Captain ROBERT KNOX—the gentlest of historians, and the meekest of captives—was betrayed by the Kandyans; and thence carried into their hills: to be detained an inoffensive prisoner, from boyhood to grey hairs. But to that captivity, we are indebted for the most faithful and life-like portraiture that was ever drawn of a semi-civilised, but remarkable people."—*Ceylon*. ii. 478. *Ed.* 1859.

anything. And then they brought them up unto us, carrying the Captain in a hammock upon their shoulders.

The next day after, the long boat's crew not knowing what had happened, came ashore to cut a tree to make cheeks for the mainmast; and were made prisoners after the same manner, though with more violence. For they being rough and making resistance, were bound with withes; and so were led away till they came where the people got ropes. Which when our men saw brought to them, they were not a little affrighted; for being already bound, they concluded there could be no other use for those ropes but to hang them. But the true use of them was to bind them faster, fearing lest the withes might break; and so they were brought up farther into the country; but afterwards being become more tame, they were loosed. They would not adventure to bring them to us, but quartered them in another house, though in the same town: where without leave, we could not see one another. The house where they kept the Captain and us, was all hanged with white calico; which is the greatest honour they can show to any: but the house wherein the other men were, that were brought up after us, was not. They gave us also as good entertainment as the country afforded.

Having thus taken both our boats and eighteen men of us; their next care was, fearing lest the ship should be gone, to secure her. Therefore to bring this about, the Dissauva told the Captain that the reason of this their detainment was that the King intended to send letters and a present to the English nation by him; and therefore that the ship must not go away till the King was ready to send his messenger and message: and thereupon desired the Captain to send on board to order her stay, and—it being not safe for her to ride in the bay, lest the Dutch might come and fire her—that he should take order for her bringing up into the river. Which advice of his, the Captain approved not of; but concealing his dislike to it, replied "that unless he could send two of his own men on board with his letter and order, those in the ship would not obey him, but speedily would be gone with the ship." Which he, rather than he would run the hazard of the ship's departing, granted: imagining that the Captain would order the ship to be brought up into the river, as he had advised; though the Captain intended to make another use of this message.

Upon which, the Captain sent two of his men, some Indians accompanying them, in a canoe to the ship; the Captain ordering them, when they were aboard not to abuse the Indians, but to entertain them very kindly: and afterwards that, setting them ashore, they should keep the canoe to themselves, instead of our two boats which they had gotten from us; and to secure the ship, and wait till further orders.

These two men stayed on board, and came not back again. This, together with the ship's not coming up, displeased the Dissauva; and he demanded of the Captain the reason thereof. His answer was, "That being detained on shore, the men on board would not obey his command."

Upon this, some days after, the Dissauva bid the Captain send his son with orders to those aboard that the ship might be brought into the river; but provided that he would be security for my return: which he promised he would. His order to me was, "to see the top chains put upon the cables, and the guns shotted [*loaded*]; and to tell Master JOHN BURFORD Chief Mate, and all the rest, as they valued their lives and liberties, to keep a watch; and not to suffer any boat to come near, after it was dark: and charged me upon his blessing, and as I should answer it at the Great Day, not to leave him in this condition; but to return to him again." Upon which I solemnly vowed, according to my duty, to be his obedient son.

So, having seen all done according to his appointment, I wrote a letter in the name of the company to clear my father and myself, to this effect, "That they would not obey the Captain, nor any other in this matter; but were resolved to stand upon their own defence." To which they all set their hands. Which done, according to my promise and duty, I returned again; and delivered the letter to the Dissauva, who was thereby answered: and afterwards urged the Captain no more in that matter, but gave him leave at his pleasure to write for what he pleased to have brought to him from the ship; still pretending the King's order to release us was not yet, but would suddenly come.

And so we remained expecting it, about two months; being entertained, as formerly, with the best diet and accommodation of the country.

Having continued thus long in suspense, and the time and the year spending [*passing away*] for the ship to proceed on her voyage to some other place; and our condition being, as we feared and afterwards found to be, the beginning of a sad captivity: the Captain sent orders to Master JOHN BURFORD to take the charge of the ship upon him, and to set sail for Porto Nova, whence we came; and there to follow the [Madras] Agent's order.

If any inquire what became of the cloth of our lading, which we brought thither; they only took an account to see what it was, and so left it where and as it was before: and there it remained until both house and goods rotted away, as the people of the same town informed me afterwards.

I impute the main reason of our surprise to our neglect, viz., in not sending a letter and present to the King at our first coming: who looking upon himself as a great monarch, as he is indeed, requires to be treated with suitable state.

Thus were sixteen of us left to the mercy of those barbarians: the names of which are as follows. The Captain, Master JOHN LOVELAND, JOHN GREGORY, CHARLES BEARD, ROGER GOLD, STEPHEN RUTLAND, NICHOLAS MULLINS, FRANCIS CRUTCH, JOHN BERRY, RALPH KNIGHT, PETER WINN, WILLIAM HUBBARD, ANTONY EMERY, RICHARD VARNHAM, GEORGE SMITH, and myself. Though our hearts were very heavy, seeing ourselves betrayed into so sad a condition, to be forced to dwell among those that knew not GOD nor His laws: yet so great was the mercy of our gracious GOD, that He gave us favour in the sight of this people: insomuch that we lived far better than we could have expected, being prisoners or rather captives in the hands of the heathen; from whom we could have looked for nothing but very severe usage.

The ship being gone, the King sent to call the Dissauva speedily to him; who, upon this order, immediately marched away with his army; leaving us where we were. But concerning us, there was no order at all.

CHAPTER II.

How we were carried up into the country, and disposed of there: and of the sickness, sorrow and death of the Captain.

THE Dissauva with his men, being gone; the people of the town were appointed to guard and secure us until further orders. But they carried us some six miles higher into the country; and would not yet adventure to bring the long boat's crew unto us, but kept them by themselves in another town: fearing lest we might make an escape; as certainly we would have attempted it, had they not removed us.

There was a small Moor's vessel, which lay in the river; which they had seized on about this time, as we supposed they would have done by our ship, if they could have caught her there. This vessel had some forty men belonging to her; who were not made prisoners as we were, but yet lay in the same town. With those, we had concluded that they should furnish us with arms: and, in the night, all together to march down and get on board their vessel; and so make our escape. But being prevented in this design by our departure, we were fain to lie at their mercy.

In our new quarters, our entertainment proved as good as formerly: and indeed there was this to mitigate our misery; that the people were courteous to us, and seemed to pity us. For there is a great difference between the people inhabiting the high lands or mountains of Kandy, and those of the low lands where we now were placed; who are of a kinder nature by far, than the other. For these countries beneath the mountains formerly were in subjection to the Portuguese; whereby they have been exercised and acquainted with the customs and manners of Christian people: which pleasing them far better than their own, have begot and bred in them a kind of love and affection towards strangers; being apt to show pity and compassion on them in their distress. And

you shall hear them oftentimes upbraiding the highlanders for their insolent and rude behaviour.

It was a very sad condition whilst we were all together; yet hitherto each other's company lessened our sufferings, and was some comfort, that we might condole one another. But now it came to pass that we must be separated and placed asunder, one in a village; where we could have none to confer withal or look upon, but the horrible black faces of our heathen enemies, and not understand one word of their language neither. This was a great addition to our grief. Yet GOD was so merciful to us, as not to suffer them to part my fr[illegible]r and I.

For it was some sixteen days after our last remove, the King was pleased to send a captain with soldiers to bring us up into the country; who brought us and the other men taken in the long boat together: which was a heavy meeting; being then, as we well saw, to be carried captives into the mountains. That night we supped together; and the next morning changed our condition into real captivity. Howbeit they gave us many comfortable promises, which we believed not; as "That the King's intent was not to keep us any longer than till another ship came to carry us away." Although we had but very little to carry, GOD knows; yet they appointed men to carry the clothes that belonged to the Captain and Officers. We still expected they would plunder us of our clothes, having nothing else to be plundered of: but the Cingalese captain told us, that the King had given order that none should take the value of a thread from us; which, indeed they did not.

As they brought us up, they were very tender of us; as not to tire us with travelling, bidding us go no faster than we would ourselves. This kindness did somewhat comfort us. The way was plain and easy to travel, through great woods, so that we walked as in an arbour; but desolate of inhabitants: so that for four or five nights we lay on the ground, with boughs of trees only over our heads. And of victuals, twice a day they gave us as much as we could eat; that is, of rice, salt fish, dried flesh: and sometimes they would shoot deer, and find honey in the trees; a good part of which they always brought unto us. And drink we could not want; there being rivers and puddles full of water, as we travelled along.

But when we came out of the woods amongst inhabitants, and were led into their towns; they brought us victuals ready dressed after their fashion, viz.: rice boiled in water, and three other sorts of all, whereof one was flesh and the other two herbs or such like things that grow in their country; and all kinds of ripe fruit: which we liked very well and fed heartily upon. Our entertainment all along was at the charge of the country, so we fed like soldiers upon free quarters. Yet I think we gave them good content for all the charge we put them to; which was to have the satisfaction of seeing us eat, sitting on mats upon the ground in their yards to the public view of all beholders: who greatly admired us; having never seen, nor scarce heard of Englishmen before. It was also great entertainment to them to observe our manner of eating with spoons, which some of us had; and that we could not take the rice up in our hands and put it to our mouths without spilling, as they do; nor gaped and poured the water into our mouths out of pots, according to their country's fashion. Thus at every town where we came; they used both young and old in great companies, to stare upon us.

Being thus brought up altogether somewhat near to the city of Kandy; now came an order from the King to separate us, and to place us one in a town. Which then seemed to us to be very hard; but it was for the convenience of getting food, being quartered upon the country at their charge.

The Captain, Master JOHN LOVELAND, myself and JOHN GREGORY were parted from the rest, and brought nearer to the city; to be ready when the King should send for us: all the rest were placed one in a town, according to the aforesaid order. Special command also was given from the King that we all should be well entertained; and according to the country's fare, we had no cause to complain. We four were thus kept together some two months, faring well all the while.

But the King minding us not, order came from the great men in court to place us in towns, as the rest were; only my father and I were still permitted to be together: and a great charge given to use us well. And indeed twice a day, we had brought unto us as good fare as the country afforded. All the rest had not their provisions brought to them, as we

had; but went to eat from house to house, each house taking its turn.

On the 16th of September 1660, my father and I were placed in a town called Bonda[n]y Coswat. The situation was very pleasing and commodious, lying about thirty miles to the northward of the city of Kandy, in the country called Hotkorle [? *Hewarrisse Korle*], and distant from the rest of our people a full day's journey. We were removed hither from another town nearer to the city of Kandy, where the nobles at Court supposing that the King would call for us, had placed us to have us ready.

Being thus brought to Bonder Coswat; the people put it to our choice, which house we would have to reside in. The country being hot, and their houses dark and dirty; my father chose an open house; having only a roof, but no walls: wherein they placed a cot or bedstead with a mat only upon it for him, which in their account is an extraordinary lodging; and for me, a mat on the ground.

Money at that time was very low with us. For although we wanted not for opportunity to send for what we would have brought unto us from the ship; yet fearing we should be plundered of it, we sent not for anything save a pillow for my father. For we held it a point without dispute, that they that made prisoners of our bodies would not spare to take our goods: my father also alleging that he had rather his children at home should enjoy them.

But to make amends for that; we had our provisions brought us without money, and that twice a day, so much as we could eat and as good as their country yielded. To wit, a pot of good rice, and three dishes of such things as with them are accounted good cheer; one always either flesh, fish or eggs, but not overmuch of this dish; the other dishes, herbs, pumpkins or such like, one of which was always made sour.

The first year that we were brought to this town; this part of the land was extraordinarily sickly with agues and fevers, whereof many people died: insomuch that many times we were forced to remain an hungry; there being none well enough either to boil or bring victuals unto us.

We had with us a *Practice of Piety*, and Master ROGER'S *Seven Treatises* called *The Practice of Christianity*. With which

companions we did frequently discourse; and in the cool of the evening walked abroad in the field for a refreshing, being tired with being all day in our house or prison.

This course lasted until GOD was pleased to visit us both with the country's sickness, ague and fever. The sight of my father's misery was far more grievous unto me than the sense of my own; that I must be a spectator of his affliction, and not in any way able to help him. And the sight of me so far augmented his grief, that he would often say "What have I done, when I charged you to come ashore to me again? Your dutifulness to me hath brought you to be a captive. I am old and cannot long hold out, but you may live to see many days of sorrow; if the mercy of GOD do not prevent it. But my prayers to GOD for you shall not be wanting; that for this cause, he would visit you with his mercy and bestow on you a blessing."

My father's ague lasted not long; but deep grief daily more and more increased upon him; which so overwhelmed even his very heart, that with many a bitter sigh, he used to utter these words, "These many years, even from my youth, have I used the seas; in which time the Lord GOD hath delivered me from a multitude of dangers"—rehearsing to me what great dangers he had been in in the Straits of Gibraltar by the Turks and by other enemies, and also in many other places too large here to insert; and always how merciful GOD was to him in delivering him out of them all—"so that he never knew what it was to be in the hands of an enemy: but now, in his old age, when his head was grown grey, to be a captive to the heathen, and to leave his bones in the eastern parts of the world: when it was his hope and intention, if GOD had permitted him to finish this voyage, to spend and end the residue of his days at home with his children in his native country; and so to settle me in the ship in his stead. The thoughts of these things did even break his heart."

Upwards of three months, my father lay in this manner upon his bed; having only under him a mat and the carpet he sat upon in the boat when he came ashore, and a small quilt I had to cover him withal. And I had only a mat upon the ground, and a pillow to lay on; and nothing to cover me but the clothes on my back: but when I was cold and that

my ague came upon me, I used to make a fire; wood costing nothing but the fetching.

We had a black boy [*? a Madrassee*] that my father brought from Porto Nova to attend upon him: who seeing his master to be a prisoner in the hands of the people of his complexion, would not now obey his command further than what agreed unto his own humour: neither was it then, as we thought, in our power to compel or make him; but that was our ignorance.

As for me, my ague now came to a settled course, that is, once in three days, and so continued for sixteen months' time.

There appearing now to us no probability, whereupon to build any hopes of liberty: the sense of it struck my father into such an agony and strong passion of grief that once, I well remember, in nine days' time nothing came into his mouth but cold water; neither did he in three months together, ever rise up out of his bed but when the course of nature required it: always groaning and sighing in a most piteous manner, which for me to hear and see come from my dear father, myself also in the same condition, did almost break my heart. But then I felt that doctrine most true, which I had read out of Master ROGERS's book, "That GOD is most sweet when the world is most bitter."

In this manner my father lay until the 9th of February 1661: by which time he was consumed to an anatomy [*reduced to a skeleton*], having nothing left but skin to cover his bones. Yet he would often say, "that the very sound of liberty would so revive him, that it would put strength into his limbs." But it was not the will of Him, to whom we say "Thy will be done" to have it so.

The evening before his death, he called me to come near his bedside, and to sit down by him; at which time I had also a strong fever upon me. This done, he told me, "That he sensibly felt his life departing from him, and was assured that this night GOD would deliver him out of his captivity: and that he never thought, in all his lifetime, that death could be so easy and welcome to any man as GOD had made it to be to him, and the joys he now felt in himself he wanted utterance to express to me." He told me "These were the last words that ever he should speak to me, and bade me well to regard and to be sure to remember them, and tell them to my

brother and sister, if it pleased GOD, as he hoped it would, to bring us together in England, where I should find all things settled to my contentation:" relating unto me after what manner he had settled his estate by letters, which he sent from Kottiaar.

"In the first place, and above all; he charged me to serve GOD, and with a circumspect care to walk in His ways; and then," he said, "GOD would bless me and prosper me." And next, he bade me, "have a care of my brother and sister." And lastly, he gave me "a special charge to beware of strong drink and lewd company; which, as by experience many had found, would change me into another man, so that I should not be myself." "It deeply grieved him," he said, "to see me in captivity in the prime of my years, and so much the more because I had chosen rather to suffer captivity with him than to disobey his command; which now he was heartily sorry for, that he had so commanded me: but bade me not repent of obeying the command of my father, seeing for this very thing," he said, "GOD would bless me," and bade me "be assured of it, which he doubted not of, namely, that GOD Almighty would deliver me." Which, at that time, I could not tell how to conceive of, seeing but little sign of any such matter. But blessed be the Name of my most precious GOD, who hath so bountifully sustained me ever since in the land of my captivity, and preserved me alike to see my deceased father's word fulfilled! And truly I was so far from repenting that I had obeyed the command of my father, and performed the oath and promise I made unto him upon it; that it rather rejoiced me to see that GOD had given me so much grace.

But though it was a trouble to him, that by his means, I was thus made a captive; yet "it was a great comfort to him," he said, "to have his own son sit by him on his death-bed, and by his hands to be buried; whereas otherwise he could expect no other but to be eaten by dogs or wild beasts." Then he gave me order concerning his burial, "That having no winding sheet, I should pull his shirt over his head and slip his breeches over his feet, and so wrap him up in the mat he laid upon." And then he ceased speaking, and fell into a slumber. This was about eight or nine o'clock in the evening: and about two or three in the morning he gave up

the ghost, February 9th 1660; being very sensible unto the very instant of his departure.

According to his own appointment; with my own hands, I wrapped him up ready for the grave: myself being very sick and weak; and, as I thought, ready to follow after him.

Having none but the black boy, I bade him ask the people of the town for help to carry my father to the grave; because I could not understand their language: who immediately brought forth a great rope they used to tie their cattle withal, therewith to drag him by the neck into the woods; saying "that they could afford me no other help, unless I would pay for it." This insolency of the heathen grieved me much to see; neither could I, with the boy alone, do what was necessary for his burial, though we had been able to carry the corpse: having not wherewithal to dig a grave, and the ground being very dry and hard. Yet it was some comfort to me, that I had so much ability as to hire one to help; which at first I would not have spared to have done, had I known their meaning.

By this means, I thank God, in so decent a manner as our present condition would permit, I laid my father's body in the grave; most of which I digged with my own hands: the place being in a wood on the north side of a corn field, where heretofore we had used often to walk, going up to Handapoul [? *Handepoli*]. That division, as I have said, being called Bonder Coswat, because formerly it had belonged to the revenues or jointure of the Queen: *Bonder* implying something relating to the King. It lies towards the north-west of the middle of the island, in the county of Hotkorle.

Thus was I left desolate, sick, and in captivity; having no earthly comforter; none but only He who looks down from heaven to hear the groaning of the prisoners; and to show himself a Father to the fatherless, and a present help to them that have no helper.

The news of my father's death being carried to Court; presently two messengers were sent from thence to see me, and to know of me how and in what manner my father died; and what he had left? Which was a gold ring, a pagoda [= 6*s. in present value*], some two or three dollars, and a few old clothes; GOD knows but a very little: yet it scared me not a little, fearing they would take it away from me, and

my wan· being so great: but they had no such order or intent. But the chief occasion of their coming was to renew the former order unto the people of that town: that they should be kind to me; and give me good victuals, lest I might die also, as my father had done. So for a while I had better entertainment than formerly.

CHAPTER III.

How I lived after my father's death: and of the condition of the rest of the English, and how it fared with them. And of our interview.



STILL remained where I was before; having none but the black boy and my ague to bear me company. Never found I more pleasure in reading, meditating and praying than now: for there was nothing else could administer to me any comfort; neither had I any other business to be occupied about. I had read my two books so often over, that I had them almost by heart. For my custom was after dinner, to take a book and go into the fields and sit under a tree; reading and meditating until evening: except the day when my ague came, for then I could scarce hold up my head. Often have I prayed as ELIJAH under the juniper tree, that GOD would take away my life; for it was a burden to me.

At length it pleased GOD that my ague began to be a little moderate; and so, by degrees, it wore away: after it had held me sixteen months.

Provisions falling short with me, though rice, I thank GOD, I never wanted, and money also growing low: as well to help out a meal as for recreation; sometimes I went with an angle to catch small fish in the brooks, the aforesaid boy being with me.

It chanced, as I was fishing, an old man passed by; and seeing me, asked of my boy, "if I could read in a book?" He answered "Yes." "The reason I ask," said the old man, "is because I have one I got when the Portuguese lost Colombo; and if your master please to buy it, I will sell it him." Which when I heard of, I bade my boy go to his house with him, which was not far off, and bring it to me to see it; making no great account of the matter, supposing it might be some Portuguese book.

The boy having formerly served the English, knew the

book; and as soon as he had got it in his hand, came running with it, calling out to me "It is a Bible." It startled me to hear him mention the name of a "Bible:" for I neither had one, nor scarcely could ever think to see one. Upon which, I flung down my angle, and went to meet him. The first place the book opened in, after I took it in my hand, was the sixteenth chapter of the Acts, and the first place my eye pitched on, was the 30th and 31st verses, where the gaoler asked St. PAUL "What must I do to be saved? And he answered saying, Believe in the Lord JESUS CHRIST, and thou shalt be saved and thine house."

The sight of this book so rejoiced me, and affrighted me together; that I cannot say which passion was greater, the Joy for that I had got sight of a Bible, or the Fear that I had not enough to buy it, having then but one pagoda in the world: which I willingly would have given for it, but my boy dissuaded me from giving so much, alleging my necessity for money many other ways, and undertaking to procure the book for a far meaner price; provided I would seem to slight it in the sight of the old man. This counsel after I considered, I approved of, my urgent necessities earnestly craving, and my ability being but very small to relieve the same: and however, I thought, I could give my piece of gold at the last cast, if other means should fail.

I hope the readers will excuse me, that I hold them so long upon this single passage; for it did so affect me then, that I cannot lightly pass it over as often as I think of it, or have occasion to mention it. The sight indeed of this Bible so overjoyed me, as if an angel had spoken to me from heaven. To see that my gracious GOD had prepared such an extraordinary blessing for me, which I did, and ever shall look upon as miraculous: to bring unto me a Bible in my own native language; and that in such a remote part of the world where His name was not so much as known, and where any Englishman was never known to have been before. I looked upon it as somewhat of the same nature with the Ten Commandments He had given the Israelites out of heaven. It being the thing for want whereof I had so often mourned, nay and shed tears too; and than the enjoyment whereof, there could be no greater joy in the world to me.

Upon the sight of it I left off fishing; GOD having brought

a fish to me that I longed for: and now how to get it and enjoy the same, all the powers of my soul were employed. I gave GOD hearty thanks that He had brought it so near me, and most earnestly prayed that He would bestow it on me. Now it being well towards evening, and not having wherewithal to buy it about me, I departed home; telling the old man that in the morning I would send my boy to buy it of him.

All that night I could take no rest for thinking on it, fearing lest I might be disappointed of it. In the morning, as soon as it was day, I sent the boy with a knit cap he had made for me to buy the book, praying in my heart for good success: which it pleased GOD to grant. For that cap purchased it, and the boy brought it to me to my great joy; which did not a little comfort me in all my afflictions.

Having said all this concerning my father and myself, it will now be time to think of the rest of our poor countrymen, and to see what is become of them.

They were carried into the county of Hotterakorle, westward from the city of Kandy; and placed singly according to the King's order aforesaid, some four, some six miles distant one from the other. It was the King's command concerning them that the people should give them victuals, and look after them: so they carried each man from house to house to eat, as their turns came to give them victuals: and where they supped, there they lodged that night. Their bedding was only a mat upon the ground.

They knew not that they were so near to one another a great while, till at length Almighty GOD was pleased by their grief and heaviness to move those heathen to pity and take compassion on them; so that they did bring some of them to one another. Which joy was but abortive, for no sooner did they begin to feel the comfort of one another's company; but immediately their keepers called upon them to go from whence they came, fearing they might consult and run away, although Colombo, the nearest port they could fly to, was above two days' journey from them. But as it is with wild beasts beginning to grow tame, their liberty increaseth; so it happened to our men. So that at length, they might go and see one another at their pleasures; and were less and less watched and regarded: and seeing they did not attempt to

run away; they made no matter of it, if they stayed two or three days one with the other.

They all wondered much to see themselves in this condition, to be kept only to eat; and the people of the country giving it unto them, daily expecting when they would put them to work, which they never did nor dared to do. For the King's order was to feed them well only, and to look after them; until he pleased to send for them.

This, after some time, made the Englishmen change their minds, and not to think themselves slaves any more; but the inhabitants of the land to be their servants, in that they laboured to sustain them: which made them to begin to domineer, and would not be content, unless they had such victuals as pleased them; and oftentimes used to throw the pots victuals and all, at their heads that brought them, which they patiently would bear.

And as they lived here longer, they knew better what privileges they had in belonging unto the King; and being maintained by virtue of his command. And their privileges they made use of to no purpose, as I shall relate an instance or two by and by, and showed their English metal.

Victuals were the only thing allowed to them, but no clothes. By this time the clothes they had were almost worn out. This put them to a study what course to take to procure more, when those on their backs were gone. The readiest way that they could devise was this, that whereas they used to take their victuals brought to them ready dressed, they should now take them raw; and so to pinch somewhat out of their bellies to save to buy clothes for their backs. And so accordingly they concluded to do, and by the favour that GOD gave them in the sight of the people, by alleging the innocency of their cause and the extremity of their present condition, having not the least ability to help or relieve themselves; they consented to give them two measures of rice a day each man, one of which is as much as any man can eat in a day, so that the other was to serve for advance towards clothes. For besides rice, they gave them to eat with it, salt, pepper, limes, herbs, pumpkins, cocoa nuts, flesh (a little): these, and such like things, were their constant fare.

And thus they made a shift to live for some years, until

of them had an insight in knitting caps, by whom all afterwards learned: and it proved to be the chief means and help we all had to relieve our wants. The ordinary price we sold these caps for was ninepence apiece, in value of English money; the thread standing us in about three pence. But at length—we plying hard our new learned trade—caps began to abound, and trading grew dead, so that we could not sell them at the former price; which brought several of our nation to great want.

The English began now to pluck up their hearts; and though they were entered into a new condition, they kept their old spirits: especially considering they were the King's men, and quartered by his special order, upon the people.

When they had obtained to have their allowance raw, if any brought them not their full due, they would go in and plunder their houses of such goods as they found there: and keep them until they came and brought them their complete allowance to redeem their goods back again.

Some of our Englishmen have proceeded further yet. One, for example, went to buy pots of a potter; who, because he [*the potter*] would not let him have them at his own price, fell to a quarrel; in which the Englishman met with some blows: which he complained of to the magistrate, as being a person that belonged unto the King, and therefore claimed better usage. And the magistrate condemned the potter as guilty in lifting up his hand against him; and sent some of his soldiers to bind him, and then bade the Englishman go and content himself by paying him in the same coin again as he had served our countryman, which he did until he was satisfied: and moreover, ordered him to take the pots he came to buy and pay nothing. But the law was not so satisfied neither: for the soldiers lay on many blows besides.

Another time, at a certain feast, as they were drinking and wanting wine, they sent money to buy more; but the seller refused to give it them for their money: which they took so heinously, that they unanimously concluded to go and take it by force. Away they went, each man with a staff in his hand, and entered the house and began to drink: which the people, not liking of, gathered their forces together, and by blows began to resist them. But the Englishmen bravely

behaved themselves, and broke several of their pates: who, with the blood about their ears, went to the city of Kandy to complain to the great men. They demanded of them, "if they had ever sold them wine before." They answered "Yes." They asked them again, "Why then did they refuse to sell to them now?" and that they were well served by the English for denying them drink for their money: and so sent them away, laughing at them. Our men got two or three black and blue blows; but they came home with their bellies full of drink for their pains.

But to return unto myself. It was a full year after my father died, before I had sight of any of my countrymen and fellow prisoners. Then JOHN GREGORY, with much ado, obtained leave to come and see me; which did exceedingly rejoice me. For a great satisfaction it was, both to see a countryman, and also to hear of the welfare of the rest. But he could not be permitted to stay with me above one day. Until then, I knew not punctually [*exactly*] where the rest of my countrymen were: but having heard that they were within a day's journey of me, I never ceased importuning the people of the town where I dwelt, to let me go and see them: which though very loth, yet at last they granted.

Being arrived at the nearest Englishman's house, I was joyfully received; and the next day, he went and called some of the rest of our countrymen that were near. So that there were some seven or eight of us met together.

We gave GOD thanks for His great mercies towards us; being then, as we did confess, in a far better condition than we could have expected. They were now no more like the prisoners I left them: but were become housekeepers and knitters of caps; and had changed their habit from breeches to clouts [*clothes*] like the Cingalese. They entertained me with very good cheer in their houses, beyond what I did expect.

My money, at the same time, being almost gone; and clothes in the same condition: it was high time for me now to take some course in hand to get more. Therefore I took some advice with them about knitting, my boy having skill therein. Likewise they advised me to take my victuals raw wherein they found great profit. For all this while there

being no signs of releasing us, it concerned me now to bethink myself how I should live for the future. For neither had I any more than my countrymen any allowance for clothes, but for victuals only.

Having stayed here some two or three days; we did take leave of one another, hoping to see one another oftener: since we now knew each other's habitations: and I departed to my house, having a keeper with me.

By this time, I began to speak the language of the country, whereby I was enabled the better to speak my mind unto the people that brought me my victuals; which was, henceforth not to boil my rice but to bring it raw, according to the quantity that the other Englishmen had. This occasioned a great deal of disputing and reasoning between us. They alleged "that I was not as they, being the Captain's son and they but his servants: and therefore that it was ordered by the great men at Court that my victuals should be daily brought unto me; whereas they went always from house to house for theirs. Neither was it fitting for me," they said, "to employ myself in such an inferior office as to dress my own meat, being a man that the King had notice of by name; and very suddenly before I should be aware of it, would send for me into his presence; where I should be highly promoted to some place of honour. In the mean time," they told me, as pretending to give me good counsel, "that it was more for my credit and reputation to have my provisions brought unto me ready dressed as they were before."

Although I was yet but a novice in the country, and knew not much of the people; yet plain reason told me that it was not so much for my good and credit that they pleaded, as for their own benefit: wherefore I returned them this answer, "That if, as they said, I was greater in quality than the rest, and so held in their estimation; it would be but reason to demand a greater allowance; whereas I desired no more than the other Englishmen had: and as for the toil and trouble in dressing of it, that would be none to me, for my boy had nothing else to do." And then I alleged several inconveniences in bringing my victuals ready boiled: as first, that it was not dressed according to my diet; and many times not brought in due season, so that I could not eat when I was an hungry; and the last and chief reason was, that I might save a little

to serve my necessity for clothing; and rather than want clothes for my back, I must pinch a little out of my belly; and so both go share and share alike.

And so at length, thanks be to GOD, I obtained, though with much ado, to get two measures of rice per diem for myself, and one for my boy; also cocoa nuts, pumpkins, herbs, limes, and such like enough; besides pepper and salt; and sometimes hens, eggs, or flesh: rice being the main thing they stand upon, for of other things they refuse not to give what they have.

Now having settled all business about my allowance, my next concern was to look after a house more convenient; for my present one was too small to dress my victuals in and sleep in too. Thereabouts was a garden of cocoa-nut trees belonging to the King, and a pleasant situation. This place I made choice of to build me a house in: and discovering my desire to the people; they consented, and came and built it for me. But before it was finished, their occasions called them away; but my boy and I made an end of it, and whitened [*whitewashed*] the walls with lime, according to my own country's fashion. But in doing this, I committed a capital offence: for none may white[wash] their houses with lime, that being peculiar to the royal houses and temples: but, being a stranger, nothing was made of it, because I did it in ignorance. Had it been a native that had so done, it is most probable that it would have cost him his head, or at the least a great fine.

Being settled in my new house, I began to keep hogs and hens; which, by GOD's blessing, throve very well with me, and were a great help unto me. I had also a great benefit by living in this garden. For all the cocoa nuts that fell down, they gave me; which afforded me oil to burn in the lamp, and also to fry my meat in: which oil being new, is but little inferior to this country's butter. Now I learned to knit caps, which skill I quickly attained unto; and, by GOD's blessing upon the same, I obtained great help and relief thereby.

In this manner we all lived: seeing but very little sign that we might build upon, to look for liberty. The chief of our hopes of it was that in process of time, when we were

better acquainted, we might run away: which some of our people attempted to do too soon, before they knew well which way to go, and were taken by the inhabitants. For it is the custom of the Cingalese to suspect all white people they meet travelling in the country to be runaways, and to examine them: and if they cannot give satisfactory answers, they will lay hold of them and carry them back unto the city [of Kandy]; where they will keep them prisoners under a guard of soldiers, in an open house like a barn, with a little victuals sometimes, and sometimes with none at all. Where they have no other remedy to help themselves but begging: and in this condition, they may lie perhaps for their lifetime; being so kept for a spectacle unto the people.

Though the common way whereby the King gratifies such as catch runaways and bring them up [to the city], is not over acceptable. For they are appointed to feed and watch them, until he calls for them to be brought before him; at which time, his promise is bountifully to reward them. But these promises I never knew performed: neither doth he perhaps ever think of it after. For when the King is made acquainted with the matter, the men that have brought up the prisoner are in a manner as bad prisoners themselves; not daring to go home to their houses, without his leave: but there they must remain. After some years' stay, the common manner is for them to give a fee unto the governor of the country, and he will license them to go home; which they must be contented with. instead of the promised reward.



CHAPTER IV.

Concerning some other Englishmen detained in that country.



N the same captivity with ourselves on this island was another company of Englishmen, who were taken about a year and a half before us, viz.: in the year 1658. They were thirteen in number, whose names were as follows, viz.:—Master WILLIAM VASSAL, JOHN MERGINSON, THOMAS MARCH, THOMAS KIRBY, RICHARD JELF, GAMALIEL GARDNER, WILLIAM DAY, THOMAS STAPLETON, HENRY MAN, HUGH SMART, DANIEL HOLSTEIN an Hamburgher, JAMES GONY and HENRY BINGHAM.

The occasion of their seizure was thus. The ship these men belonged to, was the *Persia Merchant*, Captain FRANCIS JOHNSON Commander; which was lost upon the Maldive islands: but they escaped in their boats, and passing along by this land went on shore to recruit and buy provisions; and so were taken. The Cingalese that took them, plundered them of what they had, except their clothes. Yet one of them, JOHN MERGINSON by name, having cunningly hid his money about him, saved it from the heathen: but from his own countrymen he could not; some of them knowing of it, set upon him and robbed him of it. But it did them little good, for the King hearing of it, sent and robbed the robbers.

These men thus seized, were carried up before the King, of whom he demanded, "whether the English had wars with the Hollanders?" They answered, "No." "Or if the English could beat them?" They answered, "They could, and had done it lately." Then he gave order to give them all some clothes; and to Master WILLIAM VASSAL, being the chief of them, a double portion. And out of them, he made choice of two lads, whom afterwards he sent and took into his Court. Their honours and their ends we shall see by and by.

They were all placed in the city of Kandy, and each of

them had a new mat given them to sleep on, and their diet was victuals dressed and brought them, twice a day, from the King's own palace. They had clothes also distributed to them at another time. So that these men had the advantage of us: for we neither had mats nor clothes, nor had the honour of being ever brought into the King's presence.

This civil reception upon their first coming up into the city put the *Persia Merchant* men in hope that the King would give them their liberty. There was at that time an old Portuguese father, Padre VERGONSE by name, living in the city. With him they discoursed concerning the probability of their liberty, and that the favours the King had shown them seemed to be good signs of it: but he told them the plain truth, that it was not customary there to release white men. For saying which, they railed on him; calling him "Popish dog" and "Jesuitical rogue," supposing he spoke as he wished it might be: but afterwards, to their grief, they found it to be true as he told them.

Their entertainment was excellently good according to the poor condition of the country: but they thought it otherwise, very mean; and not according to the King's order. Therefore that the King might be informed how they were abused, each man took the limb of a hen in his hand, and they marched rank and file, in order, through the streets, with it in their hands to the Court; as a sign to the great men, whereby they might see how illy [*badly*] they were served: thinking hereby the King might come to hear of their misusage, and so they might have orders to be fed better afterwards. But this proved sport to the noblemen who knew well the fare of the country: they laughing at their ignorance, to complain where they had so little cause. And indeed afterwards, they themselves laughed at this action of theirs, and were half ashamed of it; when they came to a better understanding of the nature of the country's diet.

Yet notwithstanding, being not used to such short commons of flesh, though they had rice in abundance, and having no money to buy more; they had a desire to kill some cows, that they might eat their bellies full of beef: but made it somewhat a point of conscience, whether it might be lawful or not to take them without leave. Upon which they applied themselves to the old father aforesaid, desiring him to solve

this case of conscience: who was very ready to give them a dispensation; and told them, "that forasmuch as the Cingalese were their enemies and had taken their bodies, it was very lawful for them to satisfy their bodies with their goods." And the better to animate them in this design, he bade them bring him a piece that he might partake with them. So being encouraged by the old father, they went on boldly in their intended business.

Now if you would have an account of the mettle and manfulness of these men, as you have already had a taste of those of ours; take this passage. The Jak fruit the King's officers often gather wheresoever it grows, and give it to the King's elephants; and they may gather it in any man's grounds without the owner's leave, being for the King's use. Now these Englishmen were appointed to dwell in a house that formerly belonged unto a nobleman, whom the King had cut off, and seized upon it. In the ground belonging to this house stood a Jak tree full of fruit. Some of the King's men came thither to gather some to feed the elephants: but although the English had free liberty to gather what they could eat or desire; yet they would permit none but themselves to meddle with them, but took the officers by the shoulders and turned them out of the garden; although there were a great many more fruits than they could tell what to do with. The great men were so civil that notwithstanding this affront, they had no punishment upon them. But the event of this was, that a few days after, they were removed from this house to another where was a garden, but no trees in it. And because they would not allow the King a few, they lost all themselves.

I mentioned before two lads of this company, whom the King chose out for his own service. Their names were HUGH SMART and HENRY MAN. These being taken into his Court, obtained great favour and honour from him, as to be always in his presence, and very often he would kindly and familiarly talk with them, concerning their country, what it afforded, and of their King, and his strength for war.

Till at length HUGH SMART having a desire to hear news concerning England, privately got to the speech of a Dutch Ambassador. Of which the King had notice, but would not

believe it, supposing the information was given him out of envy to his favourite; but commanded privately to watch him, and if he went again to catch him there: which he not being aware of, went again and was caught. At which the King was very angry: for he allows none to come to the speech of Ambassadors; much less one that served in his presence and heard and saw all that passed in Court. Yet the King dealt very favourably with him. For had it been a Cingalese, there is nothing more sure than that he should have died for it; but this Englishman's punishment was only to be sent away, and kept a prisoner in the mountains without chains: and the King ordered him to be well used there; where indeed he lived in better content than in the King's palace. He took a wife there, and had one son by her; and afterwards died by a mischance, which was thus: as he was gathering a Jak from the tree by a crook, it [? *the tree*] fell down upon his side, and bruised him; so that it killed him.

HENRY MAN, the other Englishman, yet remained in favour; and was promoted to be chief over all the King's servants that attended on him in his palace. It happened one day that he broke one of the King's china dishes: which made him so sore afraid, that he fled for sanctuary into a *vehar*, a temple where the chief priests always dwell and hold the consultations. This did not a little displease the King, this act of his supposing him to be of opinion that those priests were able to secure him against the King's displeasure. However he, showing reverence to their order, would not violently fetch him from thence; but sent a kind message to the Englishman, bidding him "not to be afraid for so small a matter as a dish"—and it is probable, had he not added this fault, he might have escaped without punishment —"and that he should come, and act in his place as formerly." At which message, he came forth; and immediately, as the King had given orders, they took hold of him, and bound his arms above the elbows behind; which is their fashion of binding men. In which manner, he lay all that night, being bound so hard that his arms swelled, and the ropes cut through the flesh into the bones. The next day the King commanded a nobleman to loose the ropes off his arms, and to put chains on his legs; and to keep him in his house, and there feed him and cure him. Thus he lay some six months, and was

cured; but had no strength in his arms: and then was taken into his office again, and had as much favour from the King, as before; who seemed much to lament him for his folly, thus to procure his own ruin.

Not long after, he again offended the King; which, as it is reported, was thus. A Portuguese had been sent for to the city [of Kandy] to be employed in the King's service; to which service he had no stomach at all, and was greatly afraid thereof, as he justly might be. For the avoiding thereof, he sends a letter to this English courtier; wherein he entreated him to use his interest to excuse him to the King. The Englishman could not read the letter, it being written in the Portuguese tongue, but gave it to another to read: which when he knew the contents thereof, he thought it not safe for him to meddle in that business, and so concealed the letter. The person to whom the Englishman had given it to read, some time after informed the King thereof. Whereupon both the Portuguese that sent the letter, and the Englishman to whom it was sent, and the third person that read it (because he informed not sooner) were all three, at one time and in one place, torn in pieces by elephants.

After this execution; the King supposing that we might be either discontented in ourselves or discountenanced by the people of the land: sent special orders to all parts where we dwelt, that we should be of good cheer; and not be discouraged, neither abused by the natives.

Thus jealous is the King of letters, and allows none to come or go.

We have seen how dear it cost poor HENRY MAN. Master WILLIAM VASSAL, another of the *Persia Merchant* men, was therefore more wary of some letters he had; and came off better. This man had received several letters, as it was known abroad that he had; which he, fearing lest the King should hear of, thought it most convenient and safe to go to the Court and present them himself; that so he might plead in his own defence to the King. Which he did. He acknowledged to him that he had received letters, and that they came to his hands, a pretty while ago; but withal pretended excuses and reasons to clear himself; as that, "when he received them, he knew not that it was against the law and

manner of the country; and when he did know, he took counsel of a Portuguese priest," who was now dead, "being old and, as he thought, well experienced in the country: but he advised him to defer awhile the carrying them unto the King until a more convenient season. After this, he did attempt," he said, "to bring them unto the King; but could not be permitted to have entrance through the Watches; so that until now, he could not have opportunity to present them."

The King at the hearing thereof, seemed not to be displeased in the least, but bade him read them: which he did in the English language, as they were written; and the King sat very attentive, as if he had understood every word. After they were read, the King gave VASSAL a letter he had intercepted, sent to us from Sir EDWARD WINTER, then Agent at Fort St. George (*Madras*), and asked the news and contents thereof: which Mr. VASSAL informed him of, at large. It was concerning the victory (on 3rd June 1665) we had gained over the Dutch; when OPDAM, Admiral of Holland, was slain; and concerning the number of our ships in that fight: being there specified to be an 150 sail. The King inquired much after the number of guns and men they carried. The number of men, he Master VASSAL) computed to be, one ship with another, about 300 per ship. At which rate, the King demanded of him, how many that was in all? Which Mr. VASSAL went about to cast up in the sand, with his finger: but before he had made his figures, the King had done it by head, and bade him desist; saying it was 45,000.

This news of the Hollanders' overthrow, and the English victory much delighted the King; and he inquired into it very particularly. Then the King pretended that he would send a letter to the English nation, and bade Master VASSAL inform him of a trusty bearer: which he was very forward to do, and named one of the best of those which he had made trial of. One of the great men there present, objected against him; saying, he was insufficient, and asked him if he knew no other. At which, VASSAL suspected their design, which was to learn who had brought those letters: and so framed his answer accordingly, which was, that he knew no other.

There was much other discourse passed between the King and him at this time, in the Portuguese tongue; which, what it was, I could never get out of him, the King having com-

manded him to keep it secret: and he saith, he hath sworn to himself not to divulge it, till he is out of the King's hands. At parting, the King told him that for secrecy, he would send him home privately or otherwise he would have dismissed him with drums and honour: but after this, the King never sent for him again. And the man that he named as fit and able to carry the King's letter, was sent away prisoner to be kept in chains in the country. It is supposed that they concluded him to have been the man that brought VASSAL his letters.

And thus much of the captivity and condition of the *Persia Merchant* men.

CHAPTER V.

Concerning the means that were used for our deliverance: and what happened to us in the rebellion; and how we were settled afterwards.

ALL OF us, in this manner, remained until the year 1664. At which time arrived a letter on our behalf to the King from the Right Worshipful Sir EDWARD WINTER, Governor of Fort George, and Agent there. The Dutch Ambassador also at that time, by a commission from the Governor of Colombo, treated with the King for us. With Sir EDWARD's message the King was much pleased, and with the Dutch Ambassador's mediation so prevailed with; that he promised he would send us away.

Upon this, he commanded us all to be brought to the city of Nillembe. Whither, when we came, we were very joyful, not only upon the hopes of our liberty; but also upon the sight of one another. For several of us had not seen the others, since we were first parted (in 1660). Here also we met with the *Persia Merchant* men; whom, until this time, we had not seen. So that we were (originally) nine and twenty English in all.

Some few days after our arrival at the city, we were all called to Court. At which time, standing all of us in one of the palace courtyards, the nobles by command from the King, came forth and told us, "that it was His Majesty's pleasure to grant unto us our liberty and to send us home to our country; and that we should not any more look upon ourselves as prisoners or detained men." At which, we bowed our heads and thanked His Majesty. They told us moreover, "that the King was intending to send us either with the Dutch Ambassador or by the boat which Sir EDWARD WINTER had sent: and that it was His Majesty's goodwill to grant us our choice." We humbly referred it to His Majesty's pleasure. They answered, "His Majesty could and would do his pleasure, but his will

was to know our minds." After a short consultation we answered, "Since it was his Majesty's pleasure to grant us our choice"—with many thanks and obeisance—"we chose to go with the Dutch Ambassador, fearing the boat's insufficiency." She having, as we were well sensible, laid there a great while. And if we had chosen the boat, the danger of going that way, might have served them for a put off to us; and a plea to detain us still, out of care of us: and again, had we refused the Ambassador's kindness at this time; for the future, if these things succeeded not with us now, we could never have expected any more aid or friendship from that nation. In the next place, they told us, "It was the King's pleasure to let us understand, that all those that were willing to stay and serve His Majesty; should have very great rewards, as towns, money, slaves, and places of honour conferred upon them." Which all in general refused.

Then we were bidden to absent ourselves, while they returned our answers to the King. By and bye, there came an order to call us in, one at a time, when the former promises were repeated to every one of us; of great favours, honours and rewards from the King to those that were willing to stay with him: and after each one had given his answer, he was sent into a corner of the courtyard, and then another called; and so all round, one after another: they inquiring particularly concerning each man's trade and office; handicraftsmen and trumpeters being most desired by the King. We being thus particularly examined again; there was not one of us that was tempted by the King's rewards: but all in general refused the King's honourable employment, choosing rather to go to our native country. By which we purchased the King's displeasure.

After this, they told us, that we must wait at the palace gate daily: it being the King's pleasure that we should make our personal appearance before him. In this manner, we waited many days.

At length happened a thing which he least suspected, viz., a general rebellion of his people against him; who assaulted his palace in the night, but their hearts failed them, daring not to enter the apartment where his person was. For if they had had courage enough, they might have taken him there: for he stayed in his palace until the morning,

and then fled into the mountains and escaped their hands; but more through their cowardliness than his valour.

This rebellion I have related at large in the Second Part [of this book]; whither he that desires to know more of it, may have recourse. Only I shall mention here a few things concerning ourselves, who were gotten [*had got*] into the midst of these broils and combustions; being all of us now waiting upon the King in the city of Nillembe.

We here break off Captain KNOX's narrative, to give his account of this ing, from the Second Part referred to.

A relation of the rebellion made against the King.

IT HAPPENED in the year 1664 A.D. About which time appeared a fearful blazing star [*a comet*]. Just at the instant of the rebellion, the star was right over our heads. And one thing I very much wondered at was, that whereas before this rebellion, the tail stood away towards the westward; from which side the rebellion sprang: the very night after—for I well observed it—the tail turned, and stood away toward the eastward; and by degrees it diminished quite away.

At this time, I say, the people of this land, having been long and sore oppressed by this King's unreasonable and cruel government, had contrived a plot against him: which was to assault the King's Court in the night, and slay him; and to make the Prince his son, king—he being then some twelve or fifteen years of age—who was then with his mother the Queen in the city of Kandy.

At this time the King held his Court in a city called Nillembe: the situation of which is far inferior to that of Kandy; and as far beyond that of Digligy where he now is. Nillembe lieth some fourteen miles southward of the city of Kandy. In the place where this city stands, it is reported by tradition that an hare gave chase after a dog; upon which it was concluded that that place was fortunate: and so indeed it proved to the King. It is environed with hills and woods.

The time appointed to put their design in action was the 21st of December 1664, about twelve in the night. Having got a select company of men—how many I know not well,

but as it is supposed not above 200; neither needed they many here, having so many confederates in the Court—in the dead of the night, they came marching into the city.

The Watch was thought to be of their confederacy: but if he were not; it was not in his power to resist them. Howbeit afterwards, whether he were or not, he was executed for it.

The said men being thus in the city, hastened and came down to the Court; and fell upon the great men [*nobles*] which then lay without the palace upon watch—since which time, by the King's order, they lie always within the palace—for they were well informed beforehand, who were for them and who not. Many who before were not intrusted to know of their design, were killed and wounded: and those that could, seeing the slaughter of others, got in unto the King; who was walled about with a clay wall, thatched. That was all his strength. Yet these people feared to assault him; lying still until the morning.

At which time, the King made way to flee—fearing to stay in his palace—endeavouring to get unto the mountains. He had not with him above fifty persons. There went with him horses; but the ways were so bad, that he could not ride: they were fain to drive an elephant before him, to break the way through the woods; that the King with his followers might pass.

As he fled, they pursued him; but at a great distance, fearing to approach within shot of him: for he wanted not excellent fowling pieces; which are made there. So he got safe upon a mountain called Gauluda, some fifteen miles distant; where many of the inhabitants that were near, resorted to him. Howbeit had the people of the rebel party been resolute—who were the major part and almost of all the land—this hill could not have secured him, but they might have driven him from thence; there being many ways by which they might have ascended.

There is not far from thence, a high and peaked hill called Mondamounour; where there is but one way to get up, and that very steep: at the top are great stones hanging in chains to let fall when need requireth. Had he fled thither, there had been no way to come at him: but he never will adventure to go, where he may be stopped in.

The people having thus driven away the old King, marched away to the city of Kandy, and proclaimed the Prince, king; giving out to us English who were there, that what they had done they had not done rashly, but upon good consideration and with good advice: the King by his evil government having occasioned it; who went about to destroy them and their country—as in keeping Ambassadors, disannulling of trade, detaining all people that came upon his land, killing his subjects and their children, and not suffering them to enjoy nor to see their wives. All this was contrary to reason; and as they were informed, to the government of other countries.

The Prince being young and tender, and having never been out of the palace, nor ever seen any but those that attended on his person; was—as it seemed afterwards—scared to see so many coming and bowing down to him, and telling him that he was King; and that his father was fled into the mountains. Neither did he say or act anything; as not owning the business or else not knowing what to say or do. This much discouraged the rebels, to see they had no more thanks for their pains. And so all things stood until the 25th of December, at which time they intended to march and fall upon the old King.

But in the interim, the King's sister flies away with the Prince from the Court into the country near unto the King: which so amazed the rebels, that they scattered about the money, cloth and plunder which they had taken, and were going to distribute to the strangers to gain their goodwill and assistance; and fled. Others of their company seeing the business was overthrown; to make amends for their former fact, turned and fell on their consorts [*confederates*], killing and taking prisoners all they could. The people were now all up in arms one against another: killing whom they pleased, only saying they were rebels; and taking their goods.

By this time, a great man [*nobleman*] had drawn out his men, and stood in the field: and there turned, and publicly declared for the old King; and so went to catch the rebels that were scattered abroad: who—when he understood that they were all fled, and no whole party or body left to resist him—marched into the city killing all he could catch.

And so all revolted, and came back to the King again: whilst he only lay still upon his mountain. The King needed not to take care to catch or execute the rebels, for they themselves out of their zeal to him and to make amends for what was past; imprisoned and killed all they met, the plunder being their own. This continued for eight or ten days.

Which the King hearing of, commanded to kill no more: but that whom they took, they should imprison until examination was passed: which was not so much to save innocent persons from violence as that he might have the rebels; to torment them and make them confess their confederates. For he spared none that appeared guilty. Some to this day lie chained in prison; being sequestered from all their estates, and beg for their living.

One of the most notable rebels, called AMBOM WELLARAUL; he sent to Colombo to the Dutch to execute; supposing they would invent new tortures for him, beyond what he knew of: but they—instead of executing him—cut off his chains, and entertained him kindly; and there he is still in the city of Colombo, they reserving him for some designs they may hereafter have against that country.

The King could not but be sensible but that it was his rigorous government that had occasioned this rebellion: yet he amended it not in the least; but on the contrary, like to REHOBOAM, added yet more to the people's yoke.

And being thus safely reinstated in his kingdom again: and observing that the life of his son gave encouragement to the rebellion; he resolved to prevent it for the future by taking him away: which upon the next opportunity he did by poisoning him [pretending to send physic to cure him, when he was sick].

But one thing there is, that argues him guilty of imprudence and horrible ingratitude: that most of those that went along with him when he fled, of whose loyalty he had such ample experience, he has since cut off; and that with extreme cruelty too.

In the month of February, 1666; there appeared in this country another comet or stream in the west; the head end under the horizon, much resembling that which was seen in England in December, 1680. The sight of this did much

daunt both King and people: having but a year or two before felt the sad event of a blazing star in this rebellion which I have now related. The King sent men upon the highest mountains in the land to look if they could perceive the head of it: which they could not, it being still under the horizon. This continued visible about the space of one month: and by that time it was so diminished that it could not be seen.

But there were no remarkable passages that ensued upon it.

We now resume our Author's narration.

It was a great and marvellous mercy of Almighty GOD to bring us safe through these dangers; for it so happened all along, that we were in the very midst of them. Before they gave the assault on the King's palace; they were consulting to lay hands on us: fearing lest we might be prejudicial to their business in joining to the help and assistance of the King against them. For though we were but few in comparison; yet the name of white men was somewhat dreadful to them: whereupon, at first, their counsels were to cut us off. But others among them advised, that it would be better to let us alone, "for that we, being ignorant of their designs"—as indeed we were—"and quiet in our several lodgings; could not be provided to hurt or endanger them: but otherwise, if they should lay hands on us, it would certainly come to the King's ears, and alarm him; and then all would be frustrated and overthrown." This, some of their own party have related to us since. These counsels were not given out of any secret goodwill any of them bore to us, as I believe: but proceeded from the overruling hand of GOD, who put those things into their hearts for our safety and preservation.

The people of the city of Nillembe, whence the King fled, ran away also; leaving their houses and goods behind them: where we found good prey and plunder, being permitted to ransack the houses of all such as were fled away with the King.

The rebels having driven away the King, and marching to the city of Kandy to the Prince, carried us along with them; the chief of their party telling us that we should now be of good cheer, for what they had done they had done upon very good advisement; the King's ill-government having given an

occasion to it: who went about to destroy them and their country: and particularly insisted upon such things as might be plausible to strangers, such as keeping the Ambassadors, discouraging trade, detaining of foreigners that came upon his land, besides his cruelties towards themselves that were his natural people. All which, they told us, they had been informed was contrary to the government of other countries; and now so soon as their business was settled, they assured us, they would detain none that were minded to go to their own country.

Being now at Kandy, on Christmas Day, of all the days in the year; they sent to call us to the Court, and gave us some money and clothes first, to make us the more willing to take up arms; which they intended then to deliver unto us, and to go with them upon a design to fall upon the old King in the palace whither he was fled. But in the very interim of time, GOD being merciful unto us; the Prince with his aunt fled: which so amazed and discouraged them, that the money and clothes which they were distributing to us and other strangers, to gain us over to them, they scattered about the courtyard; and fled themselves. And now followed nothing but the cutting of one another's throats, to make themselves appear the more loyal subjects and make amends for their former rebellion.

We, for our parts, little thinking in what danger we were, fell into a scramble among the rest, to get what we could of the money that was strewed about; being then in great necessity and want. For the allowance which formerly we had, was in this disturbance lost; and so we remained without it for some three months; the want of which, this money did help to supply.

Having gotten what we could at the Court, we made our way to get out of the hurly-burly, to our lodgings: intending, as we were strangers and prisoners, neither to meddle nor to make on the one side or the other; being well satisfied, if GOD would but permit us quietly to sit and eat such a Christmas dinner together, as He had prepared for us.

For our parts, we had no other dealings with the rebels, than to desire them to permit us to go to our native country; which liberty they promised we should not want long. But being sent for by them to the Court, we durst not but go;

and they giving us such things as we wanted, we could not refuse to take them. But the day being turned, put us into great fear; doubting how the King would take it at our hands, from whom, we knew, this could not be hid.

Into our houses, we got safely: but no sooner were we there; but immediately we were called again by a great man, who had drawn out his men, and stood in the field. This man, we thought, had been one of the rebels who to secure himself upon this change, had intended to run away down to Colombo to the Dutch; which made us repair to him the more cheerfully, leaving our meat a roasting on the spit: but it proved otherwise. For no sooner had he gotten us unto him, but he proclaimed himself for the old King; and forthwith he and his company, taking us with him, marched away to fight or seize the rebels; but meeting none, went into the city of Kandy and there dismissed us, saying, "he would acquaint the King how willing and ready we were to fight for him, if need had required." Although GOD knows, it was the least of our thoughts and intents: yet GOD brought it to pass for our good. For when the King was informed of what we had received of the rebels: this piece of good service that we had done or rather were supposed to have done, was also told him. At the hearing of which, he himself justified us to be innocent, saying, "Since my absence, who was there that would give them victuals?" and, "It was mere want that made them to take what they did." Thus the words of the King's own mouth acquitted us: and when the sword devoured on every side; yet by the Providence of GOD, not one hair of our heads perished.

The tumults being appeased and the rebellion vanquished; the king was settled in his throne again. And all this happened in five days.

We were now greatly necessitated for food, and wanted some fresh orders from the King's mouth for our future subsistence. So that having no other remedy, we were fain to go and lay in the highway that leads to the city of Kandy a begging: for the people would not let us go any nearer towards the King, as we would have done. There therefore we lay, that the King might come to a knowledge of us; and give command for our allowance again. By which means, we obtained our purpose. For having lain there some

two months, the King was pleased to appoint our quarters in the country as formerly; not mentioning a word of sending us away, as he had made us believe before the rebellion.

Now we were all sent away indeed, not into our own country districts, but into new quarters: which being such as GOD would have to be no better, we were glad it was so well; being sore a weary of lying in this manner. We were all now placed one in a town, as formerly; together with the *Persia Merchant* men also, who hitherto had lived in the city of Kandy, and had their provisions brought them out of the King's palace ready dressed. These were now sent away with us into the country: and as strict charge was given for our good entertainment, as before.

We were thus dispersed about the towns, here one and there another, for the more convenient receiving of our allowance, and for the greater ease of the people. And now we were far better to pass [*in a far better pass*] than heretofore; having the language and being acquainted with the manners and customs of the people; and we had the same proportion of victuals and the like respect as formerly.

And now they fell into employments as they pleased, either husbandry or merchandizing or knitting caps; being altogether free to do what they will themselves, and to go where they will, except running away: and for that end, we were not permitted to go down to the sea; but we might travel all about the country, and no man regarded us. For though the people, some of the first years of our captivity, would scarcely let us go any whither, and had an eye upon us afterwards; yet in process of time, all their suspicions of our going away wore off: especially when several of the English had built them houses; and others had taken them wives, by whom they had children, to the number of eighteen living, when I came away.

Having said all this in general of the English people there, I will now continue a further account of myself.

CHAPTER VI.

A continuation of the Author's particular condition after rebellion. He purchaseth a piece of land.

MY HAP was to be quartered in a country called Handapondoun, lying to the westward of the city of Kandy; which place liked [*pleased*] me very well, being much nearer to the sea than where I dwelt before; which gave me some probable hopes, that in time I might chance to make an escape. But in the mean time, to free myself from the suspicion of the people—who watched me by night, and by day had an eye to all my actions—I went to work, with the help of some of my neighbours to build me another house, upon the bank of a river; and intrenched it round with a ditch, and planted an hedge: and so began to settle myself, and followed my business of knitting, and going about the country a trading; seeming to be very well contented in this condition.

Lying so long at the city of Kandy without allowance, I had spent all to some seven shillings; which served me for a stock to set up again in these new quarters: and—by the blessing of my most gracious GOD, which never failed me in all my undertakings—I soon came to be well furnished with what that country afforded. Insomuch that my neighbours and townsmen no more suspected my running away; but earnestly advised me to marry, saying "it would be an ease and help to me:" knowing that I then dressed my victuals myself; having turned my boy to seek his fortune, when we were at the city of Kandy. They urged also, "that it was not convenient for a young man as I was to live so solitarily alone in a house; and if it should so come to pass that the King should send me hereafter to my country, their manner of marriage," they said, "was not like ours, and I might without any offence, discharge my wife, and go away."

I seemed not altogether to slight their counsel, that they might the less suspect that I had any thoughts of mine own country; but told them, that, "as yet, I was not

sufficiently stocked," and also, "that I would look for one that I could love," though in my heart I never purposed any such matter; but on the contrary, did heartily abhor all thoughts tending that way.

In this place I lived two years and all that time, could not get one likely occasion of running for it; for I thought it better to forbear running too great a hazard, by being over hasty to escape; than to deprive myself of all hopes for the future, when time and experience would be a great help to me.

In the year 1666, the Hollanders came up and built a fort just below me; there being but a ridge of mountains between them and me; but though so near, I could not come to them, a Watch being kept at every passage. The King sent down against them two great commanders with their armies; but being not strong enough to expel them; they lay in these Watches to stop them from coming up higher. The name of this fort was called Arranderre: which although they could not prevent the Dutch from building at that time; yet some years after, when they were not aware, they fell upon it and took it; and brought all the people of it up to Kandy, where those that remained alive were, when I came from thence.

In this country [*county*] of Hotterakorle where the Dutch had built this fort; were four Englishmen placed, whereof I was one. Respecting all of whom, the King immediately upon the news of the Dutch invasion, sent orders to bring up out of the danger of the war into Conde Uda; fearing that which we were intending to do, viz.—to run away.

This invasion happening so unexpectedly, and our remove being so sudden: I was forced to leave behind me that little estate which GOD had given me, being scattered abroad in betel nuts, the great commodity of that country; which I was then in parting from. Much ado I had to get my clothes brought along with me; the enemies, as they called them (but my friends) being so near. And thus I was carried out of this county as poor as I came into it, leaving all the fruits of my labour and industry behind me: which called to my remembrance the words of JOB, "Naked came I into this world, and naked shall I return. GOD gave and GOD hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the LORD."

We all four were brought together up into a town on the top of a mountain, called Lagoondenia: where I and my dear friend

and fellow-prisoner Master JOHN LOVELAND, lived together in one house. For by this time, not many of our people were as we were, that is, single men: but seeing so little hope, despaired of their liberty and had taken wives or bedfellows.

At our first coming into this town, we were very much dismayed: it being one of the most dismal places that I have seen upon that land. It stands alone upon the top of a mountain and no other town near it, and has not above four or five houses in it. And oftentimes into this town, did the King use to send such malefactors as he was minded suddenly to cut off. Upon these accounts, our being brought to this place, could not but scare us; and the more because it was the King's special order and command to place us in this very town.

But this our trouble and dejection, thanks be to GOD! lasted but a day; for the King seemed to apprehend into what a fit of fear and sorrow, this our remove would cast us; and to be sensible, how sadly we must needs take it to change a sweet and pleasant country such as Candapondoun and the country adjacent was, for this most sad and dismal mountain. And therefore the next day came a comfortable message from the King's own mouth, sent by no less a man than he who had the chief power and command over those people, who were appointed to give us our victuals, where we were. This message which, as he said himself, he was ordered by the King to deliver to the people in our hearing, was this, "That they should not think that we were malefactors, that is, such, who having incurred the King's displeasure, were sent to be kept prisoners there; but men whom his Majesty did highly esteem and meant to promote to great honour in his service; and that they should respect us as such, and entertain us accordingly. And if their ability would not reach thereunto, it was the King's order," he said, "to bid them sell their cattle and goods, and when that was done, their wives and children: rather than we should want of our due allowance," which he ordered should be as formerly we used to have: "and if we had not houses thatched and sufficient for us to dwell in," he said, "we should change and take theirs."

This kind order from the King coming so suddenly, did not a little comfort and encourage us: for then we did perceive

the King's purpose and intent in placing us in those remote parts, was not to punish us, but there that we might be his instruments to plague and take revenge of that people; who it seems had plundered the King's palace in the time of the late rebellion, when he left it and fled, for this town lies near unto the same [i.e. *Nillembe*]. And their office lying about the Court, they had the fairer opportunity of plundering it: for the service they have to perform to the King is to carry his palanquin, when he pleaseth to ride therein; and also to bring milk every morning to the Court, they being keepers of the King's cattle.

In this town we remained some three years, by which time we were grown quite weary of the place; and the place and people also grown weary of us, who were but troublesome guests to them; for having such great authority given us over them, we would not lose it; and being four of us in call one of another, we would not permit or suffer them to domineer over us. Being thus tired with one another's company, and the King's order being of an old date, we used all the means we could to clear ourselves of one another; often repairing unto the Court to seek to obtain a license that we might be removed and placed anywhere else; but there was none that durst grant it, because it was the King's peculiar command and special appointment that we must abide in that very town.

During the time of our stay here, we had our victuals brought us in good order and due season, the inhabitants having such a charge given them by their Governor, and he from the King; durst not do otherwise: so that we had but little to do; only to dress and eat, and sit down to knit.

I had used the utmost of my skill and endeavour to get a license to go down to my former quarters, all things being now pretty well settled; hoping that I might recover some of my old debts: but by no means could I obtain it. The denial of so reasonable a desire, put me upon taking leave. I was well acquainted with the way, but yet I hired a man to go with me; without which I could not get through the Watches: for although I was the master and he the man; yet when we came into the Watches; he was the keeper and I the prisoner. And by this means we passed without being suspected.

Being come into my old quarters, by pretending that this man was sent down from the magistrate to see that my debts and demands might be duly paid and discharged, I chanced to recover some of them; and the rest I gave over for lost: for I never more looked after them. And so I began the world anew; and, by the blessing of GOD, was again pretty well recruited, before I left this town.

In the time of my residence here [at Lagoondenia], I chanced to hear of a small piece of land that was to be sold; about which I made very diligent inquiry: for although I was sore a weary of living in this town, yet I could not get out of it; not having other new quarters appointed me, unless I could provide a place for myself to remove to; which now GOD had put into my hand. As for the King's command I dreaded it not much, having found by observation that the King's orders wore away by time, and that the neglect of them comes at last to be unregarded. However I was resolved to put it to the hazard, come what would.

Although I had been now some seven or eight years in this land, and by this time came to know pretty well the customs and constitutions of the nation, yet I would not trust my own knowledge; but to prevent the worst, I went to the Governor of that same country where the land lay, to desire his advice, whether or not I might lawfully buy that small piece of land. He inquired "whose, and what land it was?" I informed him "that it had been formerly dedicated to a priest, and he at his death had left it to his grandson; who for want, was forced to sell it." Understanding this, the Governor approved of the business, and encouraged me to buy it; saying "that such kind of lands only, were lawful here to be bought and sold, and that this was not in the least litigious."

Having gotten both his consent and advice, I went on cheerfully with my purchase. The place also liked [*pleased*] me wondrously well: it being a point of land, standing into a cornfield; so that cornfields were on three sides of it, and just before my door, a little corn ground belonging thereto and very well watered. In the ground besides eight cocoa-nut trees, there were all sorts of fruit trees that the country afforded. But it had been so long desolate that it was all overgrown with bushes, and had no sign of a house therein.

The price of this land was five and twenty larees, that is, five dollars, a great sum of money in the account of this country: yet—thanks be to GOD! who had so far enabled me after my late and great loss—I was strong enough to lay this down. The terms of purchase being concluded on between us, a writing was made upon a leaf after that country's manner, witnessed by seven or eight men of the best quality in the town, which was delivered to me; and I paid the money, and then took possession of the land. It lies some ten miles to the southward of the city of Kandy in the county of Oodanowera, in the town of Elledat.

Now I went about building a house upon my land, and was assisted by three of my countrymen that dwelt near by; ROGER GOLD, RALPH KNIGHT, and STEPHEN RUTLAND: and in a short time, we finished it. The country people were all well pleased to see us thus busy ourselves about buying of land, and building of houses; thinking it would tie our minds the faster to their country, and make us think the less upon our own.

Though I had built my new house, yet durst I not yet leave my old quarters in Lagoondenia, but waited until a more convenient time fell out for that purpose. I went away therefore to my old home; and left my aforesaid three English neighbours to inhabit it in my absence.

Not long after, I found a fit season to be gone to my estate at Elledat: and upon my going the rest [of the four] left the town [of Lagoondenia] also, and went and dwelt elsewhere; each one lived where he best liked. But by this means, we all lost a privilege which we had before; which was, that our victuals were brought unto us: and now we were forced to go and fetch them ourselves; the people alleging, truly enough, that they were not bound to carry our provisions about the country after us.

Being settled in my new house, I began to plant ground full of all sorts of fruit trees, which, by the blessing of GOD, all grew and prospered, and yielded me plenty and good increase; sufficient both for me and those that dwelt with me: for the three Englishmen I left at my house when I departed back to Lagoondenia, still lived with me.

We were all single men, and we agreed very well together,

and were helpful to one another. And for their help and assistance, I freely granted them liberty to use and enjoy whatsoever the ground afforded, as much as myself. And, with a joint consent, it was concluded amongst us, "that only single men and bachelors should dwell there; and that such as would not be conformable to this present agreement, should depart and absent himself from our society; and also forfeit his right and claim to the forementioned privilege, that is, to be cut off from all benefit of whatsoever the trees and ground afforded."

I thought fit to make such a covenant, to exclude women from coming in among us, to prevent all strife and dissension, and to make all possible provision for the keeping up of love and quietness among ourselves.

In this manner, we four lived together some two years very lovingly and contentedly; not an ill word passing between us. We used to take turns in keeping at home, while the rest went forth about their business. For our house stood alone, and had no neighbour near it: therefore we always left one within. The rest of the Englishmen lived round about us; some four or five miles distant, and some more: so that we were, as it were, within reach one of another, which made us like our present situation the more.

Thus we lived upon the mountains, being beset round about us with Watches, most of our people being now married: so that now all talk and suspicion of our running away was laid aside; neither indeed was it scarcely possible. The effect of which was that now we could walk from one to the other, or where we would upon the mountains; no man molesting or disturbing us in the least: so that we began to go about a pedling and trading in the country further towards the northward, carrying our caps about to sell.

By this time, two of our company [ROGER GOLD and RALPH KNIGHT] seeing but little hopes of liberty, thought it too hard a task thus to lead a single life; and married: which when they had done, according to the former agreement, they departed from us.

So that our company was now reduced to two, namely, myself and STEPHEN RUTLAND; whose inclination and resolution was as steadfast as mine against marriage. And we parted not to the last, but came away together.

CHAPTER VII.

A return to the rest of the English, with some further accounts of them. And some further discourse of the Author's course of life.



ET us now make a visit to the rest of our countrymen; and see how they do.

They reckoning themselves in for their lives, in order to their future settlement, were generally disposed to marry; concerning which we have had many and sundry disputes among ourselves: as particularly, concerning the lawfulness of matching with heathens and idolaters, and whether the Cingalese marriage were any better than living in whoredom, there being no Christian priests to join them together; and it being allowed by their laws, to change their wives and take others, as often as they pleased.

But these cases we solved for our own advantage, after this manner, "that we were but flesh and blood;" and that it is said "it is better to marry than to burn;" and that, "as far as we could see, we were cut off from all marriages anywhere else, even for our lifetime, and therefore that we must marry with these or with none at all: and when the people in Scripture were forbidden to take wives of strangers, it was then when they might intermarry with their own people, and so no necessity lay on them; and that when they could not, there are examples in the Old Testament upon record, that they took wives of the daughters of the land, wherein they dwelt."

These reasons being urged, there were none among us, that could object ought against them: especially if those that were minded to marry women here did take them for their wives during their lives; as some of them say they do, and most of the women they marry are such as do profess themselves to be Christians.

As for mine own part, however lawful these marriages might be, yet I judged it far more convenient for me to abstain, and that it more redounded to my good, having always a reviving hope in me that my GOD had not forsaken me, but that according to his gracious promise to the Jews in the 30th chapter of Deuteronomy, and the beginning, "would turn my captivity, and bring me into the land of my fathers." These and such like meditations, together with my prayers to GOD, kept me from that unequal yoke of unbelievers; which several of my countrymen and fellow-prisoners put themselves under.

By this time, our people, having plied their business hard, had almost knit themselves out of work; and now caps were become a very dead commodity, which were the chief stay they had heretofore to trust to. So that now, most of them betook themselves to other employments: some to husbandry, ploughing ground, and sowing rice and keeping cattle; others distilled arrack to sell: others went about the country a trading. For that which one part of the land affords is a good commodity to carry to another that wants it. And thus, with the help of a little allowance, they make a shift to subsist. Most of their wives spin cotton yarn; which is a great help to them for clothing; and, at spare times, also knit.

After this manner, by the blessing of GOD, our nation hath lived and still doth, in as good a fashion as any other people or nation whatsoever that are strangers there, or as any of the natives themselves: the grandees and courtiers only excepted. This I speak to the praise and glory of our GOD, who loves the stranger in giving him food and raiment; and that hath been pleased to give us favour and a good repute in the sight of our enemies. We cannot complain for want of justice in any wrongs we have sustained by the people, or that our cause hath been discountenanced: but rather that we have been favoured above the natives themselves.

One of our men happened to be beaten by a neighbour. At which, we were very much concerned, taking it as a reproach to our nation; and fearing that it might embolden others to do the like by the rest of us: therefore, with joint consent, we all concluded to go to the Court to complain, and to desire satisfaction from the Adigar. Which we did. Upon this, the man who had beaten the Englishman was summoned

in, to appear before him: who, seeing so many of us there and fearing the cause would go very hard with him, to make the judge his friend, gave him a bribe. He having received it, would have shifted off the punishment from the malefactor: but we, day after day, followed him from house to Court and from place to place, wherever he went; demanding justice and satisfaction for the wrong we had received, and showing the black and blue blows upon the Englishman's shoulders to all the rest of the noblemen at Court. He, fearing therefore lest the King might be made acquainted therewith, was forced —though much against his will—to clap the Cingalese in chains. In which condition, after he had got him; he released him not, till besides the former fee, he had given him another.

Lately [*i.e.* about 1678], was RICHARD VARNHAM taken into the King's service, and held as honourable employment as ever any Christian had, in my time; being Commander of 970 soldiers, and set over all the great guns; and besides this several towns were put under him. A place of no less profit than honour. The King gave him an excellent silver sword and halbert, the like to which the King never gave to any white man in my time. But he had the good luck to die a natural death: for had not that prevented, in all probability he should have followed the two Englishmen spoken of before, that served him.

Some years since, some of our nation took up arms under the King: which happened on this occasion. The Hollanders had a small fort in the King's country, called Bibligom fort. This the King minding to take and demolish, sent his army to besiege it; but it was pretty strong: for there were about ninety Dutchmen in it besides a good number of black soldiers; and it had four guns, on each point of the compass one. Being in this condition, it held out.

Some of the great men informed the King of several Dutch runaways in his land that might be trusted, as not daring to turn again, for fear of the gallows; who might help to reduce the fort: and that also there were white men of other nations that had wives and children from whom they would not run; and that these might do him good service. Unto this advice the King inclined. Whereupon the King made a declaration to invite the foreign nations into his service against

Bibligom fort, that he would compel none, but that such as were willing of their own free accord, the King would take it kindly, and they should be well rewarded.

Now there entered into the King's service upon this expedition, some of all nations; both Portuguese, Dutch, and English; about the number of thirty. To all that took arms, he gave the value of twenty shillings in money, and three pieces of calico for clothes: and commanded them to wear breeches, hats, and doublets; a great honour there. The King intended a Dutchman, who had been an old servant to him, to be captain over them all: but the Portuguese not caring to be under the command of a Dutchman, desired a captain of their own nation; which the King granted, studying to please them at this time. But the English, being but six, were too few to have a captain over them; and so were forced some to serve under the Dutch, and some under the Portuguese captain. There were no more of the English, because being left at their liberty, they thought it safest to dwell at home; and cared not much to take arms under a heathen against Christians.

They were all ready to go, their arms and amunition ready, with guns prepared to send down; but before they went, tidings came that the fort yielded at the King's mercy. After this, the whites thought they had got an advantage of the King, in having these gifts for nothing: but the King did not intend to part with them so, but kept them to watch at his gate; and now they are reduced to great poverty and necessity.

For since the King's first gift, they have never received any pay or allowance: though they have often made their addresses to him to supply their wants; signifying their forwardness to serve him faithfully. He speaks them fair, and tells them he will consider them; but does not in the least regard them. Many of them since, after three or four years' service, have been glad to get other poor runaway Dutchmen to serve in their steads; giving them as much money and clothes as they received from the King before, that so they might get free to come home to their wives and children.

The Dutch captain would afterwards have forced the rest of the English to have come under him, and called them

"traitors," because they would not; and threatened them: but they scorned him and bid him do his worst, and would never be persuaded to be soldiers under him; saying, that "it was not so much his zeal to the King's service, as his own pride to make himself greater, by having more men under him."

I will now turn to the progress of my own story.

It was now about the year 1672. I related before, that my family was reduced to two, myself and one honest man more. We lived solitarily and contented, being well settled in a good house of my own. Now we fell to breeding up goats. We begun with two, but, by the blessing of GOD, they soon came to a good many; and their flesh served us instead of mutton. We kept hens and hogs also. And seeing no sudden likelihood of liberty, we went about to make all things handsome and convenient about us; which might be serviceable to us while we lived there, and might further our liberty, whensoever we should see an occasion to attempt it: which it did, in taking away all suspicion from the people concerning us; who—not having wives as the others had—they might well think, lay the readier to take any advantage to make an escape. Which indeed we two did plot and consult about between ourselves, with all imaginable privacy, long before we could go away: and therefore we laboured, by all means, to hide our designs, and to free them from so much as suspicion.

We had now brought our house and ground to such a perfection, that few noblemen's seats in the land could excel us. On each side was a great thorn gate for entrance, which is the manner of that country. The gates of the city are of the same. We built also another house in the yard, all open for air, for ourselves to sit in, or any neighbours that came to talk with us. For seldom should we be alone; our neighbours oftener frequenting our house than we desired: out of whom to be sure, we could pick no profit; for their coming was always either to beg or to borrow. For although we were strangers and prisoners in their land, yet they would confess that Almighty GOD had dealt far more bountifully with us than with them, in that we had a far greater plenty of all things than they.

I now began to set up a new trade. For the trade of knitting was grown dead: and husbandry I could not follow,

not having a wife to help and assist me therein; a great part of husbandry properly belonging to the woman to manage. Whereupon I perceived a trade in use among them, which was to lend out corn: the benefit of which was fifty per cent. per annum. This I saw to be the easiest and most profitable way of living: whereupon I took in hand to follow it; and what stock I had, I converted into corn or rice in the husk. And now as customers came for corn, I let them have it; to receive back at their next harvest, when their own corn was ripe, the same quantity I had lent them, and half as much more. But as the profit is great, so is the trouble of getting it in also. For he that useth this trade must watch when the debtor's field is ripe and claim his due in time; otherwise other creditors coming before him, will seize all upon the account of their debts, and leave no corn at all for those that come later. For these that come thus a borrowing, generally carry none of their corn home when it is ripe: for their creditors ease them of that labour, by coming into their fields and taking it; and commonly they have not half enough to pay what they owe. So that they that miss getting their debts this year, must stay till the next; when it will be doubled, two measures for one; but the interest never runs up higher, though the debt lies seven years unpaid. By means thereof I was put to a great deal of trouble; and was forced to watch early and late to get in my debts, and many times missed of them after all my pains. Howbeit when my stock did increase so that I had dealings with many; it mattered not if I lost in some places; the profit of the rest was sufficient to bear that out.

And thus, by the blessing of GOD, my little was increased to a great deal. For He had blessed me so, that I was able to lend to my enemies; and had no need to borrow of them: so that I might use the words of JACOB, not out of pride of myself, but thankfulness to GOD, "that He brought me hither with my staff, and blessed me so here, that I became two bands."

For some years together after I had removed to my own house from Lagoondenia, the people from whence I came continued my allowance, that I had when I lived among them; but now in plain terms, they told me "they could give it to me no more; and that I was better able to live without

it, than they to give it me:" which though I knew to be true, yet I thought not fit to lose that portion of allowance, which the King was pleased to allow me. Therefore I went to Court and appealed to the Adigar, to whom such matters did belong: who upon consideration of the people's poor condition, appointed me monthly to come to him at the King's palace for a ticket to receive my allowance out of the King's storehouses.

Hereby I was brought into a great danger; out of which I had much ado to escape, and that with the loss of my allowance for ever after. I shall relate the manner of it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

How the Author had like to have been received into the King's service, and what means he used to avoid it. He meditates and attempts an escape; but is often prevented.



HIS frequent appearance at the Court, and waiting there for my tickets; brought me to be taken notice of by the great men, insomuch "that they wondered I had been all this while forgotten, and never been brought before the King; being so fit, as they would suppose me, for his use and service;" saying, "that from hence-forward I should fare better than that allowance amounted to; as soon as the King was made acquainted with me." Which words of theirs served instead of a ticket. Whereupon fearing that I should suddenly be brought in to the King, which thing I most of all feared and least desired; and hoping that out of sight might prove out of mind, I resolved to forsake the Court, and never more to ask for tickets: especially seeing GOD had dealt so bountifully with me as to give me ability to live well enough without them: as when Israel had eaten of the corn of the land of Canaan, the manna ceased; so when I was driven to forego my allowance that had all this while sustained me in this wilderness, GOD in other ways provided for me.

From this time forward to the time of my flight out of the land, which was five years; I neither had nor demanded any more allowance: and glad I was that I could escape so.

But I must have more trouble first. For, some four or five days after my last coming from Court, there came a soldier to me, sent from the Adigar, with an order in writing under his hand, "that upon sight thereof, I should immediately dispatch and come to the Court, to make my personal appearance before the King: and that in case of any delay, the officers of the country were thereby authorized and commanded to

assist the bearer, and to see the same order speedily performed."

The chief occasion of this, had been a person, not long before my near neighbour and acquaintance, OWA MATTERAL by name, who knew my manner of life, and had often been at my house; but now was taken in and employed at Court: and he out of friendship and goodwill to me, was one of the chief actors in this business, that he might bring me to preferment at Court.

Upon the abovesaid summons, there was no remedy, but to Court I must go. Where I first applied myself to my said old neighbour, OWA MATTERAL, who was the occasion of sending for me. I signified to him "that I was come in obedience to the warrant, and I desired to know the reason why I was sent for." To which he answered, "Here is good news for you. Your are to appear in the King's presence, where you will find great favour and honourable entertainment; far more than any of your countrymen yet have found." Which the great man thought would be a strong inducement to persuade me joyfully to accept of the King's employments. But this was the thing I always most dreaded, and endeavoured to shun; knowing that being taken into Court would be a means to cut off all hopes of liberty from me; which was the thing that I esteemed as equal unto life itself.

Seeing myself brought into this pass, wherein I had no earthly helper, I recommended my cause to GOD; desiring Him in whose hands are the hearts of kings and princes, to divert the business: and my cause being just and right, I was resolved to persist in a denial. My case seemed to me to be like that of the four lepers at the gate of Samaria. No avoiding of death for me. If out of ambition and honour, I should have embraced the King's service; besides the depriving myself of all hopes of liberty, in the end I must be put to death, as happens to all that serve him: and to deny his service, could be but death; and it seemed to me, to be the better death of the two. For if I should be put to death, only because I refused his service; I should be pitied as one that died innocently: but if I should be executed in his service, however innocent I was, I should be certainly reckoned a rebel and a traitor; as they all are, whom he commands to be cut off.

Upon these considerations, having thus set my resolutions, as GOD enabled me, I returned him this answer. "First, that the English nation to whom I belonged, had never done any violence or wrong to their King, either in word or deed. Secondly, that the causes of my coming on their land was not like that of other nations, who were either enemies taken in war; or such as by reason of poverty or distress, were driven to sue for relief, out of the King's bountiful liberality; or such as fled for the fear of deserved punishment: whereas, as they all well knew, I came not upon any of these causes, but on account of trade; and came ashore to receive the King's orders, which by notice we understood were come concerning us, and to render an account to the Dissauva of the reasons and occasions of our coming into the King's port. And that by the grief and sorrow I had undergone, by being so long detained from my native country—but, for which I thanked the King's majesty, without want of anything—I scarcely enjoyed myself: for my heart was always absent from my body." Hereunto adding, my insufficiency and inability for such honourable employment; being subject to many infirmities and diseases of body.

To this he replied, "Cannot you read and write English? servile labour the King requireth not of you."

I answered, "When I came ashore I was but young, and that which I then knew, now I had forgotten for want of practice; having had neither ink nor paper ever since I came ashore." I urged moreover "that it was contrary to the custom and practice of all kings and princes upon the earth, to keep and detain men that came into their countries upon such peaceable accounts as we did; much less to compel them to serve them, beyond their power and ability."

At my first coming before him, he looked very pleasingly, and spake with a smiling countenance to me; but now his smiles were turned into frowns, and his pleasing looks into bended brows: and in rough language, he bade me begone, and tell my tale to the Adigar. Which immediately I did; but he being busy, did not much regard me: and I was glad of it, that I might absent myself from the Court; but I durst not go out of the city [of Digligy]. Sore afraid I was, that evil would befall me; and the best I could expect, was to be put in chains. All my refuge was in prayer to GOD, "whose

hand was not shortened that it could not save:" and "would make all things work together for good to them that trust in Him." From Him only did I expect help and deliverance in that time of need.

In this manner, I lodged in an Englishman's house that dwelt in the city, ten days: maintaining myself at my own charge, waiting with a sorrowful heart and daily expecting to hear my doom. In the meantime my countrymen and acquaintance: some of them blamed me for refusing so fair a proffer, whereby I might not only have lived well myself, but also have been helpful unto my poor countrymen and friends; others of them pitying me, suspecting, as I did, nothing but a wrathful sentence from so cruel a tyrant, if GOD did not prevent it. And RICHARD VARNHAM—who was, at this time, a great man about the King—was not a little scared to see me run the hazard of what might ensue; rather than be partaker with him in the felicities of the Court.

It being chargeable thus to lie at the city, and hearing nothing more of my business; I took leave without asking, and went home to my house, which was but a day's distance to get some victuals to carry with me, and to return again. But soon after I came home, I was sent for again; so I took my load of victuals with me, and arrived at the city: but went not to the Court but to my former lodging; where I stayed as formerly, until I had spent all my provisions. And by the good hand of my GOD upon me; I never heard any more of that matter. Neither came I any more into the presence of the great men at Court; but dwelt in my own plantation, upon what GOD provided for me by my labour and industry.

For now I returned to my former course of life: dressing my victuals daily with my own hands, and fetching both wood and water upon mine own back. And this, for ought I could see to the contrary, I was likely to continue for my lifetime. This I could do for the present; but I began to consider how helpless I should be, if it should please GOD that I should live till I grew old and feeble. So I entered upon a consultation with myself for the providing against this. One way was, the getting of me a wife; but that I was resolved never to do. Then I began to inquire for some poor body to live with me; to dress my victuals for me, that

I might live at a little more ease: but could not find any to my mind. Whereupon I considered that there was no better way, than to take one of my poor countrymen's children, whom I might bring up to learn both my own language and religion: and this might be not only charity to the child; but a kindness to myself also afterwards. And several there were that would be glad so to be eased of their charge, having more than they could well maintain. A child therefore I took, by whose aptness, ingenuity and company, as I was much delighted at present; so afterwards I hoped to be served.

It was now about the year 1673. Although I had now lived many years in this land, and, GOD be praised! I wanted for nothing the land afforded; yet I could not forget my native country, England, and lamented under the famine of GOD's Word and Sacraments: the want whereof I found greater than all earthly wants, and my daily and fervent prayers to GOD were, in His good time, to restore me to the enjoyment of them.

I and my companion [STEPHEN RUTLAND] were still meditating upon our escape, and the means to compass it: which our pedling about the country did greatly promote. For speaking well the language, and going with our commodities from place to place; we used often to entertain discourse with the country people, namely, concerning the ways and the countries; and where there were most and fewest inhabitants; and where and how the Watches laid from one country [*district*] to another; and what commodities were proper to carry from one part to the other: pretending we would, from time to time, go from one place to another to furnish ourselves with the wares that the respective places afforded. None doubted but that we had made these inquiries for the sake of our trade; but ourselves had other designs in them: neither was there the least suspicion of us, for these our questions; all supposing I would never run away and leave such an estate as in their accounts and esteem I had.

By diligent inquiry, I had come to understand that the easiest and most probable way to make an escape, was by travelling to the northward: that part of the land being least inhabited. Therefore we furnished ourselves with such wares as were vendible in those parts, as tobacco, pepper, garlic, combs, all sorts of iron ware, &c: and being laden with these

things; we two set forth, bending our course towards the northern parts of the island, knowing very little of the way. And the ways of this country generally are intricate and difficult, there being no great highways that run through the land; but a multitude of little paths, some from one town to another, some into the fields, and some into the woods where they sow their corn: and the whole country is covered with woods, so that a man cannot see anything but just before him. And that which makes them most difficult of all is, that the ways shift and alter: new ways being often made and old ways stopped up. For they cut down woods, and sow the ground: and having got one crop off from it, they leave it; and the wood soon grows over it again. And in case a road went through those woods, they stop it, and contrive another way; neither do they regard though it goes two or three miles about. And to ask and inquire the way, was very dangerous for us white men: it occasioning the people to suspect us. And the Cingalese themselves never travel in countries [*districts*] where they are not experienced, without a guide, it being so difficult: and there was no getting a guide to conduct us down to the sea.

But we made a shift to travel from Conde Uda downwards towards the north, from town to town; happening at a place, at last, which I knew before: having been brought up formerly from Coswat that way, to descend the hill called Bocaul; where there is no Watch but in time of great disturbance. Thus, by the providence of God, we passed all difficulties until we came into the country of Nuweeracalava; which are the lowest parts that belong to the King; and some three days' journey from the place whence we came [viz. *Elledat.*]

We were not a little glad that we were gotten so far onwards in our way, but yet at this time we could go no further; for our wares were all sold, and we could pretend no more excuses: and also we had been out so long that it might cause our townsmen to come and look after us; it being the first time that we had been so long absent from home.

In this manner, we went into these northern parts, eight or ten times; and once got as far as Hourly, a town in the

extremities of the King's dominions: but yet we could not attain our purpose. For this northern country being much subject to dry weather, and having no springs; we were fain to drink of the ponds of rain water, wherein the cattle lie and tumble: which would be so thick and muddy that the very filth of it would hang in our beards when we drank. This did not agree with our bodies, we being used to drink pure spring water only: by which means, when we first used to visit those parts, we used often to be sick of violent fevers and agues when we came home. Which diseases happened not only to us, but to all other people that dwelt upon the mountains, as we did, whensoever they went down into those places; and commonly the major part of those that fell sick, died. At which the Cingalese were so scared, that it was very seldom that they did adventure their bodies down thither. Neither, truly, would I have done it, were it not for those future hopes; which GOD of His mercy, did at length accomplish. For both of us smarted sufficiently by those severe fevers we got, so that we should both lay sick together, and one not able to help the other: insomuch that our countrymen and neighbours used to ask us, if we went thither purposing to destroy ourselves; they little thinking, and we not daring to tell them of our intent and design.

At length we learned an antidote and counterpoison against the filthy venomous water; which so operated, by the blessing of GOD, that after use thereof, we had no more sickness. It is only a dry leaf—they call it in Portuguese *Banga*—beaten to powder with some of the country's *Jaggery*. And this we ate morning and evening, upon an empty stomach. It intoxicates the brain, and makes one giddy; without any other operation, either by stool or vomit.

Thus every voyage [*journey*] we gathered more experience and got lower down; for this is a large and spacious country. We travelled to and fro where the ways led us; according to their own proverb, *The beggar and the merchant are never out of the way;* because the one begs and the other trades wherever they go. Thus we used to ramble until we had sold all our wares; and then went home for more: and by these means, we grew acquainted both with the people and the paths.

In these parts, I met with my black boy, whom I had divers years before turned away; who had now a wife and

children. He proved a great help to me in directing me in the ways; for he had lived many years in these parts. Perceiving him to be able, and also in a very poor and sad condition, not able to maintain his family; I adventured once to ask him if a good reward would not be welcome to him, for guiding us two down to the Dutch; which having done, he might return, and nobody be the wiser. At which proposition he seemed to be very joyful, and promised to undertake the same: only at this time, for reasons he alleged, which to me seemed probable, as that it was harvest time and many people about; it could not so safely and conveniently be done now, as it might be, some two months after.

The business was concluded upon, and the time appointed between us: but it so fell out, that at the very precise time, all things being ready to depart on the morrow; it pleased GOD—whose time was not yet come—to strike me with a most grievous pain in the hollow on my right side, that for five days together I was not able to stir from the fireside; but by warming it and fomenting and chafing it, I got a little ease.

Afterward, as soon as I was recovered and had got strength, we went down, and carried one Englishman more with us for company, for our better security; seeing that we must travel by night upon our flight: but though we took him with us, we dared not to tell him of our design, because he had a wife; intending not to acquaint him with it, till the business was just ready to be put into action. But when we came, expecting to meet with our guide; he was gone into another country: and we knew not where to find him or how to run away without him. Thus we were disappointed that time.

But, as formerly, we went to and fro, until we had sold our ware; and so returned home again, and delivered the man to his wife: but never told him anything of our intended design, fearing lest if he knew it, he might acquaint her with it; and so all our purposes coming to be revealed, might be overthrown for ever afterwards. For we were resolved, by GOD's help still to persevere in our design.

Some eight or nine years, one after another, we followed this trade, going into this country on purpose to seek to get beyond the inhabitants; and so to run away through the

woods to the Hollanders. Three or four years together, the weather prevented us, when the country was almost starved [*parched*] for want of rain; all which time they never tilled the ground. The wells also were almost all dry, so that in the towns we could scarcely get water to drink or victuals to eat; which affrighted us, at those times, from running into the woods, lest we might perish for thirst. All this while upon the mountains, where our dwelling was, there was no want of rain.

We found it an inconvenience when we came three of us down together; reckoning it might give occasion to the people to suspect our design, and so to prevent us from going thither again. Some of the English as followed such a trade as we did, had been down that way with their commodities: but having felt the smart of that country's sickness, would go there no more; finding as much profit in nearer and easier journeys. But we still persisted in our courses this way, having some greater matter to do here than to sell wares, viz. to find out this Northern Discovery: which, in GOD'S good time, we did effect.

CHAPTER IX.

How the Author began his escape, and got onward of his way, about an hundred miles.

HAving often gone this way to seek for liberty, but could not yet find it; we again set forth, to try what success GOD Almighty would now give us, in the year 1679, on the 22nd of September; furnished with such arms as we could well carry with safety and secrecy, which were knives and small axes: we carried also several sorts of ware to sell as formerly. The moon being seven and twenty days old; which we had so contrived, that we might have a light moon, to see the better to run away by: having left an old man at home, whom I had hired to live with me, to look after my house and goats.

We went down at the hill Bocaul, where there was now no Watch; and but seldom any. From thence, down to the town of Bonder Coswat, where my father died. And by the town of Nicavar, which is the last town belonging to Hotkorle in that road. From thenceforward, the towns stand thin: for it was sixteen miles to the next town, called Parroah, which lay in the country of Nuwerakalawe; and all the way through a wilderness called Parroah Mocolane, full of wild elephants tigers and bears.

Now we set our design for Anuradhapoora, which is the lowest place inhabited belonging to the kingdom of Kandy; where there is a Watch always kept: and nearer than twelve or fourteen miles of this town, as yet, we had never been.

When we came into the midst of this country, we heard that the Governor thereof had sent officers from the Court to dispatch away the King's revenues and duties to the city [of Digligy], and that they were now come into the country: which put us into no small fear, lest if they saw us, they should send us back again. Wherefore we edged away into the westernmost parts of Ecpoulpot, being a remote part of that country, wherein we now were: and there we sat knitting, until we

heard they were gone. But this caused us to overshoot our time, the moon spending so fast. As soon as we heard that they were departed out of the country, we went onwards of our journey, having kept most of our wares for a pretence to have an occasion to go further; and having bought a good parcel of cotton yarn to knit caps withal: the rest of our wares, we gave out, was to buy dried flesh with, which only in those lower parts is to be sold.

Our way now lay, necessarily, through the chief Governor's yard at Colliwilla [? *Kalluvilla*]; who dwells there purposely to see and examine all that go and come. This greatly distressed us. First, because he was a stranger to us and one whom we had never seen: and secondly, because there was no other way to escape him; and plain reason would tell him that we, being prisoners, were without our bounds. Whereupon we concluded that our best way would be, to go boldly and resolutely to his house; and not to seem daunted in the least or to look as if we did distrust him to disallow our journey: but to show such a behaviour, as if we had authority to travel where we would.

So we went forward, and were forced to inquire and ask the way to his house, having never been so far this way before. I brought from home with me, knives with fine carved handles and a red Tunis cap, purposely to sell or give to him if occasion required: knowing before, that we must pass by him. And all along as we went, that we might be the less suspected, we sold caps and other wares; to be paid for at our return homewards.

There were many cross paths to and fro, to his house; yet by GOD's providence, we happened in the right road. And having reached his house, according to the country's manner, we went and sat down in the open house; which kind of houses are built on purpose for the reception of strangers. Whither, not long after, the great man himself came and sat down by us; to whom we presented a small parcel of tobacco, and some betel. And before he asked us the cause of our coming; we showed him the wares we brought for him, and the cotton yarn we had trucked about the country, telling him withal, how the case stood with us, viz: "That we had a charge greater than the King's allowance would maintain, and that because dried flesh was the chief

commodity of that part;" we told him "that missing of the lading which we used to carry back, we were glad to come thither to see if we could make it up with dried flesh: and therefore if he would please to supply us—either for such wares as we had brought or else for our money—it would be a great favour; the which would oblige us for the future to bring him any necessaries that he should name unto us, when we should come again into those parts, as we used to do very often; and that we could furnish him, having dealings and being acquainted with the best artificers in Kandy."

At which he replied, "That he was sorry we were come at such a dry time, when they could not catch deer; but if some rain fell, he would soon dispatch us with some ladings of flesh: but however he bade us go about the towns and see whether there might be any or not, though he thought there was none." This answer of his pleased us wondrously well; both because by this we saw he suspected us not, and because he told us there was no dried flesh to be got. For it was one of our greatest fears that we should get our lading too soon; for then we could not have had an excuse to go further: and as yet we could not possibly fly; having still six miles further to the northward to go, before we could attempt it, that is, to Anuradhapoora.

From Anuradhapoora, it is two days' journey further through a desolate wilderness, before there are any more inhabitants: and these inhabitants are neither under this King nor the Dutch; but are Malabars, and are under a Prince of their own. This people we were sorely afraid of, lest they might seize us and send us back: there being a correspondence between this Prince and the King of Kandy: wherefore it was our endeavour by all means to shun them, lest, according to the old proverb, we might leap out of the fryingpan into the fire.

But we must take care of that as well as we could, when we came among them; for as yet our care was to get to Anuradhapoora, where although it was our desire to get, yet we would not seem to be too hasty, lest it might occasion suspicion, but lay where we were two or three days: and one stayed at the Governor's house a knitting; whilst the other went about among the towns to see for flesh. The ponds in

the country being now dry, there was fish everywhere in abundance; which they dry like red herrings over a fire. They offered to sell us a store of them; "but they," we told them, "would not turn to so good profit as flesh." "The which," we said, "we would have, though we stayed ten days longer for it. For here we could live as cheap, and earn as much as if we were at home, by our knitting." So we seemed to them as if we were not in any haste.

In the meantime happened an accident which put us to a great fright. For the King, having newly clapped up several persons of quality (whereof my old neighbour OWA MOTTERAL that sent for me to Court, was one) sent down soldiers to this High Sheriff or Governor at whose house we now were, to give him order to set a secure guard at the Watches that no suspicious persons might pass. This he did to prevent the relations of these imprisoned persons from making an escape; who—through fear of the King—might attempt it. This always is the King's custom to do. But it put us into an exceeding fear lest it might beget an admiration [*wonderment*] in these soldiers to see white men so low down the country; which indeed is not customary nor allowed of; and so they might send us up again. Which doubtless they would have done; had it not been of GOD by this means and after this manner to deliver us. Especially considering that the King's command came just at that time, and so expressly to keep a secure guard at the Watches, and that in that very way that always we purposed to go in; so that it seemed scarcely possible for us to pass afterwards: though we should get off fairly at present with the soldiers. Which we did. For they having delivered their message, departed; showing themselves very kind and civil unto us: and we seemed to lament for our hard fortune, that we were not ready to go upwards with them, in their good company: for we were neighbours dwelling in one and the same country. However we bade them carry our commendations to our countrymen the English—with whom they were acquainted at the city—and so bade them farewell. And glad we were when they were gone from us: and we resolved, GOD willing, to set forward the next day in the morning.

But we thought not fit to tell our host, the Governor, of it, till the very instant of our departure; that he might not have

any time to deliberate concerning us. That night, he, being disposed to be merry, sent for people whose trade it is to dance and show tricks, to come to his house, to entertain him with their sports. The beholding of them spent most part of the night: which we merely called our old host's civility to us at our last parting; as it proved indeed, though he, honest man, then little dreamed of any such thing.

The morning being come, we first took care to fill our bellies; then we packed up those things which were necessary for our journey to carry with us; and the rest of our goods—cotton yarn, cloth, and other things—that we would not incumber ourselves withal, we bound up in a bundle, intending to leave them behind us. This being done, I went to the Governor, and carried to him four or five charges of gunpowder, a thing somewhat scarce with them; intreating him rather than that we should be disappointed of flesh; to make use of that and shoot some deer—which he was very willing to accept of; and to us it could be no ways profitable, not having a gun—while we, we told him, "would make a step to Anuradhapoora to see what flesh we could procure there." In the meantime, according as we had before laid the business, came STEPHEN RUTLAND with the bundle of goods, desiring to leave them in his house, till we came back: which he was very ready to grant us leave to do. And seeing us leave such a parcel of goods—though, GOD knows, but of little account in themselves, yet of considerable value in that land—he could not suppose otherwise but that we were intending to return again. Thus we took our leave and immediately departed, not giving him time again to consider with himself, or to consult with others about us: and he, like a good-natured man, bade us heartily farewell.

Although we knew not the way to this town—having never been there in all our lives; and durst not ask, lest it might breed suspicion—yet we went on confidently through a desolate wood; and happened to go very right, and came out directly at the place.

But in our way, before we arrived thither, we came up with a small river, which ran through the woods, called by the Cingalese, Malwatta Oya: the which we viewed well and judged it might be a probable guide to carry us down to the sea; if a better did not present itself. However we thought

good to try first the way we were taking, and to go onwards towards Anuradhapoora, that being the shortest and easiest way to get to the coast, and this river, being as under our lee, ready to serve and assist us, if other means failed.

To Anuradhapoora, called also Neur Wang, therefore we came; which is not so much a particular single town, as a territory. It is a vast great plain—the like of which I never saw in all that island—in the midst whereof is a lake, which may be a mile over; not natural, but made by art as are the other ponds in the country, to serve them to water their corn grounds. This plain is encompassed round with woods, and small towns among them on every side inhabited by Malabars, a distinct race from the Cingalese: but these towns we could not see, till we came in among them.

Being come through the woods into this plain, we stood looking and staring round about us: but knew not where nor which way to go. At length, we heard a cock crow, which was a sure sign to us that there was a town hard by; into which we were resolved to enter. For standing thus amazed was the ready way to be taken up for suspicious persons; especially because white men never came down so low.

Being entered into the town, we sat ourselves under a tree, and proclaimed our wares: for we feared to rush into their yards as we used to do in other places, lest we should scare them. The people stood amazed, as soon as they saw us; being originally Malabars, though subjects of Kandy: nor could they understand the Cingalese language in which we spake to them. And we stood looking one upon another, until there came one that could speak the Cingalese tongue, who asked us, "From whence we came?" We told him from Conde Uda: but they believed us not, supposing that we came up from the Dutch, from Manaar. So they brought us before their Governor. He not speaking Cingalese, spake to us by an interpreter; and to know the truth whether we came from the place we pretended, he inquired about the news at Court: and demanded "who were Governors of such and such countries?" and "What was become of some certain noblemen?" (whom the King had lately cut off) and also "What the common people were employed about at Court?" for it is seldom that they are idle. To all which, we gave satisfactory answers. Then he inquired of us "Who gave us leave to

come down so low?" We told him, "That privilege was given to us by the King himself full fifteen years since at his palace at Nellembe; when he caused it to be declared unto us that we were no longer prisoners, and," which indeed was our own addition, "that we were free to enjoy the benefit of trade in all his dominions."

To prove and confirm the truth of which, we alleged the distance of the way that we were now come from home, being nearly an hundred miles, passing through several counties, where we met with several Governors and Officers in their respective jurisdictions; who, had they not been well sensible of these privileges granted to us, would not have allowed us to pass through their countries [*districts*]. All which Officers we described to them by name. And also that now we came from the High Sheriff's house at Colliwilla, where we had been these three days, and there heard of the order that was come to secure the Watches; which was not for fear of the running away of white men, but of the Cingalese. These reasons gave him full satisfaction, that we were innocent traders: seeing also the commodities that we had brought with us; this further confirmed his opinion concerning us.

The people were very glad of our coming, and gave us an end of an open house to lie in: but at present they had no dried flesh, but desired us to stay two or three days, and we should not fail: which we were very ready to consent to, hoping by that time to come to the knowledge of the way, and to learn where about the Watch was placed. To prevent the least surmise that we were plotting to run away; we agreed that STEPHEN RUTLAND should stay in the house by the things; while I, with some few of them, went abroad, pretending to inquire for dried flesh to carry back with us to Kandy, but intending to make discoveries of the way, and to provide necessaries for our flight, as rice, a brass pot to boil our rice in, a little dried flesh to eat, and a deerskin to make us shoes of. And by the providence of my gracious GOD, all these things I happened upon, and bought: but, as our good hap was, of deer's flesh we could meet with none. So that we had time enough to fit ourselves; all people thinking that we stayed only to buy flesh.

Here we stayed three days. During which, we had found the great road that runs down towards Jaffnapatam, one of

the northern ports belonging to the Dutch: which road, we judged led also towards Manaar, a Dutch northern port also, which was the place that we endeavoured to get to; it lying about two or three days' journey distant from us. But in this road there was a Watch laid which must be passed. Where this Watch was placed, it was necessary for us punctually [*precisely*] to know, and to endeavour to get a sight of it: and if we could do this, our intent was to go unseen by night —the people being then afraid to travel—and being come up to the Watch, to slip aside into the woods, and so go on until we were passed it; and then to strike into the road again. But this project came to nothing, because I could not without suspicion and danger, go and view this Watch; which lay some four or five miles below this plain: and so far I could not frame any business to go.

But several inconveniences we saw here. insomuch that we found it would not be safe for us to go down in this road. For if we should have slipped away from them by night; in the morning, we should be missed: and then most surely, they would go that way to chase us; and, ten to one, overtake us, being but one night before them. Also we knew not whether or not, it might lead us into the country of the Malabar Prince; of whom we were much afraid.

Then resolving to let the great road alone, we thought of going right down through the woods, and steer our course by the sun and moon; but the ground being so dry, we feared we should not meet with water. So we declined that counsel also.

Thus being in doubt, we prayed to GOD to direct us, and to put it into our heads which way to take. Then, after a consultation between ourselves, all things considered, we concluded it to be the best course to go back to Malwatta Oya; the river that we had well viewed, and that lay in our way as we came hither.

CHAPTER X.

The Author's progress in his flight from Anuradhapoora into the woods; until their arrival in the Malabar's country.

NOW GOD, of His mercy, having prospered our design hitherto, for which we blessed His holy name; our next care was how to come off clear from the people of Anuradhapoora, that they might not presently miss us, and so pursue after us: which if they should do, there would have been no escaping them. For from this town to Colliwilla—where the Sheriff lived, with whom we left our goods—they were as well acquainted in the woods as in the paths: and when we came away, we must tell the people that we were going thither; because there was no other way but that. Now our fear was lest upon some occasion or other, any men might chance to travel that way soon after we were gone; and not finding us at Colliwilla might conclude, as they could do no otherwise, that we were run into the woods. Therefore to avoid this danger, we stayed in the town till it was so late that we knew that none durst venture to travel afterwards, for fear of wild beasts. By which means we were sure to gain a night's travel, at least: if they should chance to pursue us.

So we took our leaves of the Governor, who kindly gave us a pot of milk to drink, for a farewell: we telling him, "We were returning back to the Sheriff at Colliwilla, to whom we had given some gunpowder when we came from him, to shoot us some deer: and we doubted not but by that time we should get to him, he would have provided flesh enough for our lading home." Thus bidding him and the rest of the neighbours farewell, we departed: they giving us the civility of their accustomed prayers; *Diabac*, that is, "God bless or keep you."

It was now the 12th day of October on a Sunday, the moon eighteen days old. We were well furnished with all things needful, which we could get, viz.—ten days' provisions, rice,

flesh, fish, pepper, salt; a basin to boil our victuals in; two calabashes to fetch water; two great Tallipat [leaves] for tents, big enough to sleep under, if it should rain; *Jaggery* and sweetmeats, which we brought from home with us; tobacco also and betel; tinder boxes, two or three for fear of failing; and a deer's skin to make us shoes, to prevent any thorns running into our feet as we travelled through the woods, for our greatest trust, under GOD, was to our feet. Our weapons were, to each man a small axe fastened to a long staff in our hands, and a good knife by our sides: which were sufficient, with GOD's help, to defend us from the assaults of either tiger or bear; and as for elephants, there is no standing against them, but the best defence is to fly from them.

In this posture and equipage we marched forward. When we were come within a mile of this river, it being about four in the evening, we began to fear lest any of the people of Anuradhapoora from whence we came, should follow us to Colliwilla; which place we never intended to come at more: the river along which we intended to go, laying on this side of it. That we might be secure therefore, that no people came after us; we sat down upon a rock by a hole that was full of water in the highway, until it was so late that we were sure no people durst travel. In case any had come after us, and seen us sitting there, and gotten no further; we intended to tell them that one of us was taken sick by the way, and therefore was not able to go on. But it was our happy chance, that there came none.

So about sundown, we took up our sacks of provisions, and marched forward for the river; which, under GOD, we had pitched upon to be our guide down to the sea.

Being come at the river; we left the road, and struck into the woods by the river side. We were exceedingly careful not to tread on the sand or soft ground, lest our footsteps should be seen: and where it could not be avoided, we went backwards; so that by the print of our feet it seemed as if we had gone the contrary way. We had now got a good way into the wood, when it grew dark and began to rain; so that we thought it best to pitch our tents, and get wood for firing before it was all wet, and too dark to find it: which we did, and kindled a fire.

Then we began to fit ourselves for our journey, against the moon rose. All our sale-wares which we had left, we cast away, for we had taken care not to sell too much; keeping only provisions, and what was very necessary for our journey. About our feet we tied pieces of deer's-hide, to prevent thorns and stumps annoying our feet. We always used to travel barefoot, but now being to travel by night and in the woods, we feared to do so: for if our feet should fail us now, we were quite undone.

And by the time we had well fitted ourselves, and were refreshed with a morsel of Portuguese sweetmeats; the moon began to shine. So having commended ourselves into the hands of the Almighty, we took up our provisions upon our shoulders and set forward, and travelled some three or four hours, but with a great deal of difficulty. For the trees being thick, the moon gave us but little light through: but our resolution was, to keep going.

Now it was our chance to meet with an elephant in our way, just before us; which we tried to, but could not scare away: so he forced us to stay. We kindled a fire and sat down; and took a pipe of tobacco, waiting till morning. Then we looked round about us, and it appeared all like a wilderness, and no signs that people ever had been there; which put us in great hopes that we had gained our passage, and were past all the inhabitants. Whereupon we concluded that we were now in no danger of being seen, and might travel in the day securely.

There was only one great road in our way, which led to Portaloon from the towns which by and by we fell into. This road therefore we were shy of; lest when we passed it over, some passengers travelling on it, might see us. And this road we were in expectance about this time, to meet withal, feeling secure, as I said before, of all other danger of people: but the river winding about to the northward, brought us into the midst of a parcel of towns, called Tissea Wava, before we were aware of it. For the country being all woods, we could not discern where there were towns until we came within the hearing of them. That which betrayed us into this danger was, that meeting with a path which only led from one town to another, we concluded it to be that great road above mentioned, and so having passed it over;

we supposed the danger we might encounter in being seen was also passed over with it: but we were mistaken, for going further we still met with other paths, which we crossed over, still hoping one or other of them was that great road; but at last we perceived our error, namely, that they were only paths that went from one town to another.

And so while we were avoiding men and towns, we ran into the midst of them. This was a great trouble to us; hearing the noise of people round about us, and not knowing how to avoid them: into whose hands we knew if we should have fallen; they would have carried us up to the King, besides beating and plundering us to boot.

We knew before, that these towns were here away: but had we known that this river turned and ran in among them; we should never have undertaken the enterprise. But now to go back, after we had unwittingly passed so many paths, and fields, and places, wherein people did resort: we thought it not advisable, and that the danger in so doing might be greater than in going forward. And had we known so much then as afterwards did appear to us; it had been safer for us to have gone on, than to have hid as we did: which we then thought the best course we could take for the present extremity, viz.—to secure ourselves in secret until night, and then to run through, in the dark. All that we wanted was a hole to creep in, to lie close: for the woods thereabouts were thin, and there were no shrubs or bushes, under which we might be concealed.

We heard the noise of people on every side, and expected every moment to see some of them: to our great terror. And it is not easy to say, in what danger; and in what apprehension of it we were. It was not safe for us to stir backwards or forwards, for fearing of running among the people; and it was as unsafe to stand still, where we were, lest somebody might spy us: and where to find covert, we could not tell.

Looking about us, in these straits, we spied a great tree by us, which for the bigness thereof 'twas probable might be hollow. To which we went, and found it so. It was like a tub, some three feet high. Into it, immediately we both crept, and made a shift to sit there for several hours, though very uneasily, and all in mud and wet. But however it did great comfort us, in the fright and amazement we were in.

So soon as it began to grow dark, we came creeping out of our hollow tree; and put for it, as fast as our legs could carry us. And then we crossed that great road, which all the day before we did expect to come up with; keeping close by the river side; and going so long, till dark night stopped us.

We kept going the longer, because we heard the voice of men holloaing towards evening; which created in us a fresh disturbance: thinking them to be people that were coming to chase us. But at length; we heard elephants behind us, between us and the voice, which we knew by the noise of the cracking of the boughs and small trees which they brake down and ate. These elephants were a very good guard behind us; and were, methought, like the darkness that came between Israel and the Egyptians. For the people, we knew, would not dare to go forwards; hearing elephants before them.

In this security, we pitched our tents by the river side, and boiled rice and roasted flesh for our supper: for we were very hungry; and so, commending ourselves to GOD's keeping, we lay down to sleep. The voice which we heard still continued; which lasting so long, we knew what it meant. It was nothing but the holloaing of people that lay to watch the cornfields; to scare away the wild beasts out of their corn.

Thus we passed Monday.

But nevertheless the next morning, so soon as the moon shone out bright; to prevent the worst, we took up our packs, and were gone: being past all the tame inhabitants, with whom we had no more trouble.

But the next day, we feared we should come among the wild ones: for these woods are full of them. Of these, we were as much afraid as of the other: for they [*the tame inhabitants*] would have carried us back to the King, where we should have been kept prisoners; but these, we feared, would have shot us, not standing to hear us plead for ourselves.

And indeed all along as we went, by the sides of the river, till we came to the Malabar inhabitants; there had been the tents of wild men, made only of boughs of trees. But GOD be praised, they were all gone: though but very lately before we came; as we perceived by the bones of cattle and shells

of fruit, which lay scattered about. We supposed that want of water had driven them out of the country down to the river side; but that since it had rained a shower or two, they were gone again.

Once, about noon, sitting down upon a rock by the river side to take a pipe of tobacco and rest ourselves; we had almost been discovered by the women of these wild people: coming down, as I suppose, to wash themselves in the river; who, being many of them, came talking and laughing together. At the first hearing of the noise, being at a good distance, we marvelled what it was. Sitting still and listening; it came a little above where we sat: and at last, we could plainly distinguish it to be the voices of women and children. Whereupon we thought it no boot to sit longer, since we could escape unobserved; and so took up our bags, and fled as fast as we could.

Thus we kept travelling every day, from morning till night, still along by the river side, which turned and wound very crookedly. In some places, it would be pretty good travelling and but few bushes and thorns; in others, a great many: so that our shoulders and arms were all of a gore, being grievously torn and scratched. For we had nothing on us, but a clout round about our middles, and our victuals on our shoulders; and in our hands, a tallipat [palm leaf] and an axe.

The lower we came down this river, the less water; so that sometimes we could go a mile or two upon the sand. And in some places, three or four rivers would all meet together. When this happened so, and was noon—the sun over our head, and the water not running—we could not tell which to follow; but were forced to stay till the sun was fallen, thereby to judge our course.

We often met with bears, hogs, deer and wild buffaloes; but they all ran, so soon as they saw us: but elephants we met with no more than that I have mentioned before. The river is exceeding full of alligators all along as we went: and the upper part of it is nothing but rocks.

Here and there, by the side of this river, there is a world of hewn stone pillars, standing upright; and other heaps of hewn stones, which I suppose formerly were buildings. And in three or four places, are the ruins of bridges, built of stone; some remains of them yet standing upon stone pillars. In

many places are points built out into the river, like wharves; all of hewn stone: which I suppose have been built for kings to sit upon for pleasure; for I cannot think they ever were employed for traffic by water, the river being so full of rocks that boats could never come up into it.

The woods in all these northern parts are short and shrubbed; and so they are here by the river's side: and the lower down the river, the worse; and the grounds so also.

In the evenings we used to pitch our tent, and make a great fire, both before and behind us; that the wild beasts might have notice where we lay: and we used to hear the voices of all sorts of them; but, thanks be to GOD! none ever came near to hurt us.

Yet we were the more wary of them; because once a tiger showed us a cheat. For having bought a deer (and having nothing to salt it up in) we packed it up in the hide thereof salted, and laid it under a bench in an open house, on which bench I lay that night; and STEPHEN lay just by it on the ground; and some three people more lay then in the same house; and in the said house there was a great fire; and another in the yard: yet a tiger came in the night, and carried deer and hide and all away. But we missing it; concluded that it was a thief that had done it. We called up the people that lay by us; and told them what had happened; who informed us that it was a tiger; and with a torch, they went to see which way he had gone, and presently found some of it, which he had let drop by the way. When it was day, we went further; and picked up more, which was scattered; till we came to the hide itself, which remained uneaten.

We had now travelled till Thursday afternoon, when we crossed the river called Coronda Oya [? *Kannadera Oya*], which was then quite dry. This parts the King's country from that of the Malabars. We saw no sign of inhabitants here. The woods began to be very full of thorns and shrubby bushes, with cliffs and broken land; so that we could not possibly go in the woods. But now the river grew better, being clear of rocks; and dry, water only standing in holes. So we marched along in the river bed upon the sand. Hereabouts are far more elephants than higher up. By day, we saw none; but by night, the river was full of them.

On Friday, about nine or ten in the morning, we came among the inhabitants: for then we saw the footing [*footprints*] of people on the sand; and tame cattle with bells about their necks. Yet we kept on our way right down the river; knowing no other course to take, to shun the people. And as we went still forwards, we saw coracan corn sown in the woods; but neither town, nor people, nor so much as the voice of man: yet we were somewhat dismayed; knowing that we were now in a country inhabited by Malabars.

The *Wanniounay* or Prince of this people for fear, pays tribute to the Dutch; but stands far more affected towards the King of Kandy: which made our care the greater to keep ourselves out of his hands; fearing lest if he did not keep us himself, he might send us up to our old master. So that great was our terror again, lest meeting with people we might be discovered.

Yet there was no means now left us how to avoid the danger of being seen. The woods were so bad that we could not possibly travel in them for thorns; and to travel by night was impossible, it being a dark moon; and the river at night so full of elephants and other wild beasts coming to drink, as we did both hear and see, lying upon the banks with a fire by us. They came in such numbers, because there was water for them nowhere else to be had: the ponds and holes of water; nay the river itself, in many places being dry. There was therefore no other way to be taken, but to travel on in the river.

So down we went into the sand and put on as fast as we could set our legs to the ground: seeing no people, nor, I think, nobody us; but only buffaloes in abundance in the water.

CHAPTER XI.

Being in the Malabar territories; how they encountered two men, and what passed between them. And of their getting safe unto the Dutch fort; and their reception there, and at the Island of Manaar; until their embarking for Colombo.



THUS we went on till about three o'clock in the afternoon. At which time, coming about a point, we came up with two Brahmins on a sudden; who were sitting under a tree, boiling rice. We were within forty paces of them. When they saw us they were amazed at us; and as much afraid of us, as we were of them. Now we thought it better policy to treat with them, than to fly from them: fearing they might have bows and arrows, whereas we were armed only with axes in our hands, and knives by our sides; or else that they might raise the country and pursue us. So we made a stand, and in the Cingalese language, asked their leave to come near and treat with them, but they did not understand it: but being risen up, spake to us in the Malabar tongue, which we could not understand. Then, still standing at a distance, we intimated our minds to them by signs, beckoning with our hand: which they answered in the same language.

Then offering to go towards them, and seeing them to be naked men, and no arms near them; we laid our axes upon the ground with our bags: lest we might scare them, if we had come up to them with those weapons in our hands; and so went towards them with only our knives by our sides.

By signs with our hands, showing them our bloody backs; we made understand whence we came, and whither we were going: which when they perceived, they seemed to commiserate our condition, and greatly to admire at such a miracle which GOD had brought to pass; and as they talked one to another, they lifted up their hands and faces towards

heaven, after repeating *Tombrane*, which is *God* in the Malabar tongue.

And by their signs, we understood they would have us bring our bags and axes nearer: which we had no sooner done; but they brought the rice and herbs which they had boiled for themselves to us, and bade us eat; which we were not fitted to do, having not long before eaten a hearty dinner of better fare. Yet we could not but thankfully accept of their compassion and kindness, and eat as much as we could; and in requital of their courtesy, we gave them some of our tobacco: which, after much entreating, they did receive, and it pleased them exceedingly.

After these civilities passed on either side; we began by signs to desire them to go with us, and show us the way to the Dutch fort: which they were very unwilling to do, saying—as by signs and some few words which we could understand—that our greatest danger was past; and that by night, we might get into the Hollanders' dominions.

Yet we being weary with our tedious journey, and desirous to have a guide; showed them money to the value of five shillings, being all I had, and offered it to them, to go with us. Which together with our great importunity, so prevailed, that one of them took it; and leaving his fellow to carry their baggage, he went with us about one mile, and then began to take his leave of us and to return: which we supposed was to get more from us. Having therefore no more money, we gave him a red Tunis cap and a knife; for which he went a mile further, and then as before would leave us, signifying to us, "that we were out of danger, and he could go no farther."

Now we had no more left to give him; but began to perceive that what we had parted withal to him was but flung away. And although we might have taken all from him again, being alone in the wood; yet we feared to do it, lest thereby we might exasperate him, and so he might give notice of us to the people: but bade him farewell; after he had conducted us four or five miles.

We kept on our journey down the river as before, until it was night; and lodged upon a bank under a tree: but were in the way of the elephants; for in the night they came and had like to have disturbed us; so that for our preservation

we were forced to fling firebrands at them to scare them away.

The next morning, being Saturday, as soon as it was light, having eaten to strengthen us (as horses do oats before they travel), we set forth, going still down. The sand was dry and loose and so very tedious to go upon, by the side of the river we could not go, it being all overgrown with bushes. The land hereabouts was as smooth as a bowling green; but the grass clean burnt up for want of rain.

Having travelled about two hours, we saw a man walking in the river before, whom we would gladly have shunned, but well could not: for he walked down the river as we did: but at a very slow rate, which much hindered us. But considering upon the distance we had come since we left the Brahmin and comparing with what he told us, we concluded we were in the Hollanders' jurisdiction; and so amended our pace to overtake the man before us: whom we perceiving to be free from timorousness at the sight of us, concluded he had been used to see white men.

Whereupon, we asked him, "to whom he belonged?" He, speaking the Cingalese language, answered, "to the Dutch;" and also "that all the country was under their command, and that we were out of danger, and that the fort of Aripo was but some six miles off." Which did not a little rejoice us. We told him, "we were of that nation, and had made our escape from Kandy, where we had been many years kept in captivity:" and—having nothing to give him ourselves—we told him, "that it was not to be doubted, but that the chief Commander at the fort would bountifully reward him if he would go with us, and direct us thither." But whether he doubted of that or not, or whether he expected something in hand; he excused himself, pretending earnest and urgent occasions that he could not defer. But he advised us to leave the river, because it winds so much about, and to turn up without fear to the towns; where the people would direct us the way to the fort.

Upon his advice, we struck up a path that came down to the river, intending to go to a town, but could find none: and there were so many cross paths that we could not tell which way to go; and the land here was so exceedingly low and level, that we could see no other thing but trees. For

although I got up a tree to look if I could see the Dutch fort or discern any houses; yet I could not: and the sun being right over our heads, neither could that direct us. Insomuch that we wished ourselves again in our old friend, the river. So after much wandering up and down; we sat down under a tree, waiting until the sun was fallen or some people came by.

Which not long after, three or four Malabars did. We told these men that we were Hollanders: supposing they would be the more willing to go with us; but they proved of the same temper with the rest before mentioned. For until I gave one of them a small knife to cut betel nuts, he would not go with us; but for the lucre of that, he conducted us to a town. From whence, they sent a man with us to the next. And so we were passed from town to town, until we arrived at the fort called Aripo. It being about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October the 18th, 1679.

Which day, GOD grant us grace that we may never forget: when He was pleased to give us so great a deliverance from such a long captivity of nineteen years, and six months, and odd days. I being taken prisoner when I was nineteen years old; and continued upon the mountains among the heathen till I attained to eight and thirty.

In this flight through the woods; I cannot but take notice with some wonder and great thankfulness, that this travelling by night in a desolate wilderness was little or nothing dreadful to me; whereas formerly the very thoughts of it would seem to dread me. And in the night, when I lay down to rest, with wild beasts round me; I slept as soundly and securely as ever I did at home in my own house. Which courage and peace, I look upon to be the immediate gift of GOD to me, upon my earnest prayers; which at that time he poured into my heart in great measure and fervency. After which I found myself freed from those frights and fears, which usually possessed my heart at other times.

In short, I look upon the whole business as a miraculous providence; and that the hand of GOD did eminently appear to me as it did of old to his people Israel in the like circumstances; in leading and conducting me through this dreadful wilderness, and not to suffer any evil to approach nigh unto me.

The Hollanders much wondered at our arrival—it being so strange that any should escape from Kandy—and entertained us very kindly that night.

And the next morning, being Sunday; they sent a Corporal with us to Manaar, and a black man to carry our few things.

At Manaar, we were brought before the Captain of the castle, the Chief Governor being absent; who, when we came in, was just risen from dinner. He received us with a great deal of kindness, and bade us sit down to eat.

It seemed not a little strange to us, who had dwelt so long in straw cottages among the black heathen, and used to sit on the ground, and eat our meat on leaves; now to sit on chairs, and eat out of china dishes at a table; where there were great varieties, and a fair and sumptuous house inhabited by white and Christian people: we being then in such habit and guise (our natural colour excepted) that we seemed not fit to eat with his servants, no, nor his slaves.

After dinner, the Captain inquired concerning the affairs of the King and country, and the condition of their Ambassadors and people there. To all which, we gave them true and satisfactory answers. Then he told us "that to-morrow, there was a sloop to sail to Jaffnapatam, in which he would send us to the Commander and Governor; from whence we might have a passage to Fort Saint George [*Madras*] or any other place on that coast, according to our desire." After this, he gave us some money; bidding us go to the Castle to drink, and be merry with our countrymen there. For all which kindness, giving him many thanks in the Portuguese language; we took our leaves of him.

When we came to the court of guard at the Castle; we asked the soldiers if there were no Englishmen among them. Immediately there came forth two men to us, the one a Scotchman named ANDREW BROWN; the other an Irishman, whose name was FRANCIS HODGES: who, after very kind salutes, carried us unto their lodgings in the castle; and entertained us very nobly, according to their ability, with arrack and tobacco.

The news of our arrival being spread in the town, the people came flocking to see us as a strange and wonderful sight: and some to inquire about their husbands, sons and relations which were prisoners at Kandy.

In the evening a gentlemen of the town sent to invite us to his house; where we were gallantly entertained both with victuals and lodging.

The next day, being Monday, while ready to embark for Jaffnapatam; there came an order from the Captain and Council that we must stay until the Commander of Jaffnapatam, who was daily expected, came thither: which we could not deny to do; and order was given to the Victuallers of the soldiers to provide for us. The Scotchman and Irishman were very glad of this order, that they might have our company longer: and would not suffer us to spend the Captain's benevolence in their company, but spent freely upon us at their own charges.

Thanks be to GOD, we both continued in health all the time of our escape; but within three days after we came to Manaar, my companion fell very sick; so that I thought I should have lost him.

Thus we remained some ten days. At which time the expected Commander arrived, and was received with great ceremonies of state. The next day we went before him, to receive his orders concerning us: which were to be ready to go with him on the morrow to Colombo; there being a ship, that had long waited in that road to carry him. In which, we embark with him for Colombo.

At our coming on board to go to sea, we could not expect but to be seasick; being now as fresh men having so long disused the sea: but it proved otherwise, and we were not in the least stirred.

CHAPTER XII.

Their arrival at Colombo and entertainment there. Their departure thence to Batavia; and from thence to Bantam: whence they set sail for England.

BEING safely arrived at Colombo, before the ship came to an anchor; there came a barge on board to carry the Commander ashore. But it being late in the evening, and my consort being sick of an ague and fever; we thought it better for us to stay on board until the morning, so as to have a day before us.

The next morning, we bade the skipper farewell, and went ashore in the first boat: going straight to the Court of Guard; where all the soldiers came staring upon us, wondering to see white men in Cingalese habits. We asked them, if "there were no Englishmen among them." They told us, "there were none, but that in the city there were several." A trumpeter being hard by who had formerly sailed in English ships; hearing of us, came and invited us to his chamber: and entertained my consort being sick of his ague, in his own bed.

The strange news of our arrival from Kandy was presently spread all about the city, and all the Englishmen that were there immediately came to bid us welcome out of our long captivity: with whom we consulted how to come to speech of the Governor. Upon which, one of them went and acquainted the Captain of the Guard of our being on shore; which the Captain understanding, went and informed the Governor thereof. Who sent us answer that to-morrow we should come before him.

After my consort's fit was over; our countrymen and their friends invited us abroad to walk and see the city. We being barefooted and in Cingalese habit with great long beards; the people much wondered at us, and came flocking to see who and what we were; so that we had a great train of people about us, as we walked in the streets. And after

we had walked to and fro, and had seen the city; they carried us to their landlady's house, where we were kindly treated both with victuals and drink; and returned to the trumpeter's house as he had desired us when we went out. In the evening, came a boy from the Governor's house to tell us, that the Governor invited us to come to supper at his house: but we—having dined lately with our countrymen and their friends—had no room to receive the Governor's kindness; and so lodged that night, at the trumpeter's.

The next morning, the Governor—whose name was RICKLOF VAN GONS, son of RICKLOF VAN GONS the General of Batavia—sent for us to his house. Whom we found standing in a large and stately room, paved with black and white stones: and only the Commander of Jaffnapatam, who brought us from Manaar, standing by him; who was to succeed him in the government of that place. On the further side of the room, stood three of the chief Captains bareheaded.

First, "he bade us welcome out of our long captivity," and told us "That we were free men: and that he should have been glad if he could have been an instrument to redeem us sooner; having endeavoured as much for us as for his own people." For all which, we thanked him heartily: telling him, "We knew it to be true."

The Governor perceiving I could speak the Portuguese tongue, began to inquire concerning the affairs of the King and country very particularly; and oftentimes asked about such matters as he himself knew better than I. To all his questions, my too much experience enabled me to give a satisfactory reply. Some of the most remarkable matters he demanded of me, were these.

First, they inquired much about the reason and intent of our coming to Kottiaar: to which, I answered them at large.

Then they asked, "If the King of Kandy had any issue?" I told them, "As report went, he had none."

And, "Who were the greatest in the realm, next to him?" I answered, "There were none of renown left, the King had destroyed them all."

"How the hearts of the people stood affected?" I answered, "Much against their King: he being so cruel."

"If we had never been brought into his presence?" I told them, "No, nor never had had a near sight of him."

"What strength he had for war?" I answered, "Not well able to assault them, by reason that the hearts of his people were not true to him: but that the strength of his country consisted in mountains and woods, as much as in the people."

"What army could he raise upon occasion?" I answered, "I knew not well; but, as I thought, about thirty thousand men."

"Why would he not make peace with them: they so much suing for it, and sending presents to please him?" I answered, "I was not one of his Council, and knew not his meaning."

But they demanded of me, "What I thought might be the reason or occasion of it?" I answered, "Living securely in the mountains, he feareth none; and for traffic, he regardeth it not."

"Which way was best and most secure to send spies or intelligence to Kandy?" I told them, "By the way that goeth to Jaffnapatam; and by some of that country's people, who have great correspondence with the people of Nuwerakalawe, one of the King's countries."

"What I thought would become of that land after the King's decease?" I told them, "I thought, he having no issue; it might fall into their hands."

"How many Englishmen had served the King, and what became of them?" Which I gave them an account of.

"Whether I had an acquaintance or discourse with the great men at Court?" I answered, "That I was too small to have any friendship or intimacy or hold discourse with them."

"How the common people used to talk concerning them [*the Dutch*]?" I answered, "They used much to commend their justice and good government in the territories and over the people belonging unto them."

"Whether the King did take counsel of any, or rule and act only by his own will and pleasure?" I answered, "I was a stranger at Court, and how could I know that?"

"But," they asked further, "what was my opinion?" I replied, "He is so great, that there is none great enough to give him counsel."

Concerning the French: "if the King knew not of their coming, before they came?" I answered, "I thought not, because their coming seemed strange and wonderful unto the people."

"How they had proceeded in treating with the King?" I answered as shall be related hereafter, when I come to speak of the French detained in this land.

"If I knew any way or means to be used, whereby the prisoners in Kandy might be set free?" I told them, "Means I knew none, unless they could do it by war."

Also they inquired about the manner of executing those whom the King commands to be put to death. They inquired also very curiously concerning the manner of our surprisal, and entertainment or usage among them; and in what parts of the land, we had our residence: and particularly concerning myself, in what parts of the land, and how long in each, I had dwelt; and after what manner I lived there; and of my age; and in what part or place when GOD sent me home I should take up my abode? To all which, I gave answers.

They desired to know also, how many Englishmen there were yet remaining behind. I gave them an account of sixteen men, and also of eighteen children born there.

They much inquired concerning their Ambassadors detained there, and of their behaviour and manner of living; also what the King allowed them for maintenance; and concerning several officers of quality, prisoners there; and in general, about all the rest of their nation.

And what "countenance the King showed to those Dutchmen that came running away to him?" I answered, "The Dutch runaways, the King looks upon as rogues."

And concerning the Portuguese, they inquired also. I told them, "The Portuguese were about some fifty or threescore persons: and six or seven of those, were European born."

They asked moreover, "How we had made our escape? and which way? and by what towns we passed? and how long we were in our journey?" To all which I answered at large.

Then the Governor asked me "What was my intent and desire?" I told him, "To have passage to our own nation at Fort Saint George."

To which he answered, "That suddenly [*immediately*] there

would be no convenient opportunity: but his desire was that we would go with him to Batavia; where the General his father, would be very glad to see us." Which it was not in our power to deny.

Then he commanded to call a Dutch Captain; who was over the countries adjacent, subject to their jurisdiction. To whom he gave orders to take us home to his house, and there well to entertain us, and also to send for a tailor to make us clothes.

Upon which I told him: "That his kindness shown us already, was more than we could have desired. It would be a sufficient favour now to supply us with a little money upon a bill to be paid at Fort Saint George, that we might therewith clothe ourselves."

To which he answered, "That he would not deny me any sum I should demand, and clothe us upon his own account besides." For which, we humbly thanked his Lordship: and so took our leave of him; and went home with the aforesaid Captain.

The Governor presently sent me money by his steward for expenses when we walked abroad in the city.

We were nobly entertained without lack of anything all the time we stayed at Colombo. My consort's ague increased, and grew very bad; but the Chief Surgeon, by order, daily came to see him; and gave him such potions of physic, that by GOD's blessing, he soon after recovered.

During my being here, I wrote a letter to my fellow-prisoners that I left behind me in Kandy: wherein I described, at large, the way we went, so that they might plainly understand the same; which I finding to be safe and secure, advised them when GOD permitted, to steer the same course. This letter I left with the new Governor of Colombo and desired him, when opportunity presented, to send it to them: who said he would have it copied out into Dutch, for the benefit of their prisoners there; and promised to send both together.

The Governor seemed to be pleased with my aforesaid relations and replies to his demands; insomuch that he afterwards appointed one that well understood Portuguese to write down all the former particulars. Which being done; for further satisfaction, they brought me pen and paper,

desiring me to write the same, that I had related to them, in English and to sign it with my hand: which I was not unwilling to do.

Upon the Governor's departure, there were great and royal feasts made: to which he always sent for me. Here were exceeding great varieties of food, wine and sweetmeats; and music.

Some two and twenty days after our arrival at Colombo, the Governor went on board ship to sail to Batavia; and took us with him. At which time there were many scores of ordnance fired.

We sailed all the day with flag and pennant under it; being out both day and night; in a ship of about 800 tons burden; and a soldier standing armed as a sentinel at the cabin door, both night and day. The Governor so far favoured me that I was in his own mess, and eat at his table; where every meal, we had ten or twelve dishes of meat, with variety of wine.

We set sail from Colombo the 24th of November; and the 5th of January [1680] anchored in Batavia road.

As we came to greater men, so we found greater kindness: for the General of Batavia's reception of us and favours to us, exceeded if possible, those of the Governor his son. As soon as we came before him; seeming to be very glad, he took me by the hand and bade me "heartily welcome, thanking GOD on our behalf, that had appeared so miraculously in our deliverance;" telling us withal, "that he had omitted no means for our redemption; and that if it had been in his power, we should long before have had our liberty."

I humbly thanked his Excellency, and said, "That I knew it to be true; and that though it missed of an effect, yet his good will was not the less, neither were our obligations; being ever bound to thank and pray for him."

Then his own tailor was ordered to take measure of us, and to furnish us with two suits of apparel. He gave us also money for tobacco and betel, and to spend in the city. All the time we stayed there, our quarters were in the Captain of the Castle's house. And oftentimes the General would send for me to his own table, at which sat only himself and his lady who was all bespangled with diamonds and pearls. Sometimes his sons and daughters-in-law, with

some other strangers did eat with him: the trumpets sounding all the while.

We finding ourselves thus kindly entertained, and our habits changed; saw that we were no more captives in Kandy, nor yet prisoners elsewhere: therefore we cut off our beards which we had brought with us out of our captivity (for until then, we cut them not); GOD having rolled away the reproach of Kandy from us.

Here also, they did examine me again, concerning the passages of Kandy; causing all to be written down which I said, and requiring my hand to the same: which I refused as I had done before, and upon the same account—because I understood not the Dutch language. Whereupon they persuaded me to write a certificate upon another paper under my hand, that what I had informed them of was true. Which I did. This examination was taken by two secretaries, who were appointed to demand answers of me concerning the King of Ceylon and his country: which they committed to writing from my mouth.

The General's youngest son being to go home Admiral of the ships this year, the General kindly offered us passage upon their ships; promising me entertainment at his son's own table, as the Governor of Colombo had given me in my voyage thither: which offer he made me, he said, "that I might better satisfy their Company in Holland concerning the affairs of Ceylon; which they would be very glad to know."

At this time came two English merchants hither from Bantam: with whom the General was pleased to permit us to go.

But when we came to Bantam, the English Agent [of the English East India Company] very kindly entertained us; and being not willing that we should go to the Dutch for a passage, since GOD had brought us to our own nation, ordered our passage in the good ship *Cæsar* lying then in the road, for England the land of our nativity and our long wished for port. Where by the good providence of GOD, we arrived safe in the month of September [1680].

CHAPTER XIII.

Concerning some other nations, and chiefly European that now live in the island. The Portuguese and Dutch.



AVING SAID all this concerning the English people, it may not be unacceptable to give some account of other whites, who either voluntarily or by constraint inhabit there: and they are besides the English already spoken of; Portuguese, Dutch and French.

But before I enter upon a discourse of any of these, I shall detain my readers a little with another nation inhabiting this land, I mean the Malabars: both because they are strangers and derive themselves from another country; and also because I have had occasion to mention them sometimes in this book.

These Malabars, then, are voluntary inhabitants of the island; and have a country here, though the limits of it are but small. It lies to the northward of the King's coasts, betwixt him and the Hollanders. Corunda Oya parts it from the King's territories. Through this country we passed, when we made our escape. The language they speak is peculiar to themselves; so that a Cingalese cannot understand t'.em, nor they a Cingalese.

They have a Prince over them, called *Coilat Wannea*, that is independent both of the King of Kandy on the one hand, and of the Dutch on the other: only that he pays an acknowledgment to the Hollanders, who have endeavoured to subdue him by wars, but they cannot yet do it. Yet they have brought him to be a tributary to them, viz.: to pay a certain rate of elephants *per annum*. The King and this Prince maintain a friendship and correspondence together: and when the King lately sent an army against the Hollanders, this Prince let them pass through his country; and went himself in person, to direct the King's people; when they took one or two forts from them.

The people are in great subjection under him. They pay him rather greater taxes than the Cingalese do to their King: but he is nothing so cruel. He victualleth his soldiers during the time they are upon the guard, either about the palace or abroad in the wars: whereas it is the contrary in the King's country; for the Cingalese soldiers bear their own expenses. He hath a certain rate out of every land that is sown; which is to maintain his charge.

The commodities of this country are elephants, honey, butter, milk, wax, cows, wild cattle; of the last three, a great abundance. As for corn, it is more scarce than in the Cingalese country; neither have they any cotton: but they come up into Nuwerakalawe yearly, with great droves of cattle; and lade back both corn and cotton. And to buy these they bring up cloth made of the same cotton, which they can make better than the Cingalese; also they bring salt, and salt fish, brass basins, and other commodities; which they get of the Hollander. Because the King permits not his people to have any manner of trade with the Hollander; so they receive the Dutch commodities at second hand.

We will now proceed unto the European nations: and we will begin with the Portuguese; who deserve the first place; being the oldest standers there.

The sea-coasts round about the island were formerly under their power and government: and so held for many years. In which time, many of the natives became Christians, and learned the Portuguese tongue; which to this day is much spoken in that land, for even the King himself understands and speaks it excellently well.

The Portuguese have often made invasions throughout the whole land, even to Kandy the metropolis of the island; which they have burnt more than once with the palace and the temples. And so formidable have they been that the King hath been forced to turn tributary to them, paying them three elephants *per annum*. However the middle of the island, viz., Conde Uda, standing upon mountains, and so strongly fortified by nature; could never be brought into subjection by them, much less by any other: but hath always been under the power of their own kings.

There were great and long wars between the King of

Ceylon and the Portuguese; and many of the brave Portuguese generals are still in memory among them: of whom I shall relate some passages presently. Great vexation they gave the King by their irruptions into his dominions, and the mischiefs they did him; though oftentimes with great loss on their side. Great battles have been lost and won between them; with great destruction of men on both parts. But being greatly distressed at last; he sent and called in the Hollander to his aid: by whose seasonable assistance, together with his own arms; the King totally dispossessed the Portuguese and routed them out of the land. Whose room the Dutch now occupy; paying themselves for their pains.

At the surrender of Colombo, which was the last place the Portuguese held, the King made a proclamation, that all Portuguese which would come unto him, should be well entertained: which accordingly many did, with their whole families, wives, children and servants; choosing rather to be under him than the Dutch. And divers of them are alive to this day, living in Conde Uda; and others are born there. To all of whom, he alloweth monthly maintenance, yea also and provisions for their slaves and servants which they brought up with them. These people are privileged to travel the countries above all other whites, as knowing they will not run away. Also when there was a trade at the sea-ports; they were permitted to go down with commodities, clear from all customs and duties.

Besides those who came voluntarily to live under the King: there are others whom he took prisoners. The Portuguese of the best quality, the King took into his service: who have been, most of them, since cut off; according to his kind custom towards his courtiers. The rest of them have an allowance from the King; and follow husbandry, trading about the country, distilling arrack, keeping taverns; or the women sew women's waistcoats, and the men sew men's doublets for sale.

I shall now mention some of the last Portuguese generals, all within the present King's reign; with some passages concerning them.

CONSTANTINE SA, General of the Portuguese army in Ceylon when the Portuguese had footing in this land, was

very successful against this present King. He ran quite through the island unto the royal city itself; which he set on fire, with the temples therein. Insomuch that the King sent a message to him signifying that he was willing to become his tributary. But he proudly sent him word back again, "That that would not serve his turn: he should not only be tributary but slave to his master, the King of Portugal." This, the King of Kandy could not brook, being of an high stomach; and said, "He would fight to the last drop of blood, rather than stoop to that."

There were at this time, many commanders in the General's army, who were natural Cingalese: with these, the King dealt secretly; assuring them that if they would turn on his side, he would gratify them with very ample rewards. The King's promises took effect; and they all revolted from the General. The King now — not daring to trust the revolted to make trial of their truth and fidelity—put them in the forefront of his battle; and commanded them to give the first onset. The King at that time, might have had 20,000 or 30,000 men in the field: who, taking their opportunity, set upon the Portuguese army and gave them such a total overthrow; that, as they report in that country, not one of them escaped. The General seeing his defeat, and himself likely to be taken; called his black boy to give him water to drink; and snatching the knife that stuck by his boy's side, stabbed himself with it.

Another General after him, was LEWIS TISSÉRA. He swore that he would make the King eat *coracan tallipa*, that is, a kind of hasty pudding made of water and the coracan flour, which is reckoned the worst fare of that island. The King afterwards took this LEWIS TISSÉRA; and put him in chains in the common gaol, and made him eat of the same fare. And there is a ballad of this man and this passage, sung much among the common people there to this day.

Their next General was SIMON CAREE, a natural Cingalese, but baptized. He is said to have been a great commander. When he had got any victory over the Cingalese, he did exercise great cruelty. He would make the women beat their own children to pieces in their mortars; wherein they used to beat their corn.

GASPAR FIGARI had a Portuguese father and a Cingalese

mother. He was the last general they had in this country, and a brave soldier: but degenerated not from his predecessors in cruelty. He would hang up the people by the heels, and split them down the middle. He had his axe wrapped in a white cloth, which he carried with him into the field, to execute those he suspected to be false to him or that attempted to run away. Smaller malefactors he was merciful to, cutting off only their right hands. Several whom he hath so served are yet living, whom I have seen.

This GASPAR came up one day to fight against the King: and the King resolved to fight him. The General fixed his camp at Motaupul in Hotterakorle. And in order to the King's coming down to meet the Portuguese, preparation was made for him at a place called Catta coppul, which might be ten or twelve miles distant from the Portuguese army. GASPAR knew of the place by some spies, but of the time of the King's coming he was informed that it was a day sooner than really it happened. According to this information, he resolved privately to march thither; and come upon him in the night unawares. And because he knew the King was a politician, and would have his spies abroad to watch the General's motion; the General sent for all the drummers and pipers to play and dance in his camp that thereby the King's spies might not suspect that he was upon the march, but merry and secure in his camp.

In the meantime, having set his people all to their dancing and drumming, he left a small party there to secure the baggage; and away he goes in the night with his army, and arrives at Catta coppul, intending to fall upon the King. But when he came thither, he found the King was not yet come; but into the King's tent he went, and sate him down in the seat appointed for the King. Here he heard where the King was with his camp; which being not far off, he marched thither in the morning, and fell upon him; and gave him one of the greatest routs that ever he had.

The King himself had a narrow escape. For had it not been for a Dutch company, which the Dutch had sent a little before for his guard: who, after his own army fled, turned head and stopped the Portuguese for a while; he had been seized. The Portuguese General was so near the King, that he called after him, *Houre*, that is "Brother, Stay! I would

speak with you!" But the King having got atop of the hills, was safe: and so GASPAR retired to his quarters.

This gallant expert Commander, that had so often vanquished the Cingalese; could not cope with another European nation. For when the Hollanders came to besiege Colombo, he was sent against them with his army. They told him before he went, that now he must look to himself: for he was not now to fight against Cingalese; but against soldiers that would look him in the face. But he made nothing of them, and said that he would serve them as he had served the Cingalese. The Hollanders met him, and they fought; but they had before contrived a stratagem, which he was not aware of. They had placed some field-pieces in the rear of their army; and after a small skirmish, they retreated as if they had been worsted, which was only to draw the Portuguese nearer upon their guns: which, when they had brought them in shot of, they opened on a sudden to the right and left, and fired upon them; and so routed them, and drove them into Colombo.

This GASPAR was in the city, when it was taken; and was himself taken prisoner: who was afterwards sent to Goa; where he died.

And so much of the Portuguese.

The Dutch succeeded the Portuguese. The first occasion of whose coming into this land was that the present King, being wearied and overmatched with the Portuguese, sent for them into his aid long ago from Batavia. And they did him good service; but they feathered their own nests by the means; and are now possessed of all the sea-coasts, and considerable territories thereunto adjoining.

The King of the country keeps up an irreconcilable war against them: the occasion of which is said to have been this.

Upon the besieging of Colombo, which was about the year 1655: it was concluded upon between the King and the Dutch, that their enemies the Portuguese being expelled thence; the city was to be delivered up by the Dutch into the King's hands. Whereupon the King himself in person, with all his power; went down to this war, to assist and and join with the Hollanders: without whose help, as it is generally reported, the Dutch could not have taken the city.

But being surrendered to them, and they gotten into it; the King lay looking for when they would come, according to their former articles, and put him into possession of it. Meanwhile they turned on a sudden, and fell upon him, contrary to his expectation—whether the King had first broke word with them is not known—and took bag and baggage from him. Which provoked him in so high a manner, that he maintains a constant hostility against them; detains their Ambassadors; and forbids his people, upon pain of death, to hold commerce with them.

So that the Dutch have enough to do to maintain those places which they have. Oftentimes the King, at unawares falls upon them and does them great spoil: sometimes giving no quarter, but cutting off the heads of whomsoever he catches: which are brought up and hung upon trees near the city; many of which I have seen. Sometimes he brings up his prisoners alive and keeps them by the highway sides, a spectacle to the people in memory of his victories over them. Many of these are now living there in a most miserable condition, having but a very small allowance from him; so that they are forced to beg, and it is a favour when they can get leave to go abroad and do it.

The Dutch, therefore, not being able to deal with him by the sword, being unacquainted with the woods and the Cingalese manner of fighting; do endeavour for peace with him all they can: dispatching divers Ambassadors to him, and sending great presents; by carrying letters to him in great state, wrapped up in silks wrought with gold and silver; bearing them all the way upon their heads, in token of great honour; honouring him with great and high titles; subscribing themselves his subjects and servants; telling him that the forts they build, are out of loyalty to him, to secure His Majesty's country from foreign enemies; and that when they came up into his country, it was to seek maintenance.

And by these flatteries and submissions, they sometimes obtain to keep what they have gotten from him; and sometimes nothing will prevail: he, neither regarding their Ambassadors nor receiving the presents; but taking his opportunity upon a sudden, of setting on them with his forces.

His craft and success in taking Belligam fort, in the county of Habberagon; may deserve to be mentioned. The Cingalese

had besieged the fort, and knowing the Dutch had no water there, but that all they had was conveyed through a trench wrought under ground from a river near by: they besieged them so closely and planted so many guns towards the mouth of this trench; that they could not come out to fetch water. They cut down wood also, and made bundles of faggots therewith: which they piled up around about the fort at some distance; and every night removed them nearer and nearer: so their works became higher than the fort. Their main intent by these faggot-works, was to have brought them just under the fort, and then to have set it on fire: the walls of the fort being for the most part of wood. There was also a boabab tree growing just by the fort; on which they planted guns, and shot right down into them. The houses in the fort being thatched; they shot also fire arrows among them: so that the besieged were forced to pull off the straw from their houses, which proved a great inconvenience to them, it being a rainy season; so that they lay open to the weather and cold.

The Dutch finding themselves in this extremity, desired quarter: which was granted them at the King's mercy. They came out and laid down their arms; all but the officers, who still wore theirs. None were plundered of anything they had about them. The fort, the Cingalese demolished to the ground; and brought up the four guns to the King's palace: where they, among others, stand; mounted on broad carriages, before his gate.

The Dutch were brought two or three days' journey from the fort into the country they called Oowah; and there were placed with a guard about them: having but a small allowance appointed them; insomuch that afterwards having spent what they had; they perished for hunger. So that of about ninety Hollanders taken prisoners; there were not above five and twenty living when I came away.

There are several white Ambassadors, besides other Cingalese people, by whom the Dutch have sent letters and presents to the King: whom he keeps from returning back again. They are all bestowed in several houses, with soldiers to guard them. And though they are not in chains; yet none is permitted to come to them or speak with them. It not being the custom of that land for any to come to the speech of Ambassadors. Their allowance is brought them

ready dressed out of the King's palace; being of all sorts and varieties that the land affords.

After they have remained in this condition some years, the guards are somewhat slackened and the soldiers that are to watch them grow remiss in their duty; so that now the Ambassadors walk about the streets, and anybody goes to their houses and talks with them: that is after they have been so long in the country, that all their news is stale and grown out of date. But this liberty is only winked at, not allowed.

When they have been there a great while, the King usually gives them slaves, both men and women: the more to alienate their minds from their own country; and that they may stay with him, with the more willingness and content. For his design is to make them, if he can, inclinable to serve him: as he prevailed with one of these Ambassadors to do for the love of a woman. The manner of it I shall relate immediately.

There were five Ambassadors whom he hath thus detained, since my coming there; of each of whom, I shall speak a little: besides two, whom he sent away voluntarily.

The first of these was sent up by the Hollanders, some time before the rebellion against the King [in 1664]; who detained him in the city. After the rebellion, the King sent for him to him to the mountain of Gauluda; whither he had retreated from the rebels. The King not long after removed to Digligy, where he now keeps his Court: but left the Ambassador at Gauluda remaining by himself, with a guard of soldiers. In this uncomfortable condition, upon a dismal mountain, void of all society; he continued many days. During which time, a Cingalese and his wife fell out, and she being discontented with her husband, to escape from him flies to this Ambassador's house for shelter. The woman being somewhat beautiful; he fell greatly in love with her: and to obtain her, he sent to the King and proffered him his service if he would permit him to enjoy her company. Which the King was very willing and glad to do, having now obtained that which he had long aimed at, to get him into his service.

Hereupon the King sent him word that he granted his desire, and withal sent to both of them rich apparel; and to her, many jewels and bracelets of gold and silver.

Suddenly afterwards there was a great house prepared for them in the city, furnished with all kind of furniture out of the King's treasure, and at his proper cost and charges. Which being finished, he was brought away from his mountain, into it: but from thenceforward he never saw his wife more, according to the custom of the Court. And he was entertained in the King's service, and made *Courtalbad*, which is Chief over all the smiths and carpenters in Conde Uda.

Some short time after, the King about to send his forces against a fort of the Hollanders called Arranderre, built by them in the year 1666; he, though in the King's service, yet being a well-wisher to his country, had privately sent a letter of advice to the Dutch concerning the King's intention and purpose; an answer to which was intercepted, and brought to the King; wherein "thanks were returned to him from the Dutch for his loyalty to his own nation, and that they would accordingly prepare for the King's assault."

The King having read this letter, sent for him, and bade him read it; which he excused, pretending it was so written that he could not. Whereupon immediately another Dutchman was sent for; who read it before the King, and told him the contents of it. At which it is reported that the King said *Beia pas mettandi hitta pas ettandi*, that is, "He serves me for fear, and them for love," or "His fear is here, and his love there:" and forthwith commanded to carry him forth to execution; which was accordingly done upon him. It is generally said that this letter was framed by somebody on purpose to ruin him.

The next Ambassador after him was HENDRICK DRAAK, a fine gentleman, and a good friend of the English. This was he who was commissioned in the year 1664 to intercede with the King on behalf of the English, that they might have liberty to go home; and with him they were made to believe they should return: which happened at the same time that Sir EDWARD WINTER sent his letters to the King for us; which I have already spoken of in the Fifth Chapter of this Fourth Part.

This Ambassador was much in the King's favour, with whom he was detained till he died. And then the King sent his body down to Colombo, carried in a palankin with great state and lamentation; and accompanied with his great commanders and many soldiers.

Some time after the loss of the fort of Arranderre, which was about the year 1670: the Dutch sent up another Ambassador to see if he could obtain peace: which was the first time their Ambassadors began to bring up letters upon their heads in token of extraordinary reverence. This man was much favoured by the King, and was entertained with great ceremony and honour: he clothing him in Cingalese habit, which I never knew done before nor since. But being weary of his long stay, and of the delays that were made; having often made motions to go down to the coast and still he was deferred from day to day: at length he made a resolution, that if he had not leave by such a day, he would go without it; saying "the former ambassador [H. DRAAK], who died there, died like a woman; but it should be seen that he would die like a man."

At the appointed day, he girt on his sword, and repaired to the gates of the King's palace; pulling off his hat, and making his obeisance, as if the King were present before him: and thanking him for the favours and honours he had done him; and so took his leave. And there being some Englishmen present, he generously gave them some money to drink his health: and in this resolute manner departed, with some two or three black servants that attended on him. The upshot of which was, that the King, not being willing to prevent his resolution by violence, sent one of his noblemen to conduct him down: and so he had the good fortune to get home safely to Colombo.

The next Ambassador after him, was JOHN BAPTISTA: a man of a milder spirit than the former; endeavouring to please and show compliance with the King. He obtained many favours of the King, and several slaves, both men and women: and living well, with servants about him; is the more patient in waiting the King's leisure, till he pleaseth to send him home.

The last Ambassador that came up while I was there, brought up a lion; which the Dutch thought would be the most acceptable present that they could send to the King; as indeed did all others. It was but a whelp. But the King did never receive it, supposing it not so famous as he had heard by report lions were. This man with his lion was brought up and kept in the county of Ooddaboolat, nearly

twenty miles from the King's Court: where he remained about a year; in the which time the lion died.

The Ambassador, being weary of living thus like a prisoner, with a guard always upon him, often attempted to go back; seeing the King would not permit him audience: but the guards would not let him. Having divers times made disturbances in this manner to get away home; the King commanded to bring him up into the city to an house that was prepared for him, standing some distance from the Court. Where having waited many days, and seeing no signs of audience; he resolved to make his appearance before the King by force: which he attempted to do; when the King was abroad taking his pleasure. The soldiers of his guard immediately ran, and acquainted the noblemen at Court of his coming; who delayed not to acquaint the King thereof. Whereupon the King gave order forthwith to meet him; and where they met him in that same place to stop him till further orders. And there they kept him, not letting him go either forward or backward. In this manner and place, he remained for three days: till the King sent orders that he might return to his house whence he came. This the King did to tame him. But afterwards he was pleased to call him before him. And there he remained when I left the country; maintained with plenty of provisions at the King's charge.

The number of Dutch now living there may be about fifty or sixty. Some whereof are Ambassadors; some prisoners of war; some runaways and malefactors that have escaped the hand of justice, and got away from the Dutch quarters. To all of whom, are allotted respective allowances; but the runaways have the least, the King not loving such, though giving them entertainment.

The Dutch here love drink, and so practise their proper vice in this country. One who was a great man in the Court, would sometime come into the King's presence, half disguised with drink; which the King often passed over: but once asked him, "Why do you thus disorder yourself that when I send for you about my business, you are not in a capacity to serve me?" He boldly replied, "That as soon as his mother took away her milk from him; she supplied it with wine: and ever since," saith he, "I have used myself to it," With this answer, the King seemed to be pleased. And indeed

the rest of the white men are generally of the same temper; insomuch that the Cingalese have a saying, "That wine is as natural to white men as milk to children."

All differences of ranks and qualities are disregarded among those Cingalese people that are under the Dutch. Neither do the Dutch make any distinction between the "Hondrews," and the low and inferior castes of men; and permit them to go in the same habit, and sit upon stools, as well as the best Hondrews: and the lower ranks may eat and intermarry with the higher without any punishment or any cognizance taken of it. Which is a matter that the Cingalese in Conde Uda are much offended with the Dutch for; and makes them think, that they themselves are sprung from some mean rank or extract. And this prejudiceth this people against them; that they have not such an esteem for them. For to a Cingalese, his rank and honour is as dear as his life.

And thus much of the Dutch.

CHAPTER XIV.

Concerning the French. With some inquiries what should make the King detain white men as he does. And how the Christian religion is maintained among the Christians there.



ABOUT the year 1672 or 1673; there came fourteen sail of great ships from the King of France to settle a trade here. Monsieur DE LA HAYE the Admiral, put in with his fleet into the port of Kottiaar. From whence, he sent up three men by way of embassy, to the King of Kandy: whom he entertained very nobly, and gave every one of them a chain of gold about their necks, and a sword all inlaid with silver, and a gun. And afterwards he sent one of them down to the Admiral with his answer which encouraged him to send up others, that is, an Ambassador, and six more, who were to reside there, till the return of the fleet back again; the fleet being about to sail to the coast of Coromandel.

To the fleet, the King sent all manner of provisions, as much as his ability could afford; and not only permitted but assisted them to build a fort in the bay: which they manned, partly with their own people and partly with Cingalese, whom the king sent and lent to the French. But the Admiral finding that the King's provisions, and what else could be brought in the island, would not suffice for so great a fleet: was forced to depart for the coast of Coromandel, promising the King by the Ambassador aforementioned, speedily to return again. So leaving some of his men with the King's supplies [*auxiliaries*] to keep the fort till his return: he weighed anchor and set sail. But never came back again. Some reported they were destroyed by a storm; others by the Dutch. The Admiral had sent up to the King great presents, but he would not presently receive them; that it might not seem as if he wanted anything or were greedy of things

brought to him: but since the French returned not according to their promise; he scorned ever after to receive them. At first, he neglected the present out of State; and ever since out of anger and indignation. The French fort at Kottiaar was a little after, easily taken by the Dutch.

But to return to the Ambassador and his retinue. He rode up from Kottiaar on horseback; which was very grand in that country: and being, with his company, gotten somewhat short of the city [of Digligy], was appointed there to stay until an house should be prepared in the city for their entertainment. When it was signified to him that their house was ready for their reception; they were conducted forward by certain nobleman sent by the King, carrying with them a present for his majesty. The Ambassador came riding on horseback into the city, which the noblemen observing, dissuaded him from, and advised him to walk on foot; telling him it was not allowable nor the custom: but he, regarding them not, rode by the palace gate. It offended the King; but he took not much notice of it for the present.

The Ambassador alighted at his lodgings, where he and his companions were nobly entertained; and provisions sent them ready dressed out of the King's palace three times a day. Great plenty they had of all things the country afforded.

After some time, the King sent to him to come to his audience. In great state, he was conducted to the Court; accompanied with several of the nobles that were sent to him. Coming—thus to the Court in the night—as it is the King's usual manner at that season [*time*] to send for foreign ministers, and give them audience—he waited there some small time about two hours or less, the King not yet admitting him. Which he took in such great disdain, and for such an affront that he was made to stay at all; much more so long: that he would tarry no longer but went towards his lodgings. Some about the Court observing this, would have stopped him by elephants that stood in the court, turning them before the gate, through which he was to pass: but he would not so be stopped, but laid his hand upon his sword, as if he meant to make his way by the elephants. The people seeing his resolution, called away the elephants, and let him pass.

As soon as the King heard of it, he was highly displeased; insomuch that he commanded some of his officers, that they should go, and beat them and clap them in chains: which was immediately done to all; excepting the two gentlemen that were first sent up by the Admiral. (For these were not touched, the King reckoning they did not belong unto this Ambassador: neither were they now in his company; excepting that one of them in the combustion got a few blows.) They were likewise disarmed, and so have continued ever since. Upon this the gentlemen, attendants upon the Ambassador, made their complaints to the captain of their guards; excusing themselves and laying all the blame upon their Ambassador: urging "that they were his attendants, and a soldier must obey his commander, and go where he appoints him." Which sayings being told the King, he approved thereof, and commanded them out of chains: the Ambassador still remaining in them, and so continued for six months. After which, he was released from his chains, by means of the entreaties his own men made to the great men in his behalf.

The rest of the Frenchmen, seeing how the Ambassador's imprudent carriage had brought him to this misery, refused any longer to dwell with him: and each of them by the King's permission dwells by himself in the city; being maintained at the King's charge. Three of these—whose names were Monsieur DU PLESSY, son to a gentleman of note in France; and JEAN BLOOM; the third—whose name I cannot tell, but he was the Ambassador's boy—the King appointed to look to his best horse kept in the palace. This horse some time after died, as it is supposed of old age: which extremely troubled the King. And imagining they had been instrumental in his death, by their carelessness: he commanded two of them, Monsieur DU PLESSY and JEAN BLOOM, to be carried away into the mountains, and kept prisoners in chains. Where they remained when I came thence.

The rest of them follow employments: some whereof distil arrack, and keep the greatest taverns in the city.

Lately—a little before I came from the island—the King understanding the disagreements and differences that were still kept on foot betwixt the Ambassador and the rest of his company, disliked it; and used these means to make them

friends. He sent for them all, the Ambassador and the rest; and told them, "that it was not seemly for persons as they were, at such a distance from their own country, to quarrel and fall out; and that if they had any love for GOD or the King of France or himself; they should go home with the Ambassador and agree and live together." They went back together not daring to disobey the King: and as soon as they were at home, the King sent a banquet after them of sweetmeats and fruits to eat together. They did eat the King's banquet; but it would not make the reconcilement. For after they had done, each man went home; and dwelt in their own houses, as they did before. It was thought that this carriage would offend the King, and that he would, at least, take away their allowance: and it is probable, before this time the King hath taken vengeance on them. But the Ambassador's carriage is so imperious, that they would rather venture whatsoever might follow than be subject to him. And in this case I left them.

Since my return to England; I presumed by a letter to inform the French Ambassador then in London of the aforesaid matters: thinking myself bound in conscience and Christian charity to do my endeavour; that their friends knowing their condition, may use means for their deliverance. The letter ran thus.

"*These may acquaint your Excellency, that having been a prisoner in the island of Ceylon, under the King of that country nearly twenty years: by means of this my long detainment there, I became acquainted with the French Ambassador and the other gentlemen of his retinue, being in all eight persons; who were sent to treat with the said King in the year* 1672, *by Monsieur* DE LA HAYE; *who came with a fleet to the port of Kottiaar or Trincomalee, from whence he sent these gentlemen. And knowing that from thence it is scarcely possible to send any letters or notice to other parts—for in all the time of my captivity, I could never send one word whereby my friends here might come to hear of my condition; until with one more, I made an escape, leaving sixteen Englishmen yet there—the kindness I have received from those French gentlemen, as also my compassion for them being detained in the same place with me: have obliged and constrained me to*

presume to trouble your Lordship with this paper; not knowing any other means whereby I might convey notice to their friends and relations, which is all the service I am able to perform for them.

"*The Ambassador's name I know not. There is a kinsman of his, called Monsieur* LE SERLE, *and a young gentleman called Monsieur* DU PLESSY, *and another named Monsieur* LA ROCHE. *The rest, by name I know not.*"

And then an account of them is given, according to what I have mentioned above.

"*I shall not presume to be further tedious to your Honour. Craving pardon for my boldness, which an affection to those gentlemen, being in the same land with me, hath occasioned; concerning whom if your Lordship be pleased further to be informed, I shall be both willing and ready to be.*

"*Yours, &c.*"

The Ambassador upon the receipt of this, desired to speak with me. Upon whom I waited, and he, after some speech with me; told me he would send word into France of it, and gave me thanks for this my kindness to his countrymen.

It may be worth some inquiry, what the reason might be, that the King detains the European people as he does. It cannot be out of hope of profit or advantage, for they are so far from bringing him any, that they are a very great charge; being all maintained either by him or his people. Neither is it in the power of money to redeem any one; for that he neither needs nor values. Which makes me conclude it is not out of profit or envy or ill-will, but out of love and favour, that he keeps them; delighting in their company, and to have them ready at his command.

For he is very ambitious of the service of these men; and winks at many of their failings, more than he uses to do towards his natural subjects.

As may appear from a Company of white soldiers he hath, who upon their watch used to be very negligent; one lying drunk here, and another there: which remissness in his own soldiers, he would scarcely have endured, but it would have cost their lives; but with these, he useth more craft than severity to make them more watchful.

These soldiers are under two Captains, the one a Dutchman and the other a Portuguese. They are appointed to guard one of the King's magazines; where they always keep sentinel, both by day and night. This is a pretty good distance from the Court, and here it was the King contrived their station, that they might swear and swagger out of his hearing, and that nobody might disturb them nor they nobody. The Dutch captain lies at one side of the gate, and the Portuguese at the other.

Once the King, to employ these his white soldiers, and to honour them, by letting them see what an assurance he reposed in them; sent one of his boys thither to be kept prisoner, which they were very proud of. They kept him two years in which time he had learnt both the Dutch and Portuguese language. Afterwards the King retook the boy into his service; and within a short time after, executed him.

But the King's reason in sending this boy to be kept by these soldiers was probably, not as they supposed and as the king himself outwardly pretended, viz.:—to show how much he confided in them, but out of design to make them look the better to their watch, which their debauchery made them very remiss in. For the prisoner's hands only were in chains, and not his legs. So that his possibility of running away, having his legs at liberty; concerned them to be circumspect and wakeful: and they knew if he had escaped it were as much as their lives were worth. By this crafty and kind way did the king correct the negligence of his white soldiers.

Indeed his inclinations are much towards the Europeans, making them his great officers; accounting them more faithful and trusty than his own people. With these he often discourses concerning the affairs of their countries, and promotes to places far above their ability and sometimes their degree or desert. And indeed all over the land they do bear, as it were, a natural respect and reverence to white men; inasmuch as black, they hold to be inferior to white: and they say the gods are white, and that the souls of the blessed after the resurrection will be white; and therefore that black is a rejected and accursed colour.

And as further signs of the King's favour to them, there are many privileges which the white men have and enjoy, as tolerated or allowed them from the King, which I suppose

may proceed from the aforesaid consideration: as, to wear any manner of apparel, either gold, silver or silk, shoes and stockings, a shoulder belt and sword; their houses may be whitened with lime; and many such things: all which the Cingalese are not permitted to do.

He will also sometimes send for them into his presence, and discourse familiarly with them, and entertain them with great civilities; especially white Ambassadors. They are greatly chargeable unto his country, but he regards it not in the least. So that the people are more like slaves unto us, than we to the King: inasmuch as they are enforced by his command to bring us maintenance. Whose poverty is so great oftentimes, that for want of what they supply us with; themselves, their wives and children are forced to suffer hunger. This being as a due tax imposed upon them to pay unto us. Neither can they by any power or authority refuse the payment thereof to us. For in my own hearing, the people once complaining of their poverty and inability to give us any longer our allowance, the magistrate or governor replied, "It was the King's special command, and who durst disannul it? And if otherwise they could not supply us with our maintenance; he bade them sell their wives and children, rather than we should want of our due." Such is the favour that Almighty GOD hath given Christian people in the sight of this heathen King; whose entertainment and usage of them is thus favourable.

If any inquire into the religious exercise and worship practised among the Christians there: I am sorry I must say it; I can give but a slender account. For they have no churches, nor no priests; and so no meetings together on the Lord's days for Divine Worship; but each one reads and prays at his own house, as he is disposed. They sanctify the day chiefly by refraining work, and meeting together at drinking houses. They continue the practice of baptism. And there being no priests, they baptize their children themselves with water, and use the words "In the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST;" and give them Christian names. They have their friends about them at such a time, and make a small feast, according to

their ability: and some teach their children to say their prayers, and to read; and some do not.

Indeed their religion, at the best, is but negative, that is, they are not heathen; they do not comply with the idolatry here practised: and they profess themselves Christians in a general manner; which appears by their names, and by their beads and crosses, that some of them wear about their necks.

Nor indeed can I wholly clear them from compliance with the religion of the country. For some of them, when they are sick do use the ceremonies which the heathen do in the like case: as in making idols of clay, and setting them up in their houses, and offering rice to them; and having weavers to dance before them. But they are ashamed to be known to do this: and I have known none to do it, but such as are Indian born. Yet I never knew any of them, that do inwardly in heart and conscience incline to the ways of the heathen; but perfectly abhor them. Nor have there been any, I ever heard of, that came to their temples, upon any religious account; but only would stand by and look on: without it were one old priest, named Padre VERGONSE, a Genoese born and of the Jesuit's order; who would go to the temples and eat with the weavers and other ordinary people, of the sacrifices offered to the idols. But with this apology for himself; "That he ate it as common meat and as GOD's creature; and that it was never the worse for the superstition that had passed upon it."

But however this may reflect upon the Father, another thing may be related for his honour. There happened two priests to fall into the hands of the King, on whom he conferred great honours. For having laid aside their habits, they kept about his person; and were the greatest favourites at Court. The King, one day, sent for VERGONSE, and asked him if it would not be better for him to lay aside his old coat and cap; and to do as the other two priests had done, and receive honour from him. He replied to the King, "That he boasted more in that old habit, and in the name of JESUS; than in all the honour that he could do him." And so refused the King's honour. The King valued the Father for this saying.

He had a pretty library about him, and died in his bed of old age: whereas the two other priests in the King's service, died miserably; one of a cancer, and the other was slain.

The old priest had about thirty or forty books; which the king, they say, seized on after his death, and keeps.

These priests and more, lived there; but were all deceased, excepting VERGONSE, before my time. The King allowed them to build a church. Which they did, and the Portuguese assembled there. But they made no better than a bawdy house of it. For which cause, the King commanded to pull it down.

Although here be Protestants and Papists, yet here are no differences kept up among them; but they are as good friends as if there were no such parties: and there is no other distinction of religion there, but only heathens and Christians; and we usually say, "We Christians."

FINIS.



Curiously enough, the name of this native King does not transpire in the above narrative. It was Rajah SINGHA the Second. He lived till 1687.

The names of places in the original work have been corrected by those in that most valuable Map of Ceylon, by Major-General JOHN FRASER.

THOMAS LODGE, M.D.

My bonny lass! thine eye.

[*Phœnix Nest.*]



Y BONNY lass! thine eye,
So sly,
Hath made me sorrow so.
Thy crimson cheeks, my Dear!
So clear,
Have so much wrought my woe.

Thy pleasing smiles and grace,
Thy face,
Have ravished so my sprites;
That life is grown to nought,
Through thought
Of love, which me affrights.

For fancy's flames of fire
Aspire
Unto such furious power:
As but the tears I shed
Make dead,
The brands would me devour.

I should consume to nought,
Through thought
Of thy fair shining eye;
Thy cheeks, thy pleasing smiles,
The wiles,
That forced my heart to die:

Thy grace, thy face, the part
Where art
Stands gazing still to see;
The wondrous gifts and power,
Each hour,
That hath bewitchèd me.

T. L., Gent.



Rev. Richard Hakluyt.

The Voyage of the Dog *to the Gulf of Mexico*, 1589.

(*Voyages*)

A brief remembrance for want of further advertisements as yet, of a voyage made this present year 1589, by William Michelson Captain, and William Mace (of Ratcliff) Master of a ship called the *Dog*, to the Bay of Mexico, in the West Indies.

THE foresaid ship called the *Dog*, of 70 tons burden, was armed forth with the number of forty men. I departed from the coast of England in the month of May [1589], directly for the West Indies. It fell in with the Bay of Mexico, and there met with divers Spanish ships at sundry times; whereof three fell into her lap, and were forced to yield to the mercy of the English.

The last that they met with in the Bay was a Spanish Man of War, whom the English chased; and after three several fights upon three several days, pressed him so far that he entreated a parley, by putting out a flag of trace.

The parley was granted, and certain of the Spaniards came aboard the English ship; where after conference about those matters that had passed in fight betwixt them, they received reasonable entertainment and a quiet farewell.

The Spaniards, as if they had meant to requite the English courtesy, invited our men to their ship; who persuading themselves of good meaning in them, went aboard. But honest and friendly dealing was not their purpose. For suddenly they assaulted our men, and with a dagger stabbing the English pilot to the heart, slew him. Others were served with the like sauce; only William Mace the Master (and two others) notwithstanding all the prepared traps of the

enemy, leaped overboard into the sea, and so came safe to his own ship: and directing his course to England, arrived at Plymouth the 10th of September [1589] last; laden with wines, iron, roans which are a kind of linen cloth, and other rich commodities. Looking also for the arrival of the rest of his consorts; whereof one, and the principal one, hath not long since obtained [*reached*] its port.

Thus much, in general terms only, I have as yet learned and received touching this voyage, as extracted out of letters sent from the foresaid WILLIAM MACE to Master EDWARD WILKINSON of Tower Hill in London.

My principal intention by this example is to admonish our nation of circumspection in dealing with that subtle enemy; and never to trust the Spanish further than that their own strength shall be able to master them. For otherwise whosoever shall through simplicity trust their courtesy shall by trial taste of their assured cruelty.

Anonymous.

An excellent Sonnet, wherein the lover exclaimeth against DETRACTION, *being the principal cause of all his care.*

To the tune *When Cupid scalèd first the fort.*

[*A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions.*]



Ass forth in doleful dumps, my verse!
Thy master's heavy haps unfold!
His grizzled grief each heart well pierce!
Display his woes! Fear not, be bold!

Hid whole in heaps of heaviness,
His dismal days are almost spent;
For Fate, which forged this fickleness,
My youthly years with tears hath sprent.

I loathe the ling'ring life I led.
O wishèd DEATH! why stay'st thy hand?
Sith gladsome joys away be fled,
And linked I am in DOLOUR's band.

In welt'ring waves my ship is tost,
My shattering sails away be shorn:
My anchor from the stern is lost,
And tacklings from the mainyards torn.

Thus driven with every gale of wind,
My weather-beaten bark doth fail:
Still hoping harbour once to find,
Which may these passing perils quail.

But out alas! in vain I hope,
Sith billows proud assault me still:
And skill doth want with seas to cope,
And liquor salt my keel doth fill.

Yet storm doth cease: but lo, at hand,
A ship with warlike wights addressed;
Which seems to be some pirate's band,
With powder and with pellets pressed.

To sink or spoil my bruisèd bark;
Which dangers' dread could not a daunt.
And now the shot the air doth dark;
And Captain on the deck him vaunt.

Then IGNORANCE the Overseer proud,
Cries to SUSPICION, "Spare no shot:"
And ENVY yelleth out aloud,
"Yield to DETRACTION this thy boat."

And as it is now seamen's trade,
When might to cool the foe doth lack:
By vailing foretop, sign I made;
That to their lee, I me did take.

Then gathering wind, to me they make,
And TREASON first on board doth come;
Then follows FRAUD like wily snake,
And swift amongst them takes his room.

These bind me, captive ta'en, with band
Of carking care and fell annoy;
While under hatches yet I stand,
Thereby quite to abandon joy.

Then hoisting sails, they homeward hie,
And me present unto DISDAIN:
Who me beheld with scorning eye,
The more for to increase my pain.

As Lady, she commanded straight,
That to DESPAIR they me convey:
And bade with skilful heed lie wait
That TRUTH be barred from me away.

"Madam," quoth I, "let due desert
Yet find remorse for these my woes.
Of pity, grant some ease to smart.
Let TROTH draw near to quail my foes."

But all for nought I do complain,
For why? The deaf can move no noise.
No more can they which do disdain;
But will in heart thereat rejoice.

Wherefore twixt life and death I stay;
Till TIME with daughter his, draw nigh,
Which may these furious foes dismay:
Or else in ruthful plight I die.

FINIS.

Ranks in the British Army about 1630.

[*Harl. MS.* 4031. f. 244]

Lord General of the Field.

Lieutenant General of the Field.

Of Horsemen. All do ride.	Of Footmen.	
A Captain.	Sergeant Major General.	These may ride if they will.
A Lieutenant.	Master of the Ordnance.	
Coronel or Colonel of the host; that is, Ensign Bearer.	Quarter Master General.	
Quarter Master.	Colonel of a Regiment.	
Clerk.	Lieutenant Colonel of a Regiment.	
3 Corporals.	Sergeant Major [now *Major*] of a Regiment.	
2 Trumpeters.	Quarter Master of a Regiment.	
A Surgeon.	Captain of a Company.	
A Farrier.	Lieutenant of a Company.	
	Ensign Bearer [now *Ensign*] of the same Company.	
	2 Sergeants of the Band [? now *Drum Majors*].	
	Clerk of the Band.	
	Quarter Master of a Company.	
	Gentlemen of a Company.	
	3 Corporals.	
	Drummers.	
	Lantz privadoes [?] who are Corporals' Lieutenants [now *Lance Corporals*].	
	Sentinels.	
	Surgeon.	
	Common Soldiers.	

THOMAS, after Sir THOMAS WILSON.

¶ *Eloquence first given by GOD, after lost by man, and last repaired by GOD again.*

[*The Art of Rhetoric.*]

MAN IN whom is poured the breath of life, was made at his first being an everlasting creature, unto the likeness of GOD; endued with reason, and appointed lord over all other things living. But after the fall of our first father, sin so crept in that our knowledge was much darkened, and by corruption of this our flesh, man's reason and entendment [*intellect*] were both overwhelmed. At what time, GOD being sore grieved with the folly of one man; pitied, of His mere goodness, the whole state and posterity of mankind. And therefore whereas through the wicked suggestion of our ghostly enemy, the joyful fruition of GOD's glory was altogether lost; it pleased our heavenly Father to repair mankind of his free mercy and to grant an everlasting inheritance unto such as would by constant faith seek earnestly thereafter.

Long it was, ere that man knew; himself being destitute of GOD's grace, so that all things waxed savage, the earth untilled, society neglected, GOD's will not known, man against man, one against another, and all against order. Some lived by spoil, some like brute beasts grazed upon the ground, some went naked, some roamed like woodwoses [*mad wild men*], none did anything by reason, but most did what they could by manhood. None almost considered the everliving GOD; but all lived most commonly after their own lust. By death, they thought that all things ended; by life, they looked for none other living. None remembered the true observation of wedlock, none tendered the education

of their children; laws were not regarded, true dealing was not once used. For virtue, vice bare place; for right and equity, might used authority. And therefore whereas man through reason might have used order, man through folly fell into error. And thus for lack of skill and want of grace, evil so prevailed; that the devil was most esteemed: and GOD either almost unknown among them all or else nothing feared among so many. Therefore—even now when man was thus past all hope of amendment—GOD still tendering his own workmanship; stirred up his faithful and elect, to persuade with reason all men to society: and gave his appointed ministers knowledge both to see the natures of men; and also granted to them the gift of utterance, that they might with ease win folk at their will, and frame them by reason to all good order.

And therefore whereas men lived brutishly in open fields having neither house to shroud [*cover*] them in, nor attire to clothe their backs; nor yet any regard to seek their best avail [*interest*]: these appointed of GOD, called them together by utterance of speech; and persuaded with them what was good, what was bad, and what was gainful for mankind. And although at first the rude could hardly learn, and either for the strangeness of the thing would not gladly receive the offer or else for lack of knowledge could not perceive the goodness: yet being somewhat drawn and delighted with the pleasantness of reason and the sweetness of utterance, after a certain space, they became through nurture and good advisement, of wild, sober; of cruel, gentle; of fools, wise; and of beasts, men. Such force hath the tongue, and such is the power of Eloquence and Reason that most men are forced, even to yield in that which most standeth against their will. And therefore the poets do feign that HERCULES, being a man of great wisdom, had all men linked together by the ears in a chain, to draw them and lead them even as he listed. For his wit so great, his tongue so eloquent, and his experience such; that no man was able to withstand his reason: but every one was rather driven to do that which he would, and to will that which he did; agreeing to his advice both in word and work, in all that ever they were able.

Neither can I see that men could have been brought by any other means to live together in fellowship of life, to

maintain cities, to deal truly, and willingly to obey one another: if men, at the first, had not by art and eloquence persuaded that which they full oft found out by reason. For what man, I pray you, being better able to maintain himself by valiant courage than by living in base subjection, would not rather look to rule like a lord, than to live like an underling; if by reason he were not persuaded that it behoveth every man to live in his own vocation, and not to seek any higher room than that whereunto he was at the first, appointed? Who would dig and delve from morn till evening? Who would travail and toil with the sweat of his brows? Yea, who would, for his King's pleasure, adventure and hazard his life, if wit had not so won men; that they thought nothing more needful in this world nor anything whereunto they were more bounden than here to live in their duty and to train their whole life, according to their calling. Therefore whereas men are in many things weakly by nature, and subject to much infirmity; I think in this one point they pass all other creatures living, that they have the gift of speech and reason.

And among all other, I think him of most worthy fame, and amongst men to be taken for half a god that therein doth chiefly and above all other excel men; wherein men do excel beasts. For he that is among the reasonable, of all the most reasonable; and among the witty, of all the most witty; and among the eloquent, of all the most eloquent: him, think I, among all men, not only to be taken for a singular man, but rather to be counted for half a god. For in seeking the excellency hereof, the sooner he draweth to perfection the nigher he cometh to GOD, who is the chief Wisdom: and therefore called GOD because He is the most wise, or rather wisdom itself.

Now then seeing that GOD giveth heavenly grace unto such as called unto him with outstretched hands and humble heart; never wanting to those that want not to themselves: I purpose by His grace and especial assistance, to set forth such precepts of eloquence, and to show what observation the wise have used in handling of their matters: that the unlearned by seeing the practice of others, may have some knowledge themselves; and learn by their neig[illegible] device what is necessary for themselves in their own

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

ASTROPHEL and STELLA.

Heralds at arms do three perfections quote,
To wit, most fair, most rich, most glittering,
So when these three concur within one thing
Needs must that thing of honour be a note.
Lately did I behold a rich fair coat,
Which wished Fortune to mine eyes did bring.
A lordly coat, but worthy of a king,
In which one might all these perfections note,
A field of lilies, roses proper bare;
Two stars in chief, the crest was waves of gold:
How glittering 'twas, might by the stars appear:
The lilies made it fair for to behold.
And RICH it was as by the gold appeareth,
But happy he that in his arms it weareth.

H CONSTABLE, *DIANA*. Sonnet X. 1594.

His very ways in the world did generally add reputation to his Prince and country, by restoring amongst us the ancient majesty of noble and true dealing; as a manly wisdom that can no more be weighed down by an effeminate craft, than HERCULES could be overcome by that effeminate army of dwarfs. And this was it which, I profess, I loved dearly in him, and still shall be glad to honour in the good men of this time. I mean that his heart and tongue went both one way, and so with every one that went with the truth; as knowing no other kindred, party, or end. Above all, he made the religion he professed the firm basis of his life.—FULKE GREVILLE, *Life of Sir P. SIDNEY*, p. 40, Ed. 1652.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, that exact image of quiet and action; happily united in him, and seldom well divided in any.—*Idem*. p. 171.

LADY PENELOPE DEVEREUX eldest child of WALTER, 2nd Earl of ESSEX; and elder sister to his successor ROBERT, the second favourite of Queen ELIZABETH: was Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's first and only love, his *STELLA*.

Her first husband was ROBERT, 3rd Lord RICH; who after her death (1607) was made Earl of WARWICK (6th August, 1618). SIDNEY's transparent Riddle at page 521 identifies *STELLA* with Lady RICH, *i.e.* the once Lady PENELOPE DEVEREUX.

We must first recall from the *Elegy* we have printed at pages 249–296; the testimony of SIDNEY's dearest friends as to the relationship of *STELLA* to his life and soul. EDMUND SPENSER wrote—

OR HE could pipe, and dance, and carol sweet;
Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast:
As summer's lark that with her song doth greet
The dawning day, forth coming from the East.
And lays of love he also would compose.
Thrice happy she I. whom he to praise did choose.

Full many maidens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe, emongst his rhymes to name;
Or make for them, as he was wont to do,
For her that did his heart with love inflame;
For which they promised to dight for him,
Gay chaplets of flowers and garlands trim.

And many a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill;
Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill:
And brought him presents; flowers, if it were prime;
Or mellow fruit, if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit;
Yet wood-gods for them oft sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the country's store.
For One alone he cared, for One he sighed
His life's treasure, and his dear love's delight.

Stella the fair! the fairest star in sky:
As fair as Venus, or the fairest fair.
A fairer star saw never living eye,
Shot her sharp pointed beams through purest air.
Her, he did love; her, he alone he did honour:
His thoughts, his rhymes, his songs were all upon her.

To her, he vowed the service of his days;
On her, he spent the riches of his wit;
For her, he made hymns of immortal praise:
Of only her; he sang, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed:
For all the rest, but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he vowed,
And verses vain—yet verses are not vain:
But with brave deeds, to her sole service vowed;
And bold achievements, her did entertain.
For both in deeds and words he nurtured was.
Both wise and hardy—too hardy, alas!

We take these representations of SPENSER to be calm and deliberate statements of facts.

LODOWICK BRYSKETT is more poetic in the setting; but puts words into the mouth of *STELLA*, which are quite consistent with the facts of the case.

AH, THAT thou hadst but heard his lovely STELLA plain
Her grievous loss, or seen her heavy mourning cheer;
Whilst she, with woe oppressed, her sorrows did unfold.
Her hair hung loose neglect about her shoulders twain:
And from those two bright stars to him sometime so dear,
Her heart sent drops of pearl; which fell in foison down
'Twixt lily and the rose. She wrung her hands with pain
And piteously 'gan say, "My true and faithful pheer!
Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortune frown
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my joy?
What cruel envious hand hath taken thee away;
And with thee, my content, my comfort and my stay?
Thou only wast the ease of trouble and annoy:
When they did me assail, in thee my hopes did rest.
Alas, what now is left but grief that night and day
Afflicts this woeful life, and with continual rage
Torments ten thousand ways my miserable breast?
O greedy envious heaven! what needed thee to have
Enriched with such a jewel this unhappy age;
To take it back again so soon? Alas, when shall
Mine eyes see ought that may content them, since thy grave
My only treasure hides, the joy of my poor heart?

As here with thee on earth I lived, even so equal
Methinks it were, with thee in heaven I did abide:
And as our troubles all, we here on earth did part;
So reason would that there, of thy most happy state
I had my share. Alas, if thou my trusty guide
Were wont to be: how canst thou leave me thus alone
In darkness and astray; weak, weary, desolate,
Plunged in a world of woe—refusing for to take
Me with thee, to the place of rest where thou art gone?"
This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tied her tongue:
And instead of more words, seemed that her eyes a lake
Of tears had been, they flowed so plenteously therefrom:
And with her sobs and sighs th'air round about her rung.

MATTHEW ROYDON gives this further representation—

"HEN being filled with learned dew,
The Muses willèd him to love:
That instrument can aptly show,
How finely our conceits will move.
As BACCHUS opes dissembled hearts,
So LOVE sets out our better parts."

"STELLA, a nymph within this wood,
Most rare, and rich of heavenly bliss;
The highest in his fancy stood,
And she could well demerit this.
'Tis likely, they acquainted soon:
He was a sun, and she a moon."

"Our ASTROPHIL did STELLA love.
O STELLA! vaunt of ASTROPHIL!
Albeit thy graces gods may move;
Where wilt thou find an ASTROPHIL?
The rose and lily have their prime;
And so hath beauty but a time,"

"Although thy beauty do exceed
In common sight of every eye;
Yet in his poesies when we read,
It is apparent more thereby.
He that hath love and judgment too,
Sees more than any others do."

"Then Astrophil hath honoured thee.
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternal be,
And live by virtue of his ink.
For by his verses he doth give
To shortlived beauty aye to live."

"Above all others this is he,
Which erst approved in his song
That love and honour might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sin nor blame
To love a man of virtuous name."

"Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before?
Did never Muse inspire beneath,
A poet's brain with finer store?
He wrote of love with high conceit;
And beauty reared above her height."

As these statements were made by persons perfectly conversant with *all* the facts of the case; as they occur in a work dedicated to Sidney's widow (after she had taken for her second husband, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; and so had become sister-in-law to *Stella*), and which must be regarded as the family offering to his memory and fame: they must be accepted, as being in their general representation, absolutely beyond any dispute.

II.

MR. H. F. BOURNE (my class-mate in 1860 at King's College, London; when my honoured Teacher, Professor HENRY MORLEY, there revealed to us what English Literature really was), in his *Memoir of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY*, 1863, gives the birth of *STELLA* as about 1563.

SIDNEY, having been born on the 29th of November 1554, was therefore nearly nine years older than the Lady PENELOPE.

PHILIP SIDNEY returned to London from his foreign tour about the 31st of May 1575, and thence journeying with the Queen's progress, first to the Triumphs and Pageants at Kenilworth, and afterwards in August to Chartley in Staffordshire, the home of Lady PENELOPE; where he, then 21, may have first seen *STELLA*, then aged 13.

On the occasion of the death of her father, the 1st Earl, the following letter was written :—

EDWARD WATERHOUSE, Esquire.

Letter from Chartley on the 14th November 1576, to Sir HENRY SIDNEY, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

[A. COLLINS, *Letters &c.*]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

THE funerals of [*WALTER DEVEREUX*] the Earl of ESSEX have been deferred till now that they be appointed to be honourably finished at Carmarthen, the 24th of this month. I have forborne to write to your Lordship since my arrival in this realm [i.e. *of England*] because I would give free scope to all men to utter their opinions concerning my behaviour here in such causes as I had to deal in; and I doubt not but you have heard enough of it. But if any reports have come unto your Lordship's ears that in the causes of my Lord of ESSEX I have dealt indirectly; I assure your Lordship they have done me wrong: for as I have justified him and his doings against all the world, without respect of fear or favour; so have I been free from malicious thoughts, and have quenched all sparks that might kindle any new fire in these causes which I hope be buried in oblivion—wherein I stand to the report of Master PHILIP SIDNEY above any other.

The estate of the Earl of Essex being best known to myself, doth require my travail for a time in his causes; but my burden cannot be great when every man putteth to his helping hand. Her Majesty hath bestowed upon the young Earl, his Marriage and all his father's Rules in Wales; and promiseth the remission of his debt. The Lords do generally favour and further him: some for the trust reposed, some for love to the father, others for affinity with the child, and some for other causes. And all these lords that wish well to the children; and I suppose all the best sort of the English lords besides; do expect what will become of the treaty between Master Philip and my Lady Penelope.

Truly, my Lord, I must say to your Lordship, as I have said to my Lord of Leicester and Master Philip, the breaking off from this match, if the default be on your parts [i.e. *Leicester's, Sir H. Sidney's and Philip Sidney's*], will turn to more dishonour than can be repaired with any other marriage in England. And I protest unto your Lordship, I do not think that there is at this day so strong a man in England of friends as the little Earl of Essex; nor any man more lamented than his father, since the death of King Edward [VI].

[The rest of the letter is about other business.]

From this it would appear that, for some insuperable objection, the Sidneys had not closed with a contemplated match between the two families.

There then occurs, thirty months later, the following passage in a letter from Sidney to Languet on the 1st of March 1578 [*i.e.* 1579]:—

But I wonder, my very dear Hubert, what has come into your mind that, when I have not as yet done anything worthy of me, you would have me bound in the chains of matrimony; and yet without pointing out any individual lady, but rather seeming to extol the state itself, which however you have not as yet sanctioned by your own example. Respecting her, of whom I readily acknowledge how unworthy I am, I have written you my reasons long since, briefly indeed, but yet as well as I was able.

At this present time, indeed, I believe you have entertained some other notion, which I earnestly entreat you to acquaint me with, whatever it may be; for everything that comes

from you has great weight with me; and, to speak candidly, I am in some measure doubting whether some one, more suspicious than wise, has not whispered to you something unfavourable concerning me; which, though you did not give entire credit to it, you nevertheless, prudently and as a friend, thought right to suggest for my consideration. Should this have been the case, I entreat you to state the matter to me in plain terms, that I may be able to acquit myself before you, of whose good opinion I am most desirous: and should it only prove to have been a joke or a piece of friendly advice, I pray you nevertheless to let me know; since everything from you will always be no less acceptable to me than the things that I hold most dear.*

If the former letter—which must have been written subsequent to SIDNEY's return home on the 31st of May 1575 though "written long ago"—could be recovered, we might then know for certain who this Lady was, to whom he thus significantly refers. After the expression in WATERHOUSE's letter, there is a high presumption that it was *STELLA*: and this presumption is increased to a moral certainty by SIDNEY's own words in the following Sonnet at page 519.

I MIGHT—unhappy word, O me!—I might,
And then would not, or could not see my bliss:
Till now, wrapt in a most infernal night,
I find, how heavenly day, wretch! did I miss.
Heart rent thyself! thou dost thyself but right.
No lovely PARIS made thy HELEN his;
No force, no fraud robbed thee of thy delight;
No fortune, of thy fortune author is;
But to myself, myself did give the blow;
While too much wit (forsooth) so troubled me,
That I, respects for both our sakes must show.
And yet could not by rising morn foresee
How fair a day was near. O punisht eyes!
That I had been more foolish or more wise!

* *The correspondence of* Sir PHILIP SIDNEY *and* HUBERT LANGUET. Ed. by S. A. PEARS, M.A., p. 144. *Ed.* 1845.

On the 18th of October 1580, SIDNEY, in the confidential letter to his brother which we have printed at pages 305–309, states, "I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delight in the world; but wish to you as much, if not more than to myself," and refers to his delight in music in his "melancholy times." To our mind, it is clear that all through these lonely days SIDNEY's love for the Lady PENELOPE was growing and growing through all the stages which he has so beautifully described at page 504.

NOT at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,
LOVE gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed:
But known worth did in mine * of time proceed,
Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.
I saw and liked, I liked but loved not;
I loved, but straight did not what LOVE decreed:
At length to LOVE's decrees, I forced, agreed;
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now even that footstep of lost liberty
Is gone; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny:
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make me self believe that all is well;
While with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

* In the military sense of *sap*.

III.

HAD the second Lord RICH only lived a few years longer, it would have mattered little how useless a life; it would have prevented a great following misery; it would have made STELLA the happy wife of ASTROPHEL; might have kept SIDNEY from the Dutch war, and preserved him to ripen in the full maturity of his powers into at least a prose SPENSER, if not a very great Poet as well; and so endowed our following ages with wonderful pieces of genius and power.

But the Lord died, and the misery came; being heralded in by the following letter:—

HENRY HASTINGS, Earl of HUNTINGDON.

Letter to Lord BURLEIGH, proposing Lady PENELOPE DEVEREUX as a fit match for the new Lord RICH.

[*Lands.* 31. *fol.* 105.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

HEARING that GOD hath taken to His mercy my Lord RICH, who hath left as his heir a proper gentleman and one in years very fit for my lady PENELOPE DEVEREUX, if with the favour and liking of Her Majesty the matter might be brought to pass; and because I know your Lordship's good affection to their father gone, and also your favour to his children: I am bold to pray your furtherance now in this matter, which may, I think, by your good means be brought to such pass as I desire.

Her Majesty was pleased the last year to give me leave, at times convenient, to put Her Highness in mind of these young ladies [i.e. *PENELOPE and DOROTHY DEVEREUX*]: and therefore I am by this occasion of my Lord's death the bolder to move your Lordship in this matter. I have also written to Master Secretary WALSINGHAM herein. And so hoping of your Lordship's favour, I do commit you to the tuition of the Almighty.

At Newcastle, the 10th of March 1580 [*i.e.* 1581].

Your Lordship's most assured

H. HUNTINGDON.

To the Right Honourable
my very good Lord,
the Lord Treasurer.

It is clear that if Queen ELIZABETH in 1580 gave Lord HUNTINGDON leave to put her in mind of these two young ladies; that they were not at that time, or when this letter was written, at Court: but probably, as their youth befitted, in the retirement of their home at Chartley.

But that PENELOPE at any rate came up to Court at once, is proved by her presence at the ANJOU *fêtes* in London. STOW's account of these feastings is as follows:—

This year—against the coming of certain Ambassadors out of France—by Her Majesty's appointment, on the 26th day of March [1581] in the morning, being Easter Day, a Banquetting House was begun at Westminster on the south-west side of Her Majesty's palace at Whitehall; made in manner and form of a long square 332 feet in measure about: thirty principals made of great masts, being forty feet in length apiece, standing upright. Between every one of the masts, ten feet asunder and more, the walls of this house were closed with canvas, and painted all outside of the same most artificially with a work called "rustic," much like stone.

The house had 292 lights of glass [*windows*]. The sides within the same house were made with ten heights of degrees [*steps*] for people to stand upon. The top of this house was wrought most cunningly upon canvas works of holly and ivy; with pendants made of wicker rods, and garnished with bay, rue, and all manner of strange flowers garnished with spangles of gold: as also beautified with hanging toscans made of holly and ivy, with all manner of strange fruits, as pomegranates, oranges, pompions [*pumpkins*], cucumbers, grapes with such like, spangled with gold and most richly hanged. Betwixt these works of bays and ivy were great spaces of canvas, which were most cunningly painted: the clouds with stars, the sun and sunbeams, with divers coats [of arms] of sundry sorts belonging to the Queen's Majesty, most richly garnished with gold.

There were of all manner of persons working on this house, to the number of 375. Two men had mischances. The one broke his leg, and so did the other. This house was made in three weeks and three days, and was ended the 18th of April; and cost £1,744 19s. 0d. &c.

On the 16th day of April, arrived at Dover, these noblemen of France, Commissioners from the French King to Her Majesty, Francis Bourbon, Prince Dauphin of Auvergne; Arthur Cossaie, Marshal of France; Lodowic Lusignian, Lord of Lancot; Travergins Cabrongin, Count of Tillix; Betrand Salingurons; Lord De la Mothe-Fenelon; Monsieur Manaissour; Barnaby Brissen, President of the Parliament of Paris; Claude Pinart; Monsieur Marchemont; Monsieur Veraie.

These came from Gravesend by water to London; where they were honourably received and entertained: and shortly after, being accompanied of the nobility of England, they repaired to the Court: where Her Majesty received them; and afterwards in that place most royally feasted and banqueted them.

Also the nobles and gentlemen of the Court, desirous to show them all courtesy possible, prepared a Triumph in most sumptuous order upon Whitsun Monday and Tuesday [15th and 16th May, 1581]. The chief Challengers of which attempts were the Earl of ARUNDEL, FREDERICK Lord WINDSOR, PHILIP SIDNEY, FULKE GREVILL and others: the defendants, to the number of 21, all which of them ran six courses against the former Challengers, who performed their parts valiantly.

On the Tuesday they went to the tourney; where they did very nobly: and after that to the barriers; whereat they fought courageously, &c.; as more at large I have set down in the continuance of REGINALD WOLF'S *Chronicle*.

Annals, pp. 1166–7, Ed. 1600.

HENRY GOLDWEL, Gentlemen, wrote at the time *A brief declaration of* these *shows, devices, speeches and inventions &c.*, London, 1581; in which, after describing the appearance and array of the Earl of ARUNDEL and Lord WINDSOR the first two of the challengers; he goes on to say—

Then proceeded Master PHILIP SIDNEY in very sumptuous manner, with armour part blue and the rest gilt and engraven: with four spare horses having comparisons and furniture very rich and costly, as some of cloth of gold embroidered with pearl, and some embroidered with gold and silver feathers, very richly and cunningly wrought. He had four pages that rode on his four spare horses; who had cassock hats and Venetian hose all of cloth of silver laid with gold lace, and hats of the same with gold bands and white feathers: and each one a pair of white buskins.

Then had he a thirty gentlemen and yeomen, and four trumpeters, who were all in cassock coats and Venetian hose of yellow velvet, laid with silver lace; yellow velvet caps with silver bands and white feathers; and every one a pair of white buskins. And they had upon their coats, a scroll or band of silver, which came scarfwise over the shoulder

and so down under the arm, with this posy or sentence written upon it, both before and behind, *Sic nos non nobis.*

Then came Master FULK GREVIL* in gilt armour with rich and fair comparisons and furniture; having four spare horses with four pages riding upon them; and four trumpeters sounding before him: and a twenty gentlemen and yeomen attending upon him; who with the pages and trumpeters were all apparelled in loose jerkins of tawny taffety cut and lined with yellow sarsenet and laid with gold lace and cut down the arm and set with loops and buttons of gold; Venetian hose of the same lined as aforesaid, laid with gold lace down the side with loops and buttons of gold; with each a pair of yellow worsted stockings; and hats of tawny taffety with gold bands and yellow feathers.

If any date in the series of Sonnets can be fixed with certainty, this jousting on May 1581, is that referred to in the following one, and therefore establishes the presence thereat of the Lady PENELOPE DEVEREUX.

HAVING this day, my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well; that I obtained the prize:
Both by the judgment of the English eyes;
And of some sent by that sweet enemy, France!
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townsfolk, my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which, from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because, of both sides, I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this;
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shoot awry! The true cause is,
STELLA lookt on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

Doubtless, this was one of the happiest days in the Writer's life.

* FULK GREVIL was to PHILIP SIDNEY what JONATHAN was to DAVID. His epitaph in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, runs thus:—

FULK GREVIL,
SERVANT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH,
COUNCILLOR TO KING JAMES,
AND FRIEND TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

If the opinion be sound that so far as any locality is predicated in these Sonnets it is that of London, its river and its neighbourhood; it would therefore appear that few, if any of them, were anterior to March 1581: and as SIDNEY left England finally in November 1584; the hypothetical dates for their composition, in default of any positive evidence, must be the years 1581–1584.

IV.

WE have here to confess our manifold ignorance of many points at this period of the story, upon which we should be glad to inform our readers

The date when the misery began, has eluded our search; that is, the day when Lord RICH contracted his unlawful though legal marriage with Lady PENELOPE DEVEREUX. Now-a-days we could not think it possible that a young English nobleman could — even if surrounding circumstances permitted it — have the audacity, the effrontery, the heartlessness to marry against her will a beautiful young English lady of high rank, who, from her very soul, detested him

Yet this befell SIDNEY'S *STELLA*.

The revolting story of the misery, extending over many years, that this bad man brought upon the Lady he thus legally appropriated, was written by him who was, in truth and reality, her second husband CHARLES BLOUNT Earl of DEVONSHIRE, to JAMES I, and must be told here; if we would understand—though he only saw the beginning of it—SIDNEY'S agony, his continued love for *STELLA*, and the scorn which he has thus ably expressed for that man RICH.

RICH fools there be, whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their own selves to TANTAL'S smart,
Wealth breeding want; more blest, more wretched grow.

Yet to those fools, heaven such wit doth impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know;
And knowing, love and loving lay apart,
As sacred things, far from all dangers show:

But that rich fool, who by blind Fortune's lot,
The richest gem of love and life enjoys;

And can with foul abuse, such beauties blot:
Let him deprived of sweet but unfelt joys.
(Exiled for aye from those high treasures, which
He knows not) grow in only folly rich!

In the Lambeth Palace Library, there is an autographic letter from the Earl of DEVONSHIRE to King JAMES shortly after the Gunpowder Plot; and therefore in November 1605. Allowing it to be an *ex parte* statement; it is nevertheless the story of STELLA's married life, as the Earl of DEVONSHIRE had it from her own lips.

CHARLES BLOUNT, Earl of DEVONSHIRE.

Narration to JAMES I. of the injuries offered to STELLA by her first husband.

A Lady [*PENELOPE DEVEREUX*] of great birth and virtue, being in the power of her friends; was by them married against her will unto one [*ROBERT, Lord RICH*], against whom she did protest at the very solemnity, and ever after; between whom from the first day there ensued continual discord: although the same fear that forced her to marry, constrained her to live with him. Instead of a Comforter, he did strive in all things to torment her; and by fear and fraud did practise to deceive her of her dowry.

And though he forbare to offer her any open wrong, restrained with the awe of her brother's [*ROBERT, Earl of ESSEX*] powerfulness: yet as he had not in long time before in the chiefest duty of a husband used her as his wife: so presently [*immediately*] after his death, [25th of February, 1601] he did put her to a stipend; and utterly abandoned her without pretence of any cause, but his own desire to live without her.

And after he had not for the space of twelve years enjoyed her; he did [*in* 1604 *or* 1605] by persuasions and threatenings move her to consent unto a divorce: and to confess a fault with a nameless stranger; without the which, such a divorce as he desired could not, by the laws in practice, proceed.

Whereupon to give a form to that separation which was long before in substance made; she was content to subscribe

to a confession of his and her own Counsel's making, touching a fault committed before your general pardon. Whereupon the sentence of divorce proceeded with as much rigour as ever was showed to the meanest in the like case.

Now if before GOD, the want of consent doth make a nullity in marriage; and the not-performing the duties doth break the conditions of marriage; and that dissension by PAUL's doctrine doth make the woman free to marry again; and lastly, if a sentence of divorce be a judicial separation, not prohibited by the Law of GOD: this Lady remaineth divers ways free from her bond and free from her sin, if she repent, namely, *impietas impii non nocebit ei, in quacunque die conversus fuerit ab impietate sua.*

And you, dear lord!—that in the greatness of your place (but more in your wonderful gui[dance?]) resemble GOD—out of that clemency, wherein you imitate Him whose Mercy doth exceed all his works; lay by the rigour of your judgment and as you are both *fidelis et prudens dispensator*; at the least dispense and forgive them, though it were much, [seeing] they have ever loved you much: and, if no other fortune [*honours*], give them leave in their old age to live together like poor BAUCIS and PHILEMON; who will never entertain any other guests into their hearts, but GOD and you.

For me, if the laws of moral honesty—which in things not prohibited by GOD, I have ever held inviolable—do only move me now to prefer my own conscience before the opinion of the world; my own better fortunes [i.e. *prospects of higher honours or greater possessions*]; or the dear respect to my posterity: do but vouchsafe to think! what a servant the same rules of honesty must force me to be to you; whose merit to me is so infinitely beyond any other, and my love to you so much above the love to a woman, as JONATHAN's was to DAVID, "whom he loved as his own soul." *Lambeth Palace MSS. Vol.* 943..*Art.* 6. *fol.* 47.

This holograph is virtually the dedication to the King of a very learned *Defence* of the subsequent marriage on the 26th December, 1605, at Wansted of the Earl of DEVONSHIRE with *STELLA*; *after* she had borne several children to him; had, as we have seen, received the King's general pardon; and had been promoted in her own right in the peerage (so well known at Court were the wrongs which Lord RICH offered to

her; and so strong the reaction there in her favour). Copies of this *Defence* are of frequent occurrence; but not of this Dedication.

LAUD, afterwards Archbishop of CANTERBURY, married them to his everlasting regret; as the following notes in his *Diary* show.

Anno 1603.

I was made chaplain to the Earl of DEVONSHIRE, September 3. 1603.

Anno 1605.

My cross about the Earl of DEVON's marriage, December 26, 1605, *die Jovis*.

The History of the Troubles &c., p. 2. Ed. 1695. fol.

LAUD's remorse, and the general surprise occasioned by the marriage; arose not from its not being the best thing to be done under the circumstances: but because it was an upset of all the then received ideas of the marriage state.

For a tithe of the neglect and affronts which Lord RICH offered to his beautiful young wife: or, as SIDNEY puts it, did "with foul abuse, such beauties blot;" the Divorce Court would now at once and for ever free an English lady, without the faintest shadow of dishonour to her. But civilisation and a keen sense of justice to women had not progressed so far three hundred years ago. It did however get a good way in this case. For the strict-ruled Court of ELIZABETH condoned—on account of her compulsory and abhorrent marriage with Lord RICH, treating it as a monstrosity, a moral nullity; whatever might be the law—what would have been otherwise regarded as flagrant adultery; *STELLA*'s illegal intimacy, after Lord RICH's desertion of her, with Lord DEVONSHIRE, then Lord MOUNTJOY. But the second marriage, after a divorce, in her first husband's lifetime; that could not be endured! It was an affront to the Canon Law! So the very step which many of us would have considered *the* right thing to do, shocked the divines, startled the civilians, and perplexed the heralds.

Strange vicissitudes came to this English beauty with her black eyes, fair complexion and golden hair! What bitterness in all the miseries of her enforced first marriage! What bliss in the affection which she inspired in, and received in succession from two of the most honourable worthy and accomplished gentlemen of ELIZABETH's later Court! Both PHILIP SIDNEY, and after him CHARLES MOUNTJOY (while in their writings they express their gladness to throw away everything this world holds precious for her love), do join in testifying, that through all the great fluctuations, the anomalous circumstances of her strange life; from its bright girlhood to her accelerated death, she was ever "a Lady of great virtue."

V.

BUT to return to SIDNEY. We have been looking far ahead at what did happen; all springing out of SIDNEY's not asking *STELLA* to be his wife before Lord HUNTINGDON's proposal of her as a fit match for the young Lord RICH. As we have seen, he blamed himself for it all; and we think rightly.

It would be a great light on the subject of the Sonnets, if we could discover the crucial date of *STELLA*'s first marriage; and also the dates of the birth of her seven children to Lord RICH. It is stated in *Sloane MS.* 4225, p. 47, that her son ROBERT RICH, second Earl of WARWICK, died on the 19th of April 1658, aged seventy years and eleven months. This would place his birth in May 1587: but whether this ROBERT was her eldest child we cannot say. H. CONSTABLE has two Sonnets, one on the birth of Lady RICH's daughter in 1588, on a Friday; and the other on the untimely death of the same.

SIDNEY left England for the last time on the 21st of November 1584. We think the series of Sonnets had been closed long before then: that in fact they were not continued after his marriage with FRANCES WALSINGHAM about March 1583. From which we expect that the date of *STELLA*'s first marriage, when recovered, will be found to have been about the beginning of 1582.

VI.

THERE is no distinct chronological order in the *Sonnets* and *Songs*. Many of them have no indication of time or place at all. Probably this was of purpose. SIDNEY never intended them for publication. They were the expression of a personal homage offered in the most straightforward way possible; by one whom FULK GREVILLE tells us did restore to his generation "the ancient majesty of noble and true dealing."

It is indisputable, however, from the *Sonnets* themselves, that many of them were addressed to *STELLA*, when she was occupying the position though bereft of the happiness of a newly wedded wife. SIDNEY knew that to do so was both hopeless and wrong. How beautifully he puts this.

WITH what sharp checks I in myself am shent,
When into REASON'S audit I do go;
And by just counts, myself a bankrupt know
Of all those goods which heaven to me hath lent.
Unable quite, to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe:
And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.

My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys;
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which for reward, spoil it with vain annoys.
I see my course to lose myself doth bend.

ON Cupid's bow, how are my heart-strings bent!
That see my wrack, and yet embrace the same.
When most I glory, then I feel most shame.
I willing run, yet while I run, repent.
My best wits still their own disgrace invent.

Sidney in his devouring affection for this his only love, would have lost himself altogether, as this impassioned appeal shows.

NO more! my Dear! no more these counsels try!
O give my passions leave to run their race!
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace!
Let folk o'ercharged with brain, against me cry!
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye!
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace!
Let all the earth in scorn recount my case;
But do not will me from my love to fly!
I do not envy Aristotle's wit;
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though some above me sit;
Nor hope, nor wish another course to frame:
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

See also the Eighth Song.

But *Stella*, loving him to distraction, was as firm as a rock. She saved Sidney from himself; at the same time declaring her affection for him.

I HATE tired with woe, even ready for to pine
With rage of love, I called my love "unkind!"
She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine
Sweetly said, "That I, true love in her should find."

I joyed; but straight thus watered was my wine.
" That love she did, but loved a love not blind;
Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind:
And therefore by her love's authority,
Willed me, these tempests of vain love to fly;
And anchor fast myself on Virtue's shore."

To which may be added that impassioned avowal of her fondness for him, in verses which expressed so truly the real state of her heart that NEWMAN suppressed them in his Quartos of 1591, probably as touching too near her personal and family life.

Then she spake, her speech was such,
As not ears, but heart did touch;
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

" ASTROPHEL," said she, " my love!
Cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still! yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me."

" If that any thought in me,
Can taste comfort but of thee;
Let me feed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish."

" If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me;
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes; and blinder minded!"

" If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart;
Where thou art not foremost placed:
Be both wish and I defaced!"

"If more may be said, I say
All my bliss on thee I lay.
If thou love, my love content thee!
For all love, all faith is meant thee."

"Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee.
Stella's self might not refuse thee!"

"Therefore, Dear! this no more move
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed;
I should blush when thou art named!"

It was the result of this noble firmness that a kiss stolen while she was asleep, was the height of Sidney's indiscretion. He says, truly, at page 538:—

So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good.

Thus in the midst of all her hateful surroundings, she redeemed her own true love from all that was base or ignoble; ever pointing him upward, and moving him to the highest self-conquest and Christian chivalry: and he has for ever glorified her in such verse, as no other English Lady has ever been celebrated with. So she comes down to us depicted by her poet-lover as the very apotheosis of all that is most delightful, most tender, most beautiful, and most honourable in woman.

VII.



IDNEY, very careful of his writings, was very shy or indifferent as to their publication. The following letter written in November 1586, though it does not mention these *Sonnets*; yet shows us on what principle they with his other works were afterwards published.

FULK GREVILL.

Letter to Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM as to the printing of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY'S Arcadia *and other works.*

SIR,

THIS day one [WILLIAM] PONSONBY, a bookbinder in Paul's Churchyard, came to me and told me that there was one in hand to print Sir PHILIP SIDNEY'S old *Arcadia;* asking me, "if it were done with your Honour's cons ent or any other's of his friends?" I told him, "To my knowledge, No." Then he advised me to give warning of it to the Archbishop [WHITGIFT] or Doctor COSEN; who have, as he says, a copy of it to peruse to that end.

Sir, I am loth to renew his memory unto you, but yet in this I must presume; for I have sent my Lady, your daughter, at her request, a correction of that old one, done four or five years since [i.e. *in* 1581 *or* 1582], which he left in trust with me: whereof there are no more copies [i.e. *no other copy than this one*]; and [it is] fitter to be printed than the first which is so common [i.e. *in manuscript*]. Notwithstanding even that to be amended by a direction set down under his own hand, how and why: so as in many respects, especially the care of printing of it, it is to be done with more deliberation.

Besides, he hath most excellently translated, among divers other notable works, Monsieur [DE MORNAY, Sieur] DE PLESSIS'S book against *Atheism*, which is since done by another. So as both in respect of love between PLESSIS and him, besides other affinities in their courses, but especially Sir PHILIP'S incomparable judgment: I think fit there be made stay of that mercenary book [i.e. *that it be called in*], so that Sir PHILIP might have all those religious works which are worthily due to his life and death.

Many other works [of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY], as [DU] BARTAS'S *Spaniard; Forty of the Psalms translated into metre; &c.:* which require the care of his friends not to amend, for I think it falls within the reach of no man living; but only to see to the paper and other common errors of mercenary printing.

Gain there will be, no doubt, to be disposed [of] by you. Let it be to the poorest of his servants. I desire only care to be had of his honour; who, I fear, hath carried the honour of these latter ages with him.

Sir, pardon me! I make this the business of my life; and desire GOD to show that He is your GOD.

From my Lodge, not well, this day in haste.

Your Honour's

FOULK GREVILL.

Sir, I had waited on you myself for [an] answer, because I am jealous of time in it: but in truth I am nothing well. Good Sir, think of it!

State Papers, Dom. Eliz. Vol. 195, *Art.* 43, in Public Record Office, London.

VIII.

HERE we must stop. Annotation must be as a rule forbidden in this Series, or we shall never get to the end of it. We have briefly indicated a few points which may better enable us to appreciate these wonderful poems. How nobly SIDNEY describes them at page 528!

> STELLA! the fulness of my thoughts of thee
> Cannot be stayed within my panting breast;
> But they do swell and struggle forth of me
> Till that in words, thy figure be exprest.

What subtle beauties are there in them! What palpable ones also. Those "sighs stolen out, or killed before full born," p. 536; "thou straight look'st *babies in her eyes*," *i.e.* the reflection of lovers in each other's eyes, p. 508. Is there in our Literature another such glorification of a kiss, as that on p. 542? What can be more charming than the coy way in which it ends?

> But lo! lo! where she is
> Cease we to praise. Now pray we for a kiss?

The following Sonnet, in honour of her "sweet swelling lip," is quite a counterpart of this. Akin to these, is that representation at p. 524 of CUPID playing in *STELLA*'s lips:—

> With either lip, he doth the other kiss.

And that stanza on page 577—

> Think of that most grateful time!
> When my leaping heart will climb
> In my lips to have his biding!
> There those roses for to kiss,
> Which do breathe a sugared bliss;
> Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

So that in this one part of his ways, SIDNEY is our Poet of kissing.

With these, we may put that sportive appeal to "Grammar rules" at p. 534; that radiant description of *STELLA* in a boat on the Thames at p. 554; and these lines at p. 538.

> Sonnets be not bound 'prentice to ANNOY:
> Trebles sing high, as well as basses deep:
> Grief, but LOVE'S winter livery is · the boy
> Hath cheeks to smile as well as eyes to weep.

There is in all this a happy joyousness, a delicate glee, a gladsome playfulness that we should hardly have associated with a man of SIDNEY'S strength and breadth of character; and one, too, so addicted to the athletic sports of the time.

But he could also write in other moods; as to those apostrophes to the Moon at p. 518, to Sleep at p. 522, to the highway to *STELLA*'s house at p. 545, and to Absence at p. 547: with the description of Jealousy at p. 542.

Consider also that wonderful FIFTH SONG at p. 564! There SIDNEY makes such cruel words as Thief! Tyrant! Rebel! Runaway! Witch! and Devil! subservient by the slightest tincture of bathos, to the beatification of *STELLA*. This Poem also offers in the sententious line which closes each of its stanzas, some ready examples of their Author's powers as a Thoughtful as distinguished from an Amorous Poet. Many similar lines are scattered up and down the Sonnets: and, in particular, nearly the whole of the Sonnets XXIII. and LI. illustrate this characteristic. Of which, we also take the following further instance from p. 530. Addressing the Muses, he says:—

> And oft whole troops of saddest words I stayed,
> Striving abroad a foraging to go;
> Until by your inspiring, I might know
> How their black banner might be best displayed.

Where shall we find another English poet who has given us such honeyed verse wedded to so much lofty thought, and expressed in such a perfect and pure taste? Fit tribute to a beautiful and virtuous Lady! from one who is the Chevalier BAYARD of our history.

IX.



WORD or two on the Bibliography of the Poems and we have done. It appears from the following entries in the Registers at Stationers' Hall, that NEWMAN's first edition was called in at once, if we may not regard it as surreptitious.

Item paid the xviijth of September [1591] for carryeinge of NEWMANS bookes to the hall **iiijd.**
Item paid to JOHN WOLF [*the Beadle of the Stationers' Company*] when he ryd with an answere to my Lord Treasurer beinge with her maiestie in progress for the taking of bookes intituled Sir P[HILIP] S[IDNEY] *Astrophell and Stella* **xvs.**

Transcripts &c. 1. 555. *Ed.* 1876.

Three Quartos, all printed in 1591, have come down to us. Two printed for THOMAS NEWMAN, the other for MATTHEW LOWNES. The question arises which of the two published by NEWMAN was the surreptitious one.

We think the one, the title page of which we have reproduced on page 493; and for the following reasons.

1. There is a greater general divergence in the text from the authorized *Arcadia* version, than in NEWMAN's other Quarto.

2. It alone includes the Introductory matter between pages 495 and 502; and all the poems between pages 580 and 600.

3. It was evidently unauthorized, for NASH writes at page 498 :—

> Which although it be oftentimes imprisoned in ladies' caskets, and the precedent books of such as cannot see without another man's spectacles; yet, at length, it breaks forth in spite of his keepers, and useth some private pen, instead of a pick-lock, to procure his violent enlargement.

This being the case, NEWMAN's other edition, the title page of which will be found at page 494, would be the second Quarto. The *Songs* are printed after the *Sonnets* in both editions, as we have printed them here. The FIFTH SONG could never have been written of a married woman, and therefore confirms the other internal evidence that these *Songs* (to be

sung) are an independent, though collateral homage of the same affection. Both editions are alike wanting in the Poems and stanzas distinguished on pages 521, 573, 577, and 578.

Of the third Quarto of this year, we have only seen an imperfect title page, *Harl. MS.* 5,963, fol. 152; which is "Printed for MATTHEW LOWNES" but has the date cut off. There is a copy in the Bodleian, which we have not had an opportunity of consulting. We should from the title expect this to be a reissue or reimpression of the First Quarto. The proof that it is the latest in time of the three is that the First Quarto was seized in September; and MATTHEW LOWNES did not take up his freedom of the Stationers' Company, and therefore could not avowedly publish a book till the 11th of October 1591.

At first we thought that these Quartos might have the better text: but on comparing and weighing, we have come to the conclusion that the version found after SIDNEY's *Arcadia* is in every way the truer and better one. The earliest revised edition of the *Arcadia* that we have met with is that of the Third Edition of 1598.

Thus the reader has here both the additional matter of the suppressed Quarto; and the more accurate text of the *Arcadia* impression, of which (as we have seen) Sir FULK GREVIL with SIDNEY's other friends were sponsors.

Syr P. S.

His Astrophel and Stella.

Wherein the excellence of sweet Poesy is concluded.

(·.·)

To the end of which are added, sundry other rare Sonnets of divers Noble men and Gentlemen.

(*)



At London,

Printed for Thomas Newman.

Anno. Domini. 1591.

[Title page of the Quarto Edition with T. NASH's preface, written in what he calls his "witless youth;" which is probably the surreptitious impression.]

SIR P. S. HIS
ASTROPHEL AND
STELLA.

Wherein the excellence of sweet
Poesy is concluded.



At London,
Printed for Thomas Newman.
Anno Domini, 1591.

[Title page of NEWMAN's other Quarto Edition of this year.]

To the worshipful and his very good friend, Master FRANCIS FLOWER *Esquire: increase of all content.*

IT was my fortune, Right Worshipful, not many days since, to light upon the famous device of *ASTROPHEL and* STELLA, which carrying the general commendation of all men of judgment, and being reported to be one of the rarest things that ever any Englishmen set abroach, I have thought good to publish it under your name; both for I know the excellency of your Worship's conceit, above all other to be such as is only fit to discern of all matters of wit; as also for the credit and countenance your patronage may give to such a work.

Accept of it, I beseech you, as the firstfruits of my affection, which desires to approve itself in all duty unto you: and though the argument, perhaps, may seem too light for your grave view; yet considering the worthiness of the author, I hope you will entertain it accordingly.

For my part, I have been very careful in the printing of it: and whereas being spread abroad in written copies, it had gathered much corruption by ill writers; I have used their help and advice in correcting and restoring it to his first dignity, that I know were of skill and experience in those matters.

And the rather was I moved to set it forth, because I thought it pity anything proceeding from so rare a man should be obscured; or that his fame should not still be nourished in his works: whom the works with one united grief, bewailed.

Thus craving pardon for my bold attempt, and desiring the continuance of your Worship's favour unto me: I end.

Your's always to be commânded,

THOMAS NEWMAN.

Somewhat to read, for them that list.

TEMPUS *adest plausus aurea pompa venit.* So ends the scene of idiots; and enter ASTROPHEL in pomp. Gentlemen that have seen a thousand lines of folly drawn forth *ex uno puncto impudentiæ*, and two famous mountains to go to the conception of one mouse; that have had your ears deafened with the echo of Fame's brazen towers, when only they have been touched with a leaden pen; that have seen PAN sitting in his bower of delights, and a number of MIDASes to admire his miserable hornpipes: let not your surfeited sight—newly come from such puppet-play—think scorn to turn aside into this Theatre of Pleasure: for here you shall find a paper stage strewed with pearl, an artificial heaven to overshadow the fair frame, and crystal walls to encounter your curious eyes; whiles the tragi-comedy of love is performed by starlight.

The chief actor here is MELPOMENE, whose dusky robes, dipped in the ink of tears [which] as yet seem to drop, when I view them near; the argument, cruel Chastity; the prologue, Hope; the epilogue, Despair. *Videte quæso et linguis animisque favete.*

And here, peradventure, my witless youth may be taxed with a margent note of presumption, for offering to put up any motion of applause in the behalf of so excellent a poet (the least syllable of whose name sounded in the ears of judgment, is able to give the meanest line he writes, a dowry of immortality) yet those that observe how jewels oftentimes come to their hands that know not their value; and that the coxcombs of our days, like ÆSOP's cock, had rather have a barley kernel wrapt up in a ballet, than they will dig for the wealth of wit in any ground that they know not; I hope will also hold me excused, though I open the gate to his glory, and invite idle ears to the admiration of his melancholy.

Quid petitur sacris nisi tantum fama poëtis.

Which although it be oftentimes imprisoned in ladies caskets, and the precedent books of such as cannot see without another man's spectacles; yet, at length, it breaks forth in spite of his keepers, and useth some private pen, instead of a pick-lock, to procure his violent enlargement.

The sun, for a time, may mask his golden head in a cloud; yet in the end, the thick veil doth vanish and his embellished blandishment appears. Long hath ASTROPHEL—England's sun—withheld the beams of his spirit from the common view of our dark sense; and night hath hovered over the gardens of the Nine Sisters: while *ignis fatuus*, and gross fatty flames (such as commonly arise out of dunghills) have taken occasion, in the midst eclipse of his shining perfections, to wander abroad with a wisp of paper at their tails, like hobgoblins; and lead men up and down, in a circle of absurdity a whole week, and they never know where they are. But now that cloud of sorrow is dissolved, which fiery Love exhaled from

his dewy hair; and Affection hath unburdened the labouring streams of her womb in the low cistern of his grave: the Night hath resigned her jetty throne unto LUCIFER, and clear daylight possesseth the sky that was dimmed. Wherefore, break off your dance, you fairies and elves! and from the fields, with the torn carcases of your timbrels! for your kingdom is expired. Put out your rushlights, you poets and rhymers! and bequeath your crazed quatorzains to the chandlers! for lo, here he cometh that hath broken your legs.

APOLLO hath resigned his ivory harp unto ASTROPHEL; and he, like MERCURY, must lull you asleep with his music. Sleep ARGUS! sleep ignorance! sleep impudence! for MERCURY hath IO: and only *Io Pæan* belongeth to ASTROPHEL.

Dear ASTROPHEL! that in the ashes of thy love, livest again, like the Phœnix. O might thy body, as thy name, live again likewise here amongst us! but the earth—the mother of mortality—hath snatched thee too soon into her chilled cold arms; and will not let thee, by any means, be drawn from her deadly embrace: and thy divine soul, carried on angels' wings to heaven, is installed in HERMES' place, sole *prolocutor* to the gods. Therefore mayest thou never return from the Elysian fields, like ORPHEUS. Therefore must we ever mourn for our ORPHEUS.

Fain would a second spring of passion here spend itself on his sweet remembrance—but Religion, that rebuketh profane lamentation, drinks in the rivers of those despairful tears, which languorous ruth hath outwelled; and bids me look back to the House of Honour: where from one and the self-same root of renown, I shall find many goodly branches derived; and such as, with the spreading increase of their virtues, may somewhat overshadow the grief of his loss.

Amongst the which; fair sister of PHŒBUS! and eloquent secretary of the Muses! most rare Countess of PEMBROKE! thou art not to be omitted: whom arts do adore as a second MINERVA, and our poets extol as the patroness of their invention. For in thee, the Lesbian SAPPHO with her lyric harp is disgraced; and the laurel garland, which thy brother so bravely advanced on his lance, is still kept green in the temple of PALLAS. Thou only sacrificest thy soul to contemplation! Thou only entertainest emptyhanded HOMER! and keepest the springs of Castalia from being dried up! Learning, wisdom, beauty and all other ornaments of nobility whatsoever, seek to approve themselves in thy sight; and get a further seal of felicity from the smiles of thy favour.

O Jove digna viro ni Jove nata fores.

I fear I shall be counted a mercenary flatterer, for mixing my thoughts with such figurative admiration: but general report that surpasseth my praise, condemneth my rhetoric of dulness for so cold a commendation. Indeed, to say the truth, my style is somewhat heavy-gaited, and cannot dance trip and go so lively; with "O my love!" "Ah my love!" "All my love's gone!"—as other shepherds that have been fools in the morris, time out of mind: nor hath my prose any skill to imitate the "almond leap verse," and sit tabering, five years together, nothing but "to be," "to he," on a paper drum. Only I can keep pace with Gravesend barge; and care not, if I have water enough to land my ship of fools with the Term (the tide, I should say). Now every man is not of that mind. For some, to go the lighter away, will take in their freight of spangled feathers, golden pebbles, straw, reeds, bulrushes, or anything; and then they bear out their sails as proudly, as if they were ballasted with bull beef.

Others are so hardly bestead for a loading, that they are fain to retail the cinders of Troy, and the shivers of broken trunchions, to fill up their boat; that else should go empty: and if they have but a pound's weight of good merchandise, it shall be placed at the poop, or plucked into a thousand pieces to credit their carriage.

For my part every man as he likes. *Mens cujusque is est quisque.* 'Tis as good to go in cut-fingered pumps as cork shoes: if one wear Cornish diamonds on his toes. To explain it by a more familiar example. An ass is no great statesman in the beasts' commonwealth, though he wear his ears, *upsevant muffe*, after the Muscovy fashion, and hang the lip like a cap-case half open; or look as demurely as a sixpenny brown loaf; for he hath some imperfections that do keep him from the common Council: yet, of many, he is deemed a very virtuous member, and one of the honestest sort of men that are. So that our opinion—as SEXTIUS EMPEDOCUS affirmeth—gives the name of good or ill to every thing. Out of whose works—lately translated into English, for the benefit of unlearned writers—a man might collect a whole book of this argument: which, no doubt, would prove a worthy commonwealth matter; and far better than wit's wax kernel. Much good worship have the author!

Such is this golden age wherein we live, and so replenished with golden asses of all sorts: that if learning had lost itself in a grove of genealogies; we need do no more but set an old goose over half a dozen pottle pots (which are, as it were, the eggs of invention) and we shall have such a breed of books, within a while after, as will fill all the world with the wild fowl of good wits.

I can tell you this is a harder thing than making gold of quicksilver; and will trouble you more than the moral of

ÆSOP's glowworm hath troubled our English apes: who, striving to warm themselves with the flame of the philosopher's stone, have spent all their wealth, in buying bellows to blow this false fire.

Gentlemen! I fear I have too much presumed on your idle leisure; and been too bold, to stand talking all this while in another man's door: but now I will leave you to survey the pleasures of Paphos, and offer your smiles on the altars of VENUS.

Yours, in all desire to please,

THOMAS NASHE.



[The foregoing Introductory matter between pages 495 and 502 occurs only in NEWMAN's First Quarto. The text henceforward to page 570, is that of the *Arcadia* impression of 1598. From page 580 to page 600, the text is that of NEWMAN's First Quarto; where only these additional poems are found.]

Sir P[HILIP] S[IDNEY] HIS *ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.*

I.

LOVING IN truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That She, dear She! might take some pleasure of my pain;
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain:
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain;
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain:
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay.
Invention Nature's child, fled step-dame's Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers' in my way.
Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes;
Biting my trewand pen, beating myself for spite:
"Fool!" said my Muse, "look in thy heart, and write!"

II.

NOT AT THE first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,
LOVE gave the wound, which while I breathe, will bleed:
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.
I saw and liked, I liked but lovèd not;
I loved, but straight did not what LOVE decreed:
At length to LOVE's decrees, I forced, agreed;
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now even that footstep of lost liberty
Is gone; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny:
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make me self believe that all is well;
While with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

III.

LET DAINTY wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That bravely maskt, their fancies may be told;
Or PINDAR's apes flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enamelling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold;
Or else let them in statelier glory shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old;
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbs or beasts which Inde or Afric hold:
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know.
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.
How then? Even thus. In STELLA's face I read
What love and beauty be. Then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

IV.

VIRTUE! ALAS, now let me take some rest.
Thou sett'st a bate between my will and wit:
If vain love have my simple soul opprest;
Leave what thou lik'st not! deal not thou with it
Thy sceptre use in some old CATO's breast:
Churches or schools are for thy seat more fit.
I do confess, pardon a fault confest!
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be
The little reason that is left in me;
And still th'effect of thy persuasions prove:
I swear my heart, such one shall show to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a deity;
That VIRTUE! thou thyself shalt be in love!

V.

IT IS MOST true—that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light; and that the heavenly part
Ought to be King; from whose rules, who doth swerve,
(Rebels to Nature) strive for their own smart:
It is most true—what we call CUPID's dart,
An image is; which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools! adore, in temple of our heart;
Till that good GOD make church and churchman starve:
True—that true beauty, Virtue is indeed;
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed:
True—that on earth, we are but pilgrims made;
And should in soul, up to our country move:
True—and yet true, that I must STELLA love.

VI.

SOME LOVERS speak, when they their Muses entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires,
Of force of heavenly beams infusing hellish pain,
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing fires.

Some one his song, in JOVE and JOVE'S strange tales attires;
Bordered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain:
Another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires,
Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.

To some a sweetest plaint, a sweetest style affords; [words:
While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his
His paper, pale despair; and pain, his pen doth move.

I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they;
But think that all the map of my state I display,
When trembling voice brings forth, that I do STELLA love.

VII.

WHEN NATURE made her chief work—STELLA'S eyes;
In colour black, why wrapt she beams so bright?
Would she in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest lustre, mixed of shades and light?

Or did she else that sober hue devise,
In object best to knit and strength our sight?
Lest if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
They sun-like should more dazzle than delight.

Or would she her miraculous power show?
That whereas black seems beauty's contrary;
She, even in black, doth make all beauties flow!

But so and thus, she minding LOVE should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed;
To honour all their deaths, which for her bleed.

VIII.



LOVE BORN in Greece, of late fled from his native place;
Forced by a tedious proof, that Turkish hardened heart
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart:
And pleased with our soft peace, stayed here his flying race.
But finding these North climes do coldly him embrace;
Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
Where, with most ease and warmth, he might employ his art.
At length he perched himself in STELLA's joyful face;
Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow:
Deceived the quaking boy; who thought from so pure light,
Effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow. [flight
But she most fair, most cold, made him thence take his
To my close heart; where, while some firebrands he did lay,
He burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away.

IX.

QUEEN VIRTUE's Court—which some call STELLA's face—
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture:
Hath his front built of alabaster pure.
Gold is the covering of that stately place.
The door, by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,
Red porphyry is, which lock of pearl makes sure:
Whose porches rich (which name of cheeks endure)
Marble mixt red and white do interlace.
The windows now—through which this heavenly guest
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such
Which dare claim from those lights the name of best—
Of touch they are, that without touch do touch;
Which CUPID's self, from Beauty's mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.

X.

REASON! IN faith, thou art well served! that still
Wouldst brabbling be with SENSE and LOVE in me.
I rather wisht thee climb the Muses' hill,
Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree,
Or seek heaven's course, or heaven's inside to see.
Why shouldst thou toil, our thorny soil to till?
Leave SENSE! and those which SENSE's objects be.
Deal thou with powers! of thoughts, leave LOVE to will!
But thou wouldst needs fight both with LOVE and SENSE
With sword of wit, giving wounds of dispraise;
Till downright blows did foil thy cunning fence.
For soon as they strake thee with STELLA's rays;
REASON! thou kneel'dst; and offeredst straight to prove
By reason good, good reason her to love.

XI.

IN TRUTH, O LOVE! with what a boyish kind
Thou dost proceed in thy most serious ways;
That when the heaven to thee his best displays,
Yet of that best, thou leav'st the best behind:
For like a child, that some fair book doth find,
With gilded leaves or coloured vellum plays;
Or, at the most, on some fair picture stays:
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind.
So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet,
STELLA: thou straight look'st babies in her eyes;
In her cheek's pit, thou didst thy pitfold set;
And in her breast, bo-peep or couching lies:
Playing and shining in each outward part.
But, fool! seek'st not to get into her heart!

XII.



UPID! BECAUSE thou shin'st in STELLA's eyes;
That from her locks, thy dances none 'scapes free;
That those lips swelled, so full of thee they be,
That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to rise;
That in her breast, thy pap well sugared lies;
That her grace, gracious makes thy wrongs; that she
What words so e'er she speak, persuades for thee:
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies:
Thou countest STELLA thine, like those whose powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry, "Victory! this fair day all is ours!"
O no! Her heart is such a citadel,
So fortified with wit, stored with disdain;
That to win it, is all the skill and pain.

XIII.

HŒBUS WAS judge between JOVE, MARS and LOVE;
Of those three gods, whose arms the fairest were.
JOVE's golden shield did eagle sables bear,
Whose talons held young GANYMEDE above.
But in vert field, MARS bare a golden spear,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did shove.
Each had his crest. MARS carried VENUS' glove;
JOVE on his helm, the thunderbolt did rear.
CUPID then smiles. For on his crest there lies
STELLA's fair hair. Her face, he makes his shield;
Where roses gules are borne in silver field.
PHŒBUS drew wide the curtains of the skies
To blaze these last: and sware devoutly then,
The first, thus matched, were scantly gentlemen.

ALAS! HAVE I not pain enough? my friend!
Upon whose breast, a fiercer gripe doth tire,
Than did on him who first stole down the fire;
While LOVE on me, doth all his quiver spend:
But with your rhubarb words ye must contend
To grieve me worse in saying, "That Desire
Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end."
If that be sin, which doth the manners frame
Well stayed with truth in word, and faith of deed;
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame:
If that be sin, which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity:
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be!

XV.

YOU THAT do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows;
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring:
You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rhymes running in rattling rows;
You that poor PETRARCH's long deceased woes,
With newborn sighs and denizened wit do sing:
You take wrong ways! Those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch;
And sure at length, stolen goods do come to light.
But if (both for your love and skill) your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame:
STELLA behold! and then begin to endite.

XVI.

IN NATURE apt to like, when I did see
Beauties which were of many carats fine;
My boiling sprites did thither soon incline,
And, LOVE! I thought that I was full of thee.
But finding not those restless flames in me,
Which others said did make their souls to pine:
I thought those babes, of some pin's hurt did whine;
By my soul judging what love's pains might be.
But while I thus with this lion played,
Mine eyes (shall I say curst or blest?) beheld
STELLA. Now she is named, need more be said?
In her sight, I a lesson new have spelled.
I now have learned love right; and learned even so,
As who by being poisoned doth poison know.

XVII.

HIS MOTHER dear, CUPID offended late;
Because that MARS grown slacker in her love,
With pricking shot he did not throughly move,
To keep the pace of their first loving state.
The boy refused for fear of MARS' hate;
Who threatened stripes, if he his wrath did prove:
But she, in chafe, him from her lap did shove;
Brake bow, brake shafts: while weeping CUPID sate.
Till that his grandame Nature pitying it,
Of STELLA's brows, made him two better bows;
And in her eyes, of arrows infinite.
O how for joy, he leaps! O how he crows!
And straight therewith—like wags new got to play—
Falls to shrewd turns; and I was in his way.

XVIII.

WITH WHAT sharp checks I in myself am shent,
When into REASON's audit I do go;
And by just counts, myself a bankrupt know
Of all those goods which heaven to me hath lent.
Unable quite, to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe:
And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.
My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys;
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which for reward, spoil it with vain annoys.
I see my course to lose myself doth bend;
I see, and yet no greater sorrow take,
Than that I lose no more for STELLA's sake.

XIX.

ON CUPID's bow, how are my heart-strings bent!
That see my wrack, and yet embrace the same.
When most I glory, then I feel most shame.
I willing run; yet while I run, repent.
My best wits still their own disgrace invent.
My very ink turns straight to STELLA's name;
And yet my words—as them, my pen doth frame—
Advise themselves that they are vainly spent.
For though she pass all things, yet what is all
That unto me; who fares like him that both
Looks to the skies and in a ditch doth fall?
O let me prop my mind, yet in his growth,
And not in nature for best fruits unfit!
"Scholar!" saith LOVE, "bend hitherward your wit!"

XX.

FLY! FLY! my friends; I have my death wound, fly!
See there that boy! that murdering boy, I say!
Who, like a thief, hid in dark bush doth lie,
Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey!
So, tyrant! he no fitter place could spy,
Nor so fair level in so secret stay,
As that sweet black which veils the heavenly eye:
There himself with his shot, he close doth lay.
Poor passenger! pass now thereby I did,
And stayed, pleased with the prospect of the place;
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid:
But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,
And then descried the glistering of his dart;
But ere I could fly hence, it pierced my heart.

XXI.

YOUR WORDS, my friend! (right healthful caustics!) blame
My young mind marred, whom love doth windlass so;
That mine own writings (like bad servants) show
My wits quick in vain thoughts; in virtue, lame.
"That PLATO I read for nought, but if he tame
Such coltish years; that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires: lest else that friendly foe
Great Expectation, wear a train of shame."
"For since mad March great promise made of me;
If now the May of my years much decline,
What can be hoped my harvest time will be?"
Sure you say well! Your wisdom's golden mine,
Dig deep with learning's spade! Now tell me this,
Hath this world ought so fair as STELLA is?

XXII.

IN HIGHEST way of heaven, the sun did ride,
Progressing then from fair Twins' golden place;
Having no scarf of clouds before his face,
But shining forth of heat in his chief pride:
When some fair ladies, by hard promise tied,
On horseback met him in his furious race;
Yet each prepared with fan's well-shading grace,
From that foe's wounds, their tender skins to hide.
STELLA alone, with face unarmèd, marched;
Either to do like him which open shone,
Or careless of the wealth because her own:
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parched;
Her daintiest bare, went free. The cause was this.
The sun which others burnt, did her but kiss.

XXIII.

THE CURIOUS wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray itself in my long settled eyes:
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
With idle pains and missing aim, do guess.
Some that know how my Spring I did address,
Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies:
Others, because the Prince my service tries,
Think that I think State errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage—
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place—
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
O fools! or overwise! alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
But only STELLA's eyes and STELLA's heart.

XXIV.

RICH FOOLS there be, whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their own selves to TANTAL's smart,
Wealth breeding want; more blest, more wretched grow.
Yet to those fools, heaven such wit doth impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know;
And knowing, love and loving lay apart,
As sacred things, far from all danger's show:
But that rich fool, who by blind Fortune's lot,
The richest gem of love and life enjoys;
And can with foul abuse, such beauties blot:
Let him deprived of sweet but unfelt joys,
(Exiled for aye from those high treasures, which
He knows not) grow in only folly rich!

XXV.

THE WISEST scholar of the wight most wise,
By PHŒBUS' doom, with sugared sentence says:
"That virtue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of love it in our souls would raise:
But for that man, with pain this truth descries,
Whiles he each thing in sense's balance weighs:
And so nor will, nor can behold those skies,
Which inward sun to heroic minds displays."
Virtue, of late, with virtuous care to stir
Love of herself, takes STELLA's shape; that she
To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.
It is most true. For since I her did see,
Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find th'effect: for I do burn in love.

XXVI.

THOUGH DUSTY wits dare scorn astrology;
And fools can think those lamps of purest light-
Whose number, ways, greatness, eternity,
Promising wonders; wonder do invite—
To have, for no cause, birthright in the sky;
But for to spangle the black weeds of Night:
Or for some brawl, which in that chamber high,
They should still dance to please a gazer's sight.
For me, I do Nature unidle know;
And know great causes, great effects procure;
And know those bodies high reign on the low:
And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure.
Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
By only those two stars in STELLA's face.

XXVII.

BECAUSE I OFT in dark abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company;
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise.
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast; that only I
Fawn on me self, and others do despise.
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass
Unseen, unheard; while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even to STELLA's grace.

XXVIII.

YOU THAT with allegory's curious frame,
Of others' children, changelings use to make:
With me, those pains for GOD's sake do not take.
I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.
When I say STELLA! I do mean the same
Princess of Beauty; for whose only sake
The reins of love I love, though never slack:
And joy therein, though nations count it shame.
I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide philosophy:
Look at my hands for no such quintessence!
But know! that I, in pure simplicity,
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this art.

XXIX.

LIKE SOME weak lords—neighboured by mighty kings—
To keep themselves and their chief cities free;
Do easily yield that all their coasts may be
Ready to store their camp of needful things:
So STELLA's heart, finding what power LOVE brings,
To keep itself in life and liberty;
Doth willing grant that in the frontiers he
Use all to help his other conquerings:
And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes
Serve him with shot; her lips, his heralds are;
Her breasts, his tents; legs, his triumphal car;
Her flesh, his food; her skin, his armour brave.
And I, but for because my prospect lies
Upon that coast, am given up for slave.

XXX.

WHETHER the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Christian coast?
How Poles' right King means, without leave of host,
To warm with ill-made fire, cold Muscovy?
If French can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast?
How Holland's hearts—now so good towns be lost—
Trust in the shade of pleasing Orange tree?
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it half tame?
If in the Scotch Court be no welt'ring yet?
These questions, busy wits to me do frame:
I—cumbered with good manners—answer do;
But know not how, for still I think on you.

XXXI.

WITH HOW sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently! and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.
I read it in thy looks. Thy languisht grace
To me that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me
Is constant love deemed there, but want of wit?
Are beauties there, as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved; and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

XXXII.

MORPHEUS! the lively son of deadly SLEEP,
Witness of life to them that living die.
A prophet oft, and oft an history,
A poet eke; as humours fly and creep:
Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,
That never I with close up sense do lie,
But by thy work, my STELLA I descry;
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep.
Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell!
Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl and gold,
To show her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?
"Fool!" answers he, "no Indes such treasures hold;
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet STELLA's image I do steal to me."

XXXIII.

I MIGHT—unhappy word, O me!—I might,
And then would not, or could not see my bliss:
Till now, wrapt in a most infernal night,
I find, how heavenly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart rent thyself! thou dost thyself but right.
No lovely PARIS made thy HELEN his;
No force, no fraud robbed thee of thy delight;
No Fortune, of thy fortune author is;
But to myself, myself did give the blow;
While too much wit (forsooth!) so troubled me,
That I, respects for both our sakes must show:
And yet could not by rising morn foresee
How fair a day was near. O punisht eyes!
That I had been more foolish or more wise!

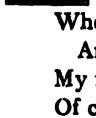
XXXIV.

COME, LET me write. "And to what end?" To ease
A burthened heart. "How can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy daily vexing care?"
Oft, cruel fights well pictured forth do please.
"Art not ashamed to publish thy disease?"
Nay that may breed my fame. It is so rare.
"But will not wise men think thy words fond ware?"
Then be they close, and so none shall displease.
"What idler thing, than speak and not be heard?"
What harder thing, than smart and not to speak?
"Peace! foolish wit!" With wit, my wit is marred.
Thus write I, while I doubt to write; and wreak
My harms on ink's poor loss. Perhaps some find
STELLA's great powers, that so confuse my mind.

XXXV.

WHAT MAY words say, or what may words not say;
Where truth itself must speak like flattery?
Within what bounds, can one his liking stay;
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
What NESTOR's counsel can my flames allay,
Since REASON's self doth blow the coal in me?
And ah! what hope that hope should once see day,
Where CUPID is sworn page to CHASTITY?
HONOUR is honoured, that thou dost possess
Him as thy slave; and now long needy FAME
Doth even grow rich, naming my STELLA's name.
WIT learns in thee perfection to express;
Not thou by praise, but PRAISE in thee is raised.
It is a praise to praise, where thou art praised.

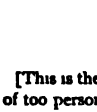
XXXVI.



TELLA! WHENCE doth this new assault arise?
A conquered, yielded, ransacked heart to win!
Whereto, long since, through my long battered eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entered in.
And there, long since, LOVE thy Lieutenant lies:
My forces razed, thy banners raised within.
Of conquest, do not these effects suffice?
But wilt now war upon thine own begin
With so sweet voice, and by sweet Nature so
In sweetest strength; so sweetly skilled withal
In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can show:
That not my soul, which at thy foot did fall,
Long since forced by thy beams; but stone nor tree
By SENSE's privilege, can 'scape from thee.

XXXVII.

[This is the Sonnet omitted in NEWMAN's editions of 1591, probably from its being of too personal a character, as it distinctly identifies STELLA with LADY RICH.]



Y MOUTH doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen then Lordings with good ear to me!
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Towards AURORA's Court, a nymph doth dwell
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see:
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abuse her praise saying she doth excel.
Rich in the treasure of deserved renown.
Rich in the riches of a royal heart.
Rich in those gifts, which give th'eternal crown:
Who, though most rich in these and every part,
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss;
Hath no misfortune, but that RICH she is.

XXXVIII.



THIS NIGHT, while sleep begins with heavy wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to stray; and my chief powers are brought
To leave the sceptre of all subject things:
The first that straight my fancy's error brings
Unto my mind, is STELLA's image; wrought
By LOVE's own self, but with so curious draught,
That she, methinks, not only shines but sings:
I start! look! hark! but what in closed up sense
Was held, in open sense it flies away;
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence.
I, seeing better sights in sight's decay;
Called it anew, and wooed sleep again:
But him her host, that unkind guest had slain.

XXXIX.



COME SLEEP! O SLEEP! the certain knot of peace!
The baiting place of wit! the balm of woe!
The poor man's wealth! the prisoner's release!
Th'indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts, DESPAIR at me doth throw!
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me, smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a weary head:
And if these things as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy Grace; thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA's image see.

XL.

AS GOOD to write, as for to lie and groan.
O STELLA dear! how much thy power hath wrought!
Thou hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
My still-kept course, while others sleep, to moan.
Alas, if from the height of Virtue's throne,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought;
Weigh then, how I, by thee, am overthrown!
And then, think thus, "Although thy beauty be
Made manifest by such a victory;
Yet noblest conquerors do wracks avoid."
Since then thou hast so far subduèd me
That in my heart I offer still to thee.
O do not let thy temple be destroyed!

XLI.

HAVING THIS day, my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well; that I obtained the prize:
Both by the judgment of the English eyes;
And of some sent by that sweet enemy, France!
Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townsfolk, my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because, of both sides, I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this;
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
STELLA lookt on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

XLII



Eyes! which do the spheres of beauty move;
Whose beams be joys; whose joys, all virtues be;
Who while they make Love conquer, conquer Love.
The schools where Venus hath learned chastity.
O eyes! where humble looks most glorious prove;
Only, loved tyrants! just in cruelty,
Do not! O do not from poor me remove!
Keep still my zenith! Ever shine on me!
For though I never see them, but straightways
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites;
Yet still on me, O eyes! dart down your rays!
And if from majesty of sacred lights
Oppressing mortal sense, my death proceed;
Wracks, triumphs be; which love (high set) doth breed.

XLIII.

Fair eyes! sweet lips! dear heart! that foolish I
Could hope, by Cupid's help, on you to prey:
Since to himself, he doth your gifts apply;
As his main force, choice sport, and easeful stay.
For when he will see who dare him gainsay;
Then with those eyes, he looks. Lo! by and by,
Each soul doth at Love's feet, his weapons lay;
Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
When he will play; then in her lips, he is;
Where blushing red, that Love's self them doth love;
With either lip, he doth the other kiss.
But when he will for quiet's sake, remove
From all the world; her heart is then his room:
Where, well he knows, no man to him can come.

XLIV.

MY WORDS, I know, do well set forth my mind;
My mind bemoans his sense of inward smart:
Such smart may pity claim of any heart;
Her heart, sweet heart! is of no tigress kind:
And yet she hears, and yet no pity I find;
But more I cry, less grace she doth impart.
Alas, what cause is there, so overthwart,
That Nobleness itself makes thus unkind?
I much do guess, yet find no truth save this;
That when the breath of my complaints do touch
Those dainty doors unto the Court of Bliss,
The heavenly nature of that place is such,
That once come there, the sobs of my annoys
Are metamorphosed straight to tunes of joys.

XLV.

STELLA OFT sees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclouded stormy face;
But cannot skill to pity my disgrace,
Not, though thereof the cause herself she know:
Yet hearing late a fable which did show
Of lovers never known, a piteous case;
Pity thereof gat in her breast such place
That from that sea derived, tears' spring did flow.
Alas, if Fancy drawn by imaged things,
Though false, yet with free scope more grace doth breed
Than servant's wrack, where new doubts honour brings;
Then think, my Dear! that you in me do read
Of lovers' ruin, some sad tragedy.
I am not I, pity the tale of me!

XLVI.

I CURST THEE oft, I pity now thy case,
Blind-hitting boy! since she, that thee and me
Rules with a beck, so tyrannizeth thee,
That thou must want or food or dwelling place.
For she protests to "banish thee her face."
Her face! O LOVE, a rogue thou then shouldst be!
"If LOVE learn not alone to love and see,
Without desire to feed of further grace."
Alas, poor wag! that now a scholar art
To such a schoolmistress, whose lessons new
Thou needs must miss; and so, thou needs must smart!
Yet Dear! let me his pardon get of you,
So long (though he from book myche to desire)
Till without fuel, you can make hot fire.

XLVII.

WHAT! HAVE I thus betrayed my liberty?
Can those black beams, such burning marks engrave
In my free side? or am I born a slave,
Whose neck becomes such yoke of tyranny?
Or want I sense to feel my misery?
Or sprite, disdain of such disdain to have?
Who for long faith, though daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but scorn of beggary.
VIRTUE, awake! BEAUTY, but beauty is.
I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that which it is gain to miss.
Let her do! Soft! but here she comes. Go to!
"Unkind! I love you not." O me! that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie.

XLVIII.



OUL'S JOY! bend not those morning stars from me!
Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might,
Where Love is Chasteness, Pain doth learn Delight,
And Humbleness grows one with Majesty:
Whatever may ensue, O let me be
Co-partner of the riches of that sight!
Let not mine eyes be hell-driven from that light!
O look! O shine! O let me die and see!
For though I oft myself of them bemoan,
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone;
Whose cureless wounds, even now, most freshly bleed:
Yet since my death wound is already got;
Dear Killer! spare not thy sweet cruel shot!
A kind of grace it is, to slay with speed.

XLIX.



ON MY horse; and LOVE on me, doth try
Our horsemanships: while by strange work I prove
A horseman to my horse, a horse to LOVE;
And now man's wrongs in me poor beast! descry.
The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are Humbled Thoughts, which bit of Reverence move;
Curbed in with Fear, but with gilt boss above
Of Hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye.
The wand is Will, thou Fancy saddle art,
Girt fast by Memory; and while I spur
My horse, he spurs with Sharp Desire my heart.
He sits me fast, however I do stir;
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the menage myself takes delight.

L.

STELLA! THE fulness of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast;
But they do swell and struggle forth of me
Till that in words, thy figure be exprest.
And yet as soon as they so formèd be,
According to my lord LOVE's own behest:
With sad eyes, I their weak proportion see,
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I cannot choose but write my mind;
And cannot choose but put out what I write;
While these poor babes their death in birth do find.
And now my pen, these lines had dashed quite,
But that they stopt his fury from the same;
Because their forefront bare sweet STELLA's name.

LI.

PARDON MINE ears! both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue still fluently proceed
To them, that do such entertainment need:
So may you still have somewhat new to say.
On silly me do not the burden lay
Of all the grave conceits, your brain doth breed:
But find some HERCULES to bear (instead
Of ATLAS tired) your wisdom's heavenly sway.
For me, while you discourse of courtly tides:
Of cunning fishers in most troubled streams;
Of straying ways, when valiant error guides:
Meanwhile, my heart confers with STELLA's beams,
And is even irkt that so sweet comedy
By such unsuited speech, should hindered be.

LII.



STRIFE IS grown between VIRTUE and LOVE;
While each pretends that STELLA must be his.
"Her eyes, her lips, her all," saith LOVE "do this,"
Since they do wear his badge, "most firmly prove."
But VIRTUE thus that title doth disprove.
"That STELLA," O dear name! "that STELLA is
That virtuous soul, sure heir of heavenly bliss:
Not this fair outside which our hearts doth move.
And therefore though her beauty and her grace
Be LOVE'S indeed: in STELLA'S self he may
By no pretence claim any manner place."
Well, LOVE! since this demurrer our suit doth stay,
Let VIRTUE have that STELLA'S self; yet thus
That VIRTUE but that body grant to us.

LIII.



N MARTIAL sports I had my cunning tried;
And yet to break more staves did me address:
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck and praise even filled my veins with pride.
When CUPID having me, his slave, descried
In MARS' livery, prancing in the press.
"What now, Sir Fool!" said he (I would no less)
"Look here, I say!" I looked, and STELLA spied;
Who, hard by, made a window send forth light:
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight.
Nor trumpets' sound I heard; nor friendly cries;
My foe came on, and beat the air for me:
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

LIV.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan.
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips, LOVE's standard bear:
"What he!" say they of me, "now I dare swear
He cannot love. No, no, let him alone!"
And think so still! so STELLA know my mind.
Profess indeed I do not CUPID's art:
But you, fair maids! at length, this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans not chattering pies, do lovers prove.
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

LV.

MUSES! I OFT invoked your holy aid,
With choicest flowers my speech t'engarland so,
That it, despised in true but naked show,
Might win some grace in your sweet grace arrayed.
And oft whole troops of saddest words I stayed,
Striving abroad a foraging to go;
Until by your inspiring, I might know
How their black banner might be best displayed.
And now I mean no more your help to try,
Nor other sugaring of my speech to prove;
But on her name incessantly to cry.
For let me but name her whom I do love,
So sweet sounds straight mine ear and heart do hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI.



IE! SCHOOL of PATIENCE, fie! your lesson is
Far far too long to learn it without book.
What! a whole week without one piece of look!
And think I should not your large precepts miss?
When I might read those letters fair of bliss
Which in her face teach virtue: I could brook
Somewhat thy leaden counsels; which I took
As of a friend that meant not much amiss.
But now that I, alas, do want her sight;
What! dost thou think that I can ever take
In thy cold stuff a phlegmatic delight?
No, PATIENCE! If thou wilt my good; then make
Her come, and hear with patience my desire:
And then, with patience bid me bear my fire!

LVII.



WOE, HAVING made with many fights his own,
Each sense of mine, each gift, each power of mind:
Grown now his slaves; he forced them out to find
The thoroughest words, fit for WOE's self to groan.
Hoping that when they might find STELLA alone,
Before she could prepare to be unkind;
Her soul, armed but with such a dainty rind,
Should soon be pierced with sharpness of the moan.
She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
But them (so sweet is she) most sweetly sing;
With that fair breast making WOE's darkness clear.
A pretty case! I hoped her to bring
To feel my griefs: and she with face and voice,
So sweets my pains; that my pains me rejoice.

LVIII.

DOUBT THERE hath been—when, with his golden chain,
The Orator so far men's hearts doth bind;
That no pace else their guided steps can find,
But as he them more short or slack doth rein—
Whether with words, this sovereignty he gain;
Clothed with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lined:
Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his own lively form in rudest brain?
Now judge by this. In piercing phrases, late,
The anatomy of all my woes I wrote.
STELLA's sweet breath the same to me did read.
O voice! O face! maugre my speeches' might
Which wooed woe: most ravishing delight,
Even those sad words, even in sad me, did breed.

LIX.

DEAR! WHY make you more of a dog, than me?
If he do love; I burn, I burn in love!
If he wait well; I never thence would move!
If he be fair; yet but a dog can be.
Little he is, so little worth is he.
He barks; my songs, thine own voice oft doth prove.
Bidden perhaps, he fetcheth thee a glove;
But I unbid, fetch even my soul to thee!
Yet while I languish; him, that bosom clips,
That lap doth lap, nay, lets in spite of spite,
This sour-breathed mate taste of those sugared lips.
Alas, if you grant only such delight
To witless things; then LOVE I hope (since wit
Becomes a clog) will soon ease me of it.

LX.

WHEN MY good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in STELLA see;
That heaven of joys throws only down on me
Thundered disdains and lightnings of disgrace.
But when the rugged'st step of Fortune's race
Makes me fall from her sight; then sweetly she
With words—wherein the Muses' treasures be—
Shows love and pity to my absent case.
Now I—wit-beaten long by hardest Fate—
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce love and lovely hate.
Then some good body tell me how I do!
Whose presence, absence; absence, presence is:
Blessed in my curse, and cursèd in my bliss.

LXI.

OFT WITH true sighs, oft with uncallèd tears,
Now with slow words, now with dumb eloquence;
I STELLA's eyes assailed, invade her ears:
But this, at last, is her sweet breathed defence.
"That who indeed infelt affection bears,
So captives to his saint both soul and sense;
That wholly hers, all selfness he forbears:
Thence his desires he learns, his life's course thence."
Now since her chaste mind hates this love in me:
With chastened mind, I needs must show that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates, remove.
O Doctor CUPID! thou for me, reply!
Driven else to grant by angel's sophistry,
That I love not, without I leave to love.

LXII.

LATE TIRED with woe, even ready for to pine
With rage of love, I called my love "unkind!"
She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine
Sweetly said, "That I, true love in her should find."
I joyed; but straight thus watered was my wine.
"That love she did, but loved a love not blind;
Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind:
And therefore by her love's authority,
Willed me, these tempests of vain love to fly;
And anchor fast myself on Virtue's shore."
Alas, if this the only metal be
Of love new coined to help my beggary:
Dear! love me not, that ye may love me more!

LXIII.

O GRAMMAR rules! O now your virtues show!
So children still read you with awful eyes;
As my young Dove may in your precepts wise
Her grant to me, by her own virtue know.
For late, with heart most high, with eyes most low;
I craved the thing which ever she denies:
She lightning love, displaying VENUS' skies,
Lest once should not be heard; said twice "No!" "No!"
Sing then my Muse! now *Io Pæan* sing!
Heavens! envy not at my high triumphing;
But Grammar's force with sweet success confirm!
For Grammar says (O this dear STELLA's "Nay!")
For Grammar says (to Grammar, who says "Nay"?)
"That in one speech, two negatives affirm."

[In the *Arcadia* impression of 1598, the FIRST SONG at page 558 comes in here.]

LXIV.

NO MORE! my Dear! no more these counsels try!
O give my passions leave to run their race!
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace!
Let folk o'ercharged with brain, against me cry!
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye!
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace!
Let all the earth in scorn recount my case;
But do not will me from my love to fly!
I do not envy ARISTOTLE's wit;
Nor do aspire to CÆSAR's bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though some above me sit;
Nor hope, nor wish another course to frame:
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

LXV.

IOVE! BY sure proof I may call thee unkind;
That giv'st no better ear to my just cries!
Thou, whom to me, such my good turns should bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize.
For when, naked boy! thou couldst no harbour find
In this old world, grown now so too too wise;
I lodged thee in my heart: and being blind
By nature born, I gave to thee mine eyes.
Mine eyes! my light! my heart! my life! Alas!
If so great services may scornèd be:
Yet let this thought, thy tigerish courage pass.
That I, perhaps, am somewhat kin to thee;
Since in thine arms, if learned Fame truth hath spread,
Thou bar'st the arrow; I, the arrow head.

LXVI.

AND DO I see some cause a hope to feed?
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weakened minds, quick apprehending breed
Of every image, which may comfort show?
I cannot brag of word, much less of deed;
Fortune's wheel's still with me in one sort slow;
My wealth no more, and no whit less my need:
Desire still on the stilts of fear doth go.
And yet amid all fears, a hope there is
Stolen to my heart, since last fair night (nay, day!)
STELLA's eyes sent to me the beams of bliss;
Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes back to their heaven did move;
They fled with blush, which guilty seemed of love.

LXVII.

HOPE! ART thou true, or dost thou flatter me?
Doth STELLA now begin with piteous eye,
The ruins of her conquest to espy?
Will she take time, before all wracked be?
Her eye's speech is translated thus by thee:
But fail'st thou not in phrase so heavenly high?
Look on again! the fair text better try!
What blushing notes dost thou in margin see?
What sighs stolen out, or killed before full born?
Hast thou found such, and such like arguments?
Or art thou else to comfort me foresworn?
Well! how so thou interpret their contents:
I am resolved thy error to maintain;
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

LXVIII.

STELLA! THE only planet of my light!
Light of my life! and life of my desire!
Chief good! whereto my hope doth only aspire:
World of my wealth! and heaven of my delight!
Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
With voice more fit to wed AMPHION's lyre;
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?
And all in vain, for while thy breath so sweet,
With choicest words; thy words, with reasons rare;
Thy reasons firmly set on Virtue's feet;
Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O think I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so fair a virtue to enjoy?

LXIX.

O JOY! TOO high for my low style to show.
O bliss! fit for a nobler seat than me.
ENVY! put out thine eyes! lest thou do see
What oceans of delight in me do flow.
My friend! that oft saw, through all masks, my woe.
Come! come! and let me pour myself on thee!
Gone is the winter of my misery!
My spring appears! O see what here doth grow!
For STELLA hath with words (where faith doth shine),
Of her high heart given me the monarchy:
I! I! O I may say that she is mine.
And though she give but thus conditionally
This realm of bliss, "while virtuous course I take:"
No kings be crowned, but they some covenant make.

LXX.

MY Muse may well grudge at my heavenly joy,
If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep;
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes t'enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I, Jove's cup do keep.
Sonnets be not bound 'prentice to Annoy:
Trebles sing high, as well as basses deep:
Grief, but Love's winter livery is: the boy
Hath cheeks to smile as well as eyes to weep.
Come then, my Muse! show thou height of delight
In well-raised notes: my pen, the best it may
Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.
"Cease! eager Muse!" "Peace! pen! For my sake, stay!"
I give you here my hand for truth of this:
"Wise silence is best music unto bliss."

LXXI.

WHo will in fairest book of Nature know
How virtue may best lodged in beauty be;
Let him but learn of love to read in thee!
Stella! those fair lines which true goodness show.
There, shall he find all vices' overthrow;
Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
Of Reason: from whose light those night birds fly.
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
And not content to be perfection's heir,
Thyself dost strive all minds that way to move;
Who mark in thee, what is in thee most fair:
So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good.
But ah! Desire still cries, "Give me some food!"

LXXII.

DESIRE! though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love, that I
One from the other scarcely can descry;
While each doth blow the fire of my heart:
Now from thy fellowship, I needs must part.
VENUS is taught with DIAN's wings to fly.
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie.
VIRTUE's gold now, must head my CUPID's dart.
Service and Honour, Wonder with Delight,
Fear to offend, Will worthy to appear,
Care shining in mine eyes, Faith in my sprite:
These things are left me by my only Dear.
But thou, DESIRE! because thou wouldst have all;
Now banisht art: but yet, alas, how shall?

[The SECOND SONG, see page 560, comes in here in the 1598 edition.]

LXXIII.

LOVE STILL a boy, and oft a wanton is;
Schooled only by his mother's tender eye.
What wonder then, if he his lesson miss;
When for so soft a rod, dear play he try?
And yet my Star, because a sugared kiss
In sport I suckt, while she asleep did lie:
Doth lower; nay, chide; nay, threat for only this!
"Sweet! It was saucy LOVE, not humble I."
But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear
In Beauty's throne. See now! who dares come near
Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heavenly fool! Thy most kiss-worthy face,
Anger invests with such a lovely grace;
That ANGER's self! I needs must kiss again!

LXXIV.

I NEVER drank of Aganippe's well;
Nor never did in shade of Tempe sit:
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell.
Poor layman, I! for sacred rites unfit.
Some do, I hear, of poets' fury tell;
But (GOD wot) wot not what they mean by it:
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell;
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak? and what I speak doth flow
In verse? and that my verse best wits doth please?
Guess we the cause. What is it thus? Fie, no!
Or so? Much less! How then? Sure thus it is.
My lips are sweet, inspired with STELLA's kiss.

LXXV.

O F ALL the Kings that ever here did reign;
EDWARD named FOURTH; as first in praise I name.
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain;
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame.
Nor that he could young-wise wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, joined with a kingdom's gain:
And gained by MARS; could yet mad MARS so tame,
That balance weighed what sword did late obtain.
Nor that he made the *fleur de luce* so 'fraid,
Though strongly hedged, of bloody lion's paws;
That witty LOUIS to him a tribute paid.
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause;
But only for this worthy Knight durst prove
To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.

LXXVI.

HE COMES! and straight therewith her shining twins do move
Their rays to me; who, in her tedious absence, lay
Benighted in cold woe: but now appears my day,
The only light of joy, the only warmth of love.
She comes with light and warmth! which like AURORA prove
Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosy morn; whose beams, most freshly gay,
Scorch not: but only do dark chilling sprites remove.
But lo! while I do speak, it groweth noon with me;
Her flamy glistering lights increase with time and place:
My heart cries, "Ah! It burns!" Mine eyes now dazzled be.
No wind, no shade can cool. What help then in my case?
But with short breath, long looks, stayed feet, and walking head;
Pray that my Sun go down with meeker beams to bed.

LXXVII.

THOSE LOOKS! whose beams be joy, whose motion is delight;
That face! whose lecture shows what perfect beauty is;
That presence! which doth give dark hearts a living light;
That grace! which VENUS weeps that she herself doth miss;
That hand! which without touch, holds more than ATLAS' might;
Those lips! which make death's pay, a mean price for a kiss;
That skin! whose past-praise hue scorns this poor term of white;
Those words! which do sublime the quintessence of bliss;
That voice! which makes the soul plant himself in the ears;
That conversation sweet! where such high comforts be,
As construed in true speech, the name of heaven it bears:
Make me in my best thoughts and quiet'st judgment see
That in no more but these, I might be fully blest;
Yet, ah! My maiden Muse doth blush to tell the rest.

LXXVIII.



How THE pleasant airs of true love be
Infected by those vapours, which arise
From out that noisome gulf, which gaping lies
Between the jaws of hellish JEALOUSY.
A monster! others' harm! self's misery!
BEAUTY's plague! VIRTUE's scourge! succour of lies!
Who his own joy to his own hurt applies;
And only cherish doth with injury!
Who since he hath—by Nature's special grace—
So piercing paws, as spoil when they embrace;
So nimble feet, as stir still though on thorns;
So many eyes, aye seeking their own woe;
So ample ears, that never good news know:
Is it not evil that such a devil wants horns?

LXXIX.



WEET KISS! thy sweets I fain would sweetly endite:
Which even of sweetness, sweetest sweet'ner art!
Pleasing'st consort! where each sense holds a part;
Which coupling doves guide VENUS' chariot right.
Best charge and bravest retreat in CUPID's fight!
A double key! which opens to the heart.
Most rich, when most his riches it impart!
Nest of young joys! schoolmaster of delight!
Teaching the mean at once to take and give.
The friendly fray! where blows both wound and heal.
The pretty death! while each in other live.
Poor hope's first wealth! hostage of promised weal!
Breakfast of love! But lo! lo! where she is,
Cease we to praise. Now pray we for a kiss?

LXXX.



WEET SWELLING lip! well mayest thou swell in pride;
Since best wits think it wit, thee to admire:
Nature's praise! Virtue's stall! CUPID's cold fire!
Whence words, not words but heavenly graces slide.
The new Parnassus! where the Muses bide.
Sweet'ner of music! wisdom's beautifier!
Breather of life! and fast'ner of Desire!
Where Beauty's blush in Honour's grain is dyed.
Thus much my heart compelled my mouth to say,
But now spite of my heart, my mouth will stay;
Loathing all lies, doubting this flattery is:
And no spur can his resty race renew;
Without how far this praise is short of you,
Sweet lip! you teach my mouth with one sweet kiss!

LXXXI.



KISS! WHICH dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems or fruits of new-found Paradise;
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.
O kiss! which souls, even souls together ties
By links of love, and only Nature's art:
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part?
But she forbids. With blushing words, she says
"She builds her fame on higher-seated praise:"
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
Then since, dear life! you fain would have me peace;
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease:
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me!

LXXXII.

NYMPH OF the garden! where all beauties be;
Beauties which do in excellency surpass
His, who till death lookt in a wat'ry glass;
Or hers, whom naked the Trojan boy did see.
Sweet garden nymph! which keeps the cherry tree,
Whose fruit doth far th'Hesperian taste surpass:
Most sweet fair! most fair sweet! do not, alas,
From coming near those cherries, banish me!
For though full of desire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your best graced grace;
I caught at one of them a hungry bite:
Pardon that fault! Once more grant me the place;
And I do swear even by the same delight,
I will but kiss, I never more will bite.

LXXXIII.

GOOD BROTHER PHILIP! I have born you long.
I was content you should in favour creep,
While craftily you seemed your cut to keep;
As though that fair soft hand did you great wrong.
I bare (with envy) yet I bare your song,
When in her neck you did love ditties peep;
Nay, more fool I! oft suffered you to sleep
In lilies' nest, where LOVE's self lies along.
What! doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is sauciness, reward of courtesy?
Cannot such grace your silly self content;
But you must needs, with those lips billing be?
And through those lips drink nectar from that tongue?
Leave that Sir PHIP! lest off your neck be wrung!

[The THIRD SONG at p. 561 is inserted here in the *Arcadia* edition of 1598.]

LXXXIV.

HIGHWAY! SINCE you my chief Parnassus be;
And that my Muse to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody.
Now blessed you! bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safeliest shall meet.
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still fair! honoured by public heed!
By no encroachment wronged! nor time forgot!
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed!
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss:
Hundreds of years you STELLA's feet may kiss!

LXXXV.

I SEE THE house! My heart! thyself contain!
Beware full sails drown not thy tottering barge!
Lest joy—by Nature apt, spirits to enlarge—
Thee to thy wrack, beyond thy limits strain.
Nor do like lords, whose weak confusèd brain,
Not 'pointing to fit folks each undercharge;
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain:
But give apt servants their due place! Let eyes
See Beauty's total sum summed in her face!
Let ears hear speech, which wit to wonder ties!
Let breath suck up those sweets! Let arms embrace
The globe of weal! Lips, love's indentures make!
Thou but of all, the Kingly tribute take!

[The FOURTH SONG at p. 562 occurs here in the 1598 edition.]

LXXXVI.

ALAS! WHENCE came this change of looks? If I
Have changed desert, let mine own conscience be
A still felt plague to self-condemning me!
Let woe gripe on my heart! shame load mine eye!
But if all faith, like spotless ermine, lie
Safe in my soul; which only doth to thee
(As his sole object of felicity)
With wings of love in air of wonder fly:
O ease your hand! treat not so hard your slave!
In justice, pains come not till faults do call:
Or if I needs, sweet Judge! must torments have;
Use something else to chasten me withal,
Than those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell.
No doom should make once heaven become his hell.

[The FIFTH to the EIGHTH SONGS at pp. 564-574 come in here in the 1598 impression.]

LXXXVII.

WHEN I WAS forced from STELLA ever dear—
STELLA! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart;
STELLA! whose eyes make all my tempests clear—
By iron laws of duty to depart:
Alas, I found that she with me did smart;
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;
I saw that sighs, her sweetest lips did part;
And her sad words, my saddest sense did hear.
For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so;
I sighed her sighs; and wailèd for her woe:
Yet swam in joy; such love in her was seen.
Thus while th'effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be;
I had been vext, if vext I had not been.

LXXXVIII.

OUT! TRAITOR ABSENCE! Darest thou counsel me
From my dear Captainess to run away?
Because, in brave array, here marcheth she
That to win me, oft shows a present pay.
Is faith so weak, or is such force in thee?
When sun is hid, can stars such beams display?
Cannot heaven's food, once felt, keep stomachs free
From base desire, on earthly cates to prey?
Tush! ABSENCE! while thy mists eclipse that light,
My orphan sense flies to the inward sight;
Where memory sets forth the beams of love.
That where before heart loved and eyes did see;
In heart both sight and love both coupled be.
United powers make each the stronger prove.

LXXXIX.

NOW THAT of absence the most irksome night,
With darkest shade, doth overcome my day:
Since STELLA's eyes wont to give me my day;
Leaving my hemisphere, leave me in night.
Each day seems long, and longs for long-stayed night;
The night as tedious, woos th'approach of day.
Tired with the dusty toils of busy day;
Languisht with horrors of the silent night:
Suffering the evils both of the day and night;
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath less quiet than my night.
With such bad mixture of my night and day;
That living thus in blackest winter night,
I feel the flames of hottest summer's day.

XC.

STELLA! THINK not that I by verse seek fame;
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee.
Thine eyes my pride; thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Not so ambitious am I as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree:
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph, a Poet's name.
Ne if I would, I could just title make
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take.
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow:
Since all my words, thy beauty doth indite;
And love doth hold my hand and makes me write.

XCI.

STELLA! WHILE now, by honour's cruel might,
I am from you—light of my life misled!
And that fair you, my sun, thus overspread,
With absence veil; I live in sorrow's night.
If this dark place yet show, like candlelight,
Some beauty's piece, as amber-coloured head,
Milk hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more red;
Or seeing gets black, but in blackness bright:
They please, I do confess, they please mine eyes.
But why? Because of you they models be.
Models! Such be wood globes of glistering skies.
Dear! Therefore be not jealous over me,
If you hear that they seem my heart to move.
Not them, O no! but you in them I love.

XCII.

BE YOUR words made, good Sir! of Indian ware;
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you cutted Spartan's imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare?
That to my questions, you so total are.
When I demand of Phœnix STELLA's state;
You say, forsooth! "You left her well of late."
O GOD! think you that satisfies my care?
I would know whether she sit or walk?
How clothed? how waited on? sighed she or smiled?
Whereof? with whom? how often did she talk?
With what pastime Time's journey she beguiled?
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name?
Say all! and all well said, still say the same!

[The TENTH SONG at p. 576 is placed here in the 1598 edition.]

XCIII.

O FATE! O fault! O curse! child of my bliss!
What sobs can give words grace my grief to show?
What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
Through me, wretched me! even STELLA vexèd is.
Yet TRUTH—if caitiff's breath may call thee!—this
Witness with me, that my foul stumbling so
From carelessness did in no manner grow;
But wit confused with too much care, did miss.
And do I then myself this vain 'scuse give?
I have (live I, and know this!) harmèd thee!
Though worlds quite me, shall I me self forgive?
Only with pains, my pains thus eased be,
That all thy hurts in my heart's rack I read:
I cry thy sighs, my Dear! thy tears I bleed.

XCIV.



GRIEF! FIND the words! For thou hast made my brain
So dark with misty vapours, which arise
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.
Do thou then (for thou canst!) do thou complain
For my poor soul! which now that sickness tries:
Which even to sense, sense of itself denies,
Though harbingers of death lodge there his train.
Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears—
As of a caitiff worthy so to die—
Yet wail thyself! and wail with causefull tears!
That though in wretchedness thy life doth lie;
Yet grow'st more wretched than thy nature bears,
By being placed in such a wretch as I!

XCV.



YET SIGHS! dear SIGHS! indeed true friends you are,
That do not leave your left friend at the worst:
But as you with my breast I oft have nurst;
So grateful now, you wait upon my care.
Faint coward JOY no longer tarry dare;
Seeing HOPE yield, when this woe strake him first;
DELIGHT protests he is not for the accurst,
Though oft himself my mate in arms he sware.
Nay, SORROW comes with such main rage, that he
Kills his own children, TEARS; finding that they
By LOVE were made apt to consort with me.
Only true SIGHS! you do not go away!
Thank may you have for such a thankful part;
Thankworthiest yet, when you shall break my heart!

XCVI.

THOUGHT! with good cause thou likest so well the night!
Since kind or chance gives both one livery:
Both sadly black, both blackly darkened be;
Night barred from sun; thou, from thine own sunlight.
Silence in both displays his sullen might;
Slow heaviness in both holds one degree;
That full of doubts; thou, of perplexity:
Thy tears express night's native moisture right.
In both a mazeful solitariness.
In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir;
In thee, or sprites or sprited ghastliness:
But, but, alas, night's side the odds hath far:
For that, at length, yet doth invite some rest;
Thou, though still tired, yet still dost it detest!

XCVII.

DIAN, THAT fain would cheer her friend the NIGHT,
Shows her oft at the full her fairest face:
Bringing with her those starry nymphs, whose chase
From heavenly standing, hits each mortal wight.
But, ah, poor NIGHT! in love with PHŒBUS' light,
And endlessly despairing of his grace;
Herself (to show no other joy hath place)
Silent and sad in mourning weeds doth dight.
Even so, alas, a lady, DIAN'S peer!
With choice delights and rarest company,
Would fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer:
But woe is me! though JOY itself were she;
She could not show my blind brain ways of joy;
While I despair my sun's sight to enjoy.

XCVIII.

AH, BED! the field where joy's peace some do see;
The field where all my thoughts to war be trained:
How is thy grace by my strange fortune stained!
How thy lee shores by my sighs stormèd be!
With sweet soft shades, thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest; but, wretch! I am constrained—
Spurred with LOVE's spur, though gold; and shortly reined
With CARE's hard hand—to turn and toss in thee!
While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint WOE's black face so lively to my sight;
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line.
But when AURORA leads out PHŒBUS' dance,
Mine eyes then only wink: for spite perchance;
That worms should have their sun, and I want mine.

XCIX.

WHEN FAR-SPENT night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor art nor nature granteth light;
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Closed with their quivers, in sleep's armoury:
With windows ope then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness and delight;
Takes in that sad hue, which with th'inward night
Of his mazed powers keeps perfect harmony.
But when birds charm, and that sweet air which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamelled skies,
Call each wight to salute the hour of bliss;
In tomb of lids, then buried are mine eyes:
Forced by their lord; who is ashamed to find
Such light in sense, with such a darkened mind.

C.



TEARS! NO tears but rain from beauty's skies
Making those lilies and those roses grow;
Which aye most fair, now more than most fair show;
While graceful pity, beauty beautifies.
O honeyed Sighs! which from that breast do rise,
Whose pants do make unspilling cream to flow:
Winged with whose breath, so pleasing zephyrs blow
As can refresh the hell where my soul fries.
O Plaints! conserved in such a sugared phrase,
That eloquence itself envies your praise.
While sobbed out words a perfect music give.
Such Tears, Sighs, Plaints, no sorrow are but joy:
Or if such heavenly signs must prove annoy;
All mirth, farewell! Let me in sorrow live!

CI.



TELLA IS sick, and in that sick bed lies
SWEETNESS, which breathes and pants, as oft as she;
And GRACE, sick too, such fine conclusions tries,
That Sickness brags itself best graced to be.
BEAUTY is sick, but sick in such fair guise
That in that paleness BEAUTY's white we see;
And JOY, which is inseparate from those eyes.
STELLA now learns—strange case!—to weep in thee.
LOVE moves thy pain, and like a faithful page,
As thy looks stir, comes up and down to make
All folks prest at thy will, thy pain to assuage.
Nature with care sweats for her darling's sake:
Knowing worlds pass ere she enough can find
Of such heaven stuff, to clothe so heavenly a mind.

CII.

WHERE BE those roses gone, which sweetened so our eyes?
Where those red cheeks, which oft with fair increase did frame
The height of honour, in the kindly badge of shame?
Who hath the crimson weeds stolen from my morning skies?
How doth the colour vade of those vermilion dyes
Which Nature's self did make, and self engrained the same?
I would know by what right this paleness overcame
That hue, whose force my heart still unto thraldom ties?
GALEN'S adoptive sons, who by a beaten way
Their judgments hackney on, the fault on sickness lay:
But feeling proof makes me (say they) mistake it far.
It is but LOVE that makes his paper perfect white,
To write therein more fresh the story of delight:
While beauty's reddest ink, VENUS for him doth stir.

CIII.

O HAPPY THAMES! that didst my STELLA bare.
I saw thyself with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, JOY'S livery wear;
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat, for joy could not to dance forbear:
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine,
Ravished; stayed not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!) twine.
And fain those ÆOL'S youths there would their stay
Have made; but forced by Nature still to fly;
First did with puffing kiss, those locks display.
She so dishevelled, blushed. From window, I,
With sight thereof, cried out, "O fair disgrace!
Let honour's self to thee grant highest place!"

CIV.

ENVIOUS WITS! what hath been mine offence,
That with such poisonous care my looks you mark?
That each word, nay sigh of mine you hark,
As grudging me my sorrows' eloquence?
Ah! is it not enough, that I am thence!
Thence! so far thence! that scarcely any spark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark;
Where rigour's exile locks up all my sense?
But if I by a happy window pass;
If I but stars upon mine armour bear;
Sick, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glass!)
Your moral notes straight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs; and puffing prove that I
Do STELLA love. Fools! who doth it deny?

[The ELEVENTH SONG at p. 578 comes in here in the 1598 edition.]

CV.

UNHAPPY SIGHT! And hath she vanished by?
So near! in so good time! so free a place!
Dead glass! dost thou thy object so embrace,
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spy?
I swear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazzling race
Only unto the heaven of STELLA's face;
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.
But cease mine eyes! your tears do witness well
That you guiltless thereof, your nectar missed:
Curst be the page from whence the bad torch fell!
Curst be the night which did your strife resist!
Curst be the coachman that did drive so fast!
With no worse curse than absence makes me taste.

CVI.



ABSENT presence! STELLA is not here!
False flattering hope! that with so fair a face
Bare me in hand that in this orphan place
STELLA, I say, my STELLA! should appear.
What sayest thou now? Where is that dainty cheer
Thou told'st mine eyes should help their famished case?
But thou art gone now; that self-felt disgrace
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort near.
But here I do store of fair ladies meet;
Who may with charm of conversation sweet,
Make in my heavy mould, new thoughts to grow.
Sure they prevail as much with me, as he
That bade his friend, but then new-maimed, to be
Merry with him and not think of his woe.

CVII.



TELLA! SINCE thou so right a Princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on me;
That ere by them ought undertaken be,
They first resort unto that sovereign part.
Sweet! for a while give respite to my heart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee;
And on my thoughts give thy Lieutenancy
To this great cause, which needs both use and art.
And as a Queen, who from her presence sends
Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit!
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.
On servants' shame oft master's blame doth sit.
O let not fools in me thy works reprove;
And scorning, say, "See! what it is to love!"

CVIII.

WHEN Sorrow, using mine own fire's might,
Melts down his lead into my boiling breast:
Through that dark furnace to my heart oppress,
There shines a joy from thee, my only light!
But soon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young soul flutters to thee his nest!
Most rude Despair, my daily unbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night.
And makes me then bow down my head, and say,
"Ah what doth Phœbus' gold that wretch avail,
Whom iron doors do keep from use of day?"
So strangely, alas, thy works in me prevail:
That in my woes for thee, thou art my joy;
And in my joys for thee, my only annoy.

The End of

Astrophel and Stella.

FIRST SONG.

DOUBT YOU to whom my Muse these notes intendeth;
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only in *you*, my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry State with Pleasure?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only for *you*, the heaven forgat all measure.

Who hath the lips, where Wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only by *you*, CUPID his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose steps all sweetness planteth?
Who else; for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only to *you*, her sceptre VENUS granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only through *you*, the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand, which without stroke subdueth?
Who long dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only at *you*, all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which loosest fasteth tieth?
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only of *you*, the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice, which soul from senses sunders?
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only with *you*, not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth;
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To *you*! to *you*! all song of praise is due:
Only in *you*, my song begins and endeth.

SECOND SONG.

HAVE I CAUGHT my heavenly jewel,
Teaching sleep most fair to be?
Now will I teach her, that she,
When she wakes, is too too cruel.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmèd,
The two only darts of LOVE;
Now will I with that boy prove
Some play, while he is disarmed.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth;
Giving frankly, niggard "No:"
Now will I attempt to know
What "No" her tongue sleeping, useth.

See the hand that waking, guardeth;
Sleeping, grants a free resort:
Now will I invade the fort;
Cowards, LOVE with loss rewardeth.

But, O fool! think of the danger
Of her just and high disdain;
Now will I, alas, refrain,
LOVE fears nothing else but anger.

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss:
Now will I but venture this,
Who will read must first learn spelling.

O sweet kiss! but ah! she is waking.
Low'ring beauty chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee;
Fool! more fool! for no more taking.

THIRD SONG.

IF ORPHEUS' voice had force to breathe such music's love
Through pores of senseless trees, as it could make them move:
If stones good measure danced the Theban walls to build,
To cadence of the tunes which AMPHION's lyre did yield:
More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth.
O stones! O trees! learn hearing! STELLA singeth!

If love might sweeten so a boy of shepherd brood,
To make a lizard dull, to taste love's dainty food:
If eagle fierce could so in Grecian maid delight,
As his light were her eyes, her death his endless night:
Earth gave that love. Heaven, I trow, love refineth.
O beasts! O birds! look! love! lo, STELLA shineth!

The beasts, birds, stones and trees feel this; and feeling, love.
And if the trees nor stones stir not the same to prove;
Nor beasts nor birds do come unto this blessèd gaze:
Know that small love is quick, and great love doth amaze.
They are amazed: but you, with reason armed,
O eyes! O ears of men! how are you charmed!

FOURTH SONG.

ONLY JOY! now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care.
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keep;
JEALOUSY itself doth sleep.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Better place no wit can find,
CUPID's yoke to loose or bind;
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

This small light the moon bestows,
Serves thy beams but to disclose:
So to raise my hap more high.
Fear not else! none can us spy.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb SLEEP holdeth all the house:
Yet asleep, methinks they say
"Young folks, take time while you may!"
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss;
Long stay ere he grant the same.
Sweet! then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Your fair mother is abed,
Candles out, and curtains spread:
She thinks you do letters write.
Write! but let me first indite
"Take me to thee, and thee to me!"

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Sweet! alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us.
Leave to MARS the force of hands;
Your power in your beauty stands.
Take me to thee, and me to thee!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Woe to me! and do you swear
Me to hate, but I forbear?
Cursed be my destinies all!
That brought me so high to fall.
Soon with my death I will please thee!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

FIFTH SONG.

WHILE favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought;
Thought waited on delight; and speech did follow thought.
Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory.
I thought all words were lost that were not spent of thee;
I thought each place was dark, but where thy lights would be;
And all ears worse than deaf, that heard not out thy story.

I said thou wert most fair, and so indeed thou art.
I said thou art most sweet, sweet poison to my heart.
I said my soul was thine, O that I then had lied!
I said thine eyes were stars, thy breasts the milken way,
Thy fingers CUPID'S shafts, thy voice the Angels' lay:
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindness kills delight;
Yet thought and speech do live, thought metamorphosed quite:
For RAGE now rules the reins, which guided were by PLEASURE.
I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise.
That speech falls now to blame which did thy honour raise.
The same key open can, which can lock up a treasure.

Thou then whom partial heavens conspired in one to frame
The proof of beauty's worth, th'inheritrix of fame,
The mansion seat of bliss, and just excuse of lovers:
See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew most high!
See what clouds of reproach shall dark thy honour's sky!
Whose own fault casts him down, hardly high seat recovers.

And O my Muse! though oft you lulled her in your lap;
And then a heavenly child, gave her ambrosian pap;
And to that brain of hers, your hidnest gifts infused!
Since she disdaining me, doth you in me disdain;
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer pain.
Princes in subjects wronged, must deem themselves abused.

Your client poor, my self; shall STELLA handle so?
Revenge! revenge! my Muse! Defiance trumpet blow!
Threaten what may be done! yet do more than you threaten!
Ah! my suit granted is. I feel my breast doth swell.
Now child! a lesson new you shall begin to spell.
Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girls must be beaten.

Think now no more to hear of warm fine-odoured snow,
Nor blushing lilies, nor pearls ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea whose waves in curls are broken:
But of thy soul, so fraught with such ungratefulness,
As where thou soon might'st help; most faith thou dost oppress.
Ungrateful who is called, the worst of evils is spok'n.

Yet worse than worst, I say thou art a Thief! A thief!
Now GOD forbid! A Thief! and of worst thieves, the chief.
Thieves steal for need; and steal but goods, which pain recovers:
But thou, rich in all joys, dost rob my joys from me;
Which cannot be restored by time nor industry.
Of foes, the spoil is evil: far worse of constant lovers'.

Yet gentle English thieves do rob, but will not slay.
Thou English murdering thief! wilt have hearts for thy prey.
The name of Murderer now on thy fair forehead sitteth.
And even while I do speak, my death wounds bleeding be;
Which, I protest, proceed from only cruel thee.
Who may and will not save; murder in truth committeth.

But murder's private fault seems but a toy to thee.
I lay then to thy charge unjustest Tyranny!
If rule by force without all claim, a tyrant showeth.
For thou dost lord my heart, who am not born thy slave;
And which is worse, makes me most guiltless torments have.
A rightful Prince by unright deeds a Tyrant groweth.

Lo! you grow proud with this! For tyrants make folk bow.
Of foul Rebellion then I do appeach thee now!
Rebel by Nature's laws, Rebel by law of reason.
Thou sweetest subject wert born in the realm of Love;
And yet against thy Prince, thy force dost daily prove.
No virtue merits praise, once touched with blot of treason.

But valiant rebels oft in fools' mouths purchase fame.
I now then stain thy white with vagabonding shame;
Both Rebel to the Son and Vagrant from the Mother.
For wearing VENUS' badge, in every part of thee;
Unto DIANA's train thou Runaway didst flee!
Who faileth one is false, though trusty to another.

What, is not this enough? Nay, far worse cometh here.
A Witch! I say thou art, though thou so fair appear.
For I protest my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am changed; I am alive and dead,
My feet are turned to roots, my heart becometh lead.
No witchcraft is so evil, as which man's mind destroyeth.

Yet witches may repent. Thou art far worse than they.
Alas! that I am forced such evil of thee to say.
I say thou art a Devil! though clothed in angel's shining;
For thy face tempts my soul to leave the heavens for thee,
And thy words of refuse do pour even hell on me.
Who tempt, and tempted plague; are Devils in true defining.

You then ungrateful Thief! you murdering Tyrant you!
You Rebel! Runaway! to Lord and Lady untrue.
You Witch! you Devil! Alas, you still of me beloved!
You see what I can say. Mend yet your froward mind!
And such skill in my Muse you, reconciled, shall find;
That by these cruel words, your praises shall be proved.

SIXTH SONG.



YOU THAT hear this voice!
O you that see this face!
Say whether of the choice
Deserves the former place?
Fear not to judge this bate,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth BEAUTY take.
For that doth MUSIC speak.
Fit orators to make
The strongest judgments weak.
The bar to plead the right,
Is only True Delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle lawyers wage,
Like loving brothers' case,
For father's heritage:
That each, while each contends,
Itself to other lends.

For beauty beautifies,
With heavenly hue and grace,
The heavenly harmonies:
And in this faultless face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

MUSIC more lofty swells
In speeches nobly placed;
BEAUTY as far excels
In actions aptly graced.
A friend each party draws
To countenance his cause.

LOVE more affected seems
BEAUTY's lovely light;
And WONDER more esteems
Of MUSIC's wondrous might:
But both to both so bent
As both in both are spent.

MUSIC doth witness call
The ear, his truth to try;
BEAUTY brings to the hall
The judgment of the eye:
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions touch.

The common SENSE which might
Be arbiter of this;
To be forsooth upright,
To both sides partial is:
He lays on this side chief praise;
Chief praise on that he lays.

Then REASON, Princess high!
Whose throne is in the mind;
Which music can in sky,
And hidden beauties find.
Say! whether thou wilt crown
With limitless renown?

SEVENTH SONG.

WHOSE SENSES in so evil consort their stepdame Nature lays,
That ravishing delight in them most sweet tunes doth not raise:
Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closed with wit;
As with sententious lips to set a title vain on it.
O let them hear these sacred tunes, and learn in WONDER'S schools
To be (in things past bounds of wit) fools, if they be not fools.

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet BEAUTY'S show;
Or seeing, have so wooden wits as not that worth to know;
Or knowing, have so muddy minds as not to be in love;
Or loving, have so frothy thoughts as easy thence to move:
O let them see these heavenly beams! and in fair letters read
A lesson fit, both sight and skill, love and firm love to breed.

Hear then! but then with wonder hear; see! but adoring see
No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here discerned be.
See! do you see this face? A face! nay image of the skies;
Of which the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes.
Hear you this soul-invading voice! and count it but a voice?
The very essence of their tunes when Angels do rejoice.

EIGHTH SONG.



N A GROVE most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made;
May then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing;

ASTROPHEL with STELLA sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet;
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care;
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare:
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while,
But now tears themselves did smile;
While their eyes by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt;
With arms crossed, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford:
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break:
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

"STELLA! Sovereign of my joy!
Fair triumpher of annoy!
STELLA! Star of heavenly fire!
STELLA! Loadstar of desire!"

"STELLA! in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of CUPID's skies;
Whose beams where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted."

"STELLA! whose voice when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks.
STELLA! whose voice when it singeth,
Angels' to acquaintance bringeth."

"STELLA! in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss.
Whose face all, all beauty passeth;
Save thy mind which yet surpasseth."

"Grant! O grant! but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass:
Grant! O me! what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying."

"Grant! O Dear! on knees I pray"
Knees on ground he then did stay
"That not I; but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you!"

"Never season was more fit:
Never room more apt for it.
Smiling air allows my reason;
These birds sing: now use the season!"

"This small wind which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss!
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring."

"Love makes earth, the water drink;
Love to earth makes water sink:
And if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There his hands in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain:
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse, all grace excelling.

[The eight following stanzas are omitted in NEWMAN's Quartos of 1591.]

Then she spake, her speech was such,
As not ears, but heart did touch;
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

"ASTROPHEL!" said she, "my love!
Cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still! yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me."

"If that any thought in me,
Can taste comfort but of thee;
Let me fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish."

"If those eyes you praisèd, be
Half so dear as you to me;
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes; and blinder minded!"

"If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart;
Where thou art not foremost placed:
Be both wish and I defaced!"

"If more may be said, I say
All my bliss on thee I lay.
If thou love, my love content thee!
For all love, all faith is meant thee."

"Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant HONOUR doth thus use thee.
STELLA'S self might not refuse thee!"

"Therefore, Dear! this no more move:
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed;
I should blush when thou art named!"

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him to passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken;
That therewith my song is broken.

NINTH SONG.



O MY FLOCK! go get you hence!
Seek a better place of feeding;
Where you may have some defence
Fro the storms in my breast breeding
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no measure:
Merry flock! such one forego,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure:
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,
Hear your woeful master's story;
Which to stones I else would show.
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently sorry.

STELLA! fiercest shepherdess!
Fiercest but yet fairest ever!
STELLA! whom O heavens do bless!
Though against me she persèvere;
Though I bliss inherit never.

STELLA hath refusèd me!
STELLA, who more love hath provèd
In this caitiff heart to be;
Than can in good ewes be movèd,
Towards lambkins best belovèd.

STELLA hath refusèd me!
ASTROPHEL that so well servèd,
In this pleasant spring, must see,
While in pride flowers be preservèd
Himself only winter-starvèd.

Why, alas, doth she then swear
That she loveth me so dearly?
Seeing me so long to bear
Coals of love that burn so clearly:
And yet leave me helpless merely?

Is that love? Forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog grievèd,
And a help for him did know;
My love should not be believèd,
But he were by me relievèd.

No, she hates me, welaway!
Feigning love somewhat to please me:
For she knows, if she display
All her hate; death would soon seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu, dear flock! adieu!
But, alas, if in your straying,
Heavenly STELLA meet with you:
Tell her in your piteous blaying,
Her poor slave's unjust decaying.

TENTH SONG.



DEAR life! when shall it be
That mine eyes, thine eyes may see?
And in them, thy mind discover,
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of the lover?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting ought forgot;
Nor be barred from Beauty's treasure;
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell.
Only Thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought therefore I will send thee!
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry.
There, unseen, thou mayest be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them, my Hopes do carry.

Thought! see thou no place forbear!
Enter bravely everywhere!
Seize on all to her belonging!
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beams; take with thee
Strength of Liking, Rage of Longing!

[The next three stanzas are omitted in NEWMAN'S Quartos of 1591.]

Think of that most grateful time!
When my leaping heart will climb
In my lips to have his biding!
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugared bliss;
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power!
When I blessèd shall devour
With my greedy lickorous senses
Beauty, Music, Sweetness, Love:
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts, but weak defences.

Think! think of those dallyings!
When with dovelike murmurings,
With glad moaning passèd anguish;
We change eyes, and heart for heart
Each to other do depart:
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my Thought! my Thoughts surcease!
Thy delights, my woes increase.
My life melts with too much thinking.
Think no more! but die in me,
Till thou shalt revivèd be;
At her lips my nectar drinking.

FINIS.

Sir P[HILIP] S[IDNEY].

[Here end the *Other Songs of variable verse* in the first Quarto of 1591. The next Song first occurs in the *Arcadia* impression.]

ELEVENTH SONG.

WHo is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one who from thy sight,
Being, ah! exiled; disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changèd?
Dear! when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangèd;
Let my change to ruin be.

Well in absence this will die.
Leave to see! and leave to wonder!
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove:
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove,
With time still th'affection groweth
In the faithful turtle dove.

What if you new beauties see!
Will not they stir new affection?
I will think thy pictures be
(Image-like of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish!
Dear! do reason no such spite!
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

But the wrongs love bears, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it do shake
In a ground of so firm making,
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace! I think that some give ear!
Come no more! lest I get anger.
Bliss! I will my bliss forbear;
Fearing, Sweet! you to endanger!
But my soul shall harbour thee.

Well begone! begone I say!
Lest that ARGUS' eyes perceive you.
O unjust Fortune's sway!
Which can make me thus to leave you:
And from louts to run away.

POEMS & SONNETS

OF SUNDRY OTHER

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS POEM, S[AMUEL]. D[ANIEL].

O wailing verse! the infant of my love—
MINERVA-like, brought forth without a mother—
That bears the image of the cares I prove;
Witness your father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair:
A monument that whosoever reads,
May justly praise and blame my loveless Fair.
Say! her disdain hath drièd up my blood,
And starvèd you, in succours still denying.
Press to her eyes! importune me some good!
Waken her sleeping cruelty with crying!
Knock at her hard heart! Say! I perish for her!
And fear this deed will make the world abhor her.

SONNET I.

IF SO IT hap the offspring of my care,
These fatal anthems and afflicted songs,
Come to their view, who like to me do fare;
May move them sigh thereat, and moan my wrongs.
But untouched hearts! with unaffected eye,
Approach not to behold my soul's distress!
Clearsighted, you will note what is awry,
Whilst blind ones see no error in my verse.
You blinded souls! whom hap and error lead.
You outcast eaglets dazzled with the sun!
Ah you, and none but you, my sorrow read!
You best can judge the wrong that she hath done:
That she hath done, the motive of my pain;
Who whilst I love, doth kill me with disdain.

SONNET II.

THESE SORROWING sighs, the smokes of mine annoy,
These tears, which heat of sacred fire distils;
These are the tributes that my faith doth pay;
And these my tyrant's cruel mind fulfil.
I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet; that yet respects no whit
My youth, untimely withered with my tears;
By winter woes, for spring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompense my care,
And so with looks prolongs my long lookt ease:
As short the bliss, so is the comfort rare;
Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returns my hopes to fruitless ever;
Once let her love indeed or eye me never!

SONNET III.

THE ONLY bird alone that Nature frames,
When weary of the tedious life she lives
By fire dies, yet finds new life in flames;
Her ashes to her shape new essence give.
When only I, the only wretched wight,
Weary of life that breathes but sorrow's blasts;
Pursue the flame of such a beauty bright,
That burns my heart; and yet my life still lasts.
O sovereign light! that with thy sacred flame
Consumes my life, revive me after this!
And make me (with the happy bird) the same
That dies to live, by favour of thy bliss!
This deed of thine will show a goddess' power;
In so long death to grant one living hour.

SONNET IV.

TEARS, vows and prayers gain the hardest hearts:
Tears, vows and prayers have I spent in vain.
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert.
Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
I lose my tears, where I have lost my love,
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded,
I pray in vain a merciless to move;
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Though frozen will may not be thawed with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,
Though all my prayers be made to deafened ears,
No favour though the cruel Fair allows;
Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel She:
Flint, frost, disdain; wears, melts and yields, we see.

SONNET V.

WHY DOTH my mistress credit so her glass
Gazing her beauty, deigned her by the skies?
And doth not rather look on him, alas!
Whose state best shows the force of murdering eyes.
The broken tops of lofty trees declare
The fury of a mercy-wanting storm:
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Upon myself, you best may find the form.
Then leave your glass, and gaze yourself on me!
That mirror shows the power of your face:
To admire your form too much may danger be,
NARCISSUS changed to flower in such a case.
I fear your change! Not flower nor hyacinth;
MEDUSA's eye may turn your heart to flint.

SONNET VI.

THESE AMBER locks are those same nets, my Dear!
Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprise.
Love was the flame that fired me so near.
The darts transpiercing were these crystal eyes.
Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame,
Deep is the stroke, my sighs can well report:
Yet do I love, adore and praise the same;
That holds, that burns, that wounds me in that sort.
I list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
This bond, this flame, this wound that festereth so;
By knife, by liquor or by salve to deal:
So much I please to perish in my woe.
Yet, lest long travels be above my strength
Good Lady! loose, quench, heal me now at length!

SONNET VII.

BEHOLD WHAT hap PYGMALION had, to frame
And carve his grief himself upon a stone:
My heavy fortune is much like the same,
I work on flint, and that's the cause I moan.
For hapless lo even with mine own desires,
I figured on the table of my heart;
The goodliest shape that the world's eye admires:
And so did perish by my proper art.
And still I toil to change the marble breast
Of her whose sweet Idea I adore:
Yet cannot find her breathe unto my rest.
Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.
O blessed he that joys his stone and art!
Unhappy I! to love a stony heart.

SONNET VIII.

OFT AND in vain my rebel thoughts have ventured
To stop the passage of my vanquished heart;
And close the way, my friendly foe first entered:
Striving thereby to free my better part.
Whilst guarding thus the windows of my thought,
Where my heart's thief to vex me made her choice;
And thither all my forces to transport:
Another passage opens at her voice.
Her voice betrays me to her hand and eye,
My freedom's tyrant, glorying in her art:
But, ah! sweet foe! small is the victory,
With three such powers to plague one silly heart.
Yet my soul's sovereign! since I must resign;
Reign in my thoughts! My love and life are thine!

SONNET IX.

REIGN IN my thoughts! fair hand! sweet eye! rare voice!
Possess me whole, my heart's Triumvirate!
Yet heavy heart! to make so hard a choice
Of such as spoil thy whole afflicted state.
For whilst they strive which shall be Lord of all,
All my poor life by them is trodden down:
They all erect their triumphs on my fall,
And yield me nought; who gains them there renown.
When back I look, and sigh my freedom past,
And wail the state wherein I present stand,
And see my fortune ever like to last:
Finding me reined with such a cruel hand,
What can I do but yield? and yield I do;
And serve them all, and yet they spoil me too!

SONNET X.

THE SLY Enchanter, when to work his will
And secret wrong on some forespoken wight;
Frames wax in form to represent aright
The poor unwitting wretch he means to kill:
And pricks the image, framed by magic's skill,
Whereby to vex the party day and night.
Like hath she done, whose show bewitched my sight
To beauty's charms, her lover's blood to spill.
For first, like wax she framed me by her eyes;
Whose "Nays!" sharp-pointed set upon my breast
Martyr my life; and plague me in this wise
With ling'ring pain to perish in unrest.
Nought could, save this, my sweetest fair suffice,
To try her art on him that loves her best.

SONNET XI.

RESTORE THY treasure to the golden ore!
Yield CYTHEREA's son those arks of love!
Bequeath the heavens, the stars that I adore!
And to the Orient do thy pearls remove!
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white!
To Arabian odour give thy breathing sweet!
Restore thy blush unto AURORA bright!
To THETIS give the honour of thy feet!
Let VENUS have the graces she resigned!
And thy sweet voice yield to HERMONIUS' spheres!
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears!
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again!
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

SONNET XII.

THE TABLET of my heavy fortunes here
Upon thine altar, Paphian Power! I place.
The grievous shipwrack of my travels dear
In bulged bark, all perished in disgrace.
That traitor LOVE! was pilot to my woe;
My sails were Hope, spread with my Sighs of Grief;
The twin lights which my hapless course did show
Hard by th'inconstant sands of false relief,
Were two bright stars which led my view apart.
A SIREN's voice allured me come so near
To perish on the marble of her heart:
A danger which my soul did never fear.
Lo, thus he fares that trusts a calm too much
And thus fare I whose credit hath been such.

SONNET XIII.

MY CYNTHIA hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaids on her Grace attending,
That never fall to ebb, nor ever die;
For to their flow she never grants an ending.
The Ocean never doth attend more duly
Upon his sovereign, the night wand'ring Queen;
Nor ever hath his impost paid more truly,
Than mine, to my soul's Queen hath ever been.
Yet her hard rock, firm fixt for aye removing,
No comfort to my cares she ever giveth:
Yet had I rather languish in her loving,
Than to embrace the fairest she that liveth.
I fear to find such pleasure in my reigning;
As now I taste in compass of complaining.

SONNET XIV.

IF A TRUE heart and faith unfeigned;
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire;
If hunger-starven thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherished but with fire;
And if a brow with CARE's characters painted;
Bewray my love, with broken words half spoken,
To her which sits in my thoughts' temple, sainted;
And lay to view my vulture-gnawen heart open:
If I have wept the day and sighed the night,
While thrice the sun approached his northern bound;
If such a faith hath ever wrought aright,
And well deserved, and yet no favour found.
Let this suffice; the whole world it may see,
The fault is hers, though mine the most hurt be.

SONNET XV.

SINCE THE first look that led me to this error,
To this thoughts' maze to my confusion tending;
Still have I lived in grief, in hope, in terror;
The circle of my sorrows never ending.
Yet cannot have her love, that holds me hateful;
Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me.
See what reward he hath that serves th'ungrateful?
So long and pure a faith no favour gains me.
Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling:
And all in vain; her pride is so imated,
She yields no place at all for PITY's dwelling.
Oft have I told her that my soul did love her,
And that with tears: yet all this will not move her.

SONNET XVI.

WEIGH BUT the cause! and give me leave to plain me,
For all my hurt, that my heart's Queen hath wrought it;
She whom I love so dear, the more to pain me,
Withholds my right, where I have dearly bought it.
Dearly I bought that was so highly rated,
Even with the price of blood and body's wasting;
She would not yield that ought might be abated,
For all she saw my love was pure and lasting:
And yet now scorns performance of the passion;
And with her presence JUSTICE overruleth.
She tells me flat her beauty bears no action;
And so my plea and process she excludeth.
What wrong she doth, the world may well perceive it:
To accept my faith at first, and then to leave it.

SONNET XVII.

WHILST BY her eyes pursued, my poor heart flew it
Into the sacred bosom of my Dearest;
She there, in that sweet sanctuary, slew it,
When it had hoped his safety to be nearest.
My faith of privilege could no whit protect it;
That was with blood, and three years' witness signed:
Whereby she had no cause once to suspect it,
For well she saw my love, and how I pined.
Yet no hope's letter would her brow reveal me,
No comfort's hue which falling spirits erecteth;
What boots to laws of succour to appeal me?
Ladies and tyrants never laws respecteth.
Then there I die, where I had hope to liven;
And by her hand that better might have given.

SONNET XVIII.

LOOK IN my griefs! and blame me not to mourn,
From thought to thought that lead a life so bad:
FORTUNE'S orphan! Her's and the world's scorn!
Whose clouded brow doth make my days so bad.
Long are their nights, whose cares do never sleep;
Loathsome their days, whom never sun yet joyed;
A pleasing grief impressèd hath so deep,
That thus I live both day and night annoyed.
Yet since the sweetest root doth yield thus much,
Her praise from my complaint I must not part:
I love the effect, because the cause is such;
I praise her face, and blame her flinty heart.
Whilst that we make the world admire at us;
Her for disdain, and me for loving thus.

SONNET XIX.

HAPPY IN sleep; waking, content to languish;
Embracing clouds by night; in day time mourn;
All things I loathe save her and mine own anguish;
Pleased in my heart moved to live forlorn.
Nought do I crave but love, death or my lady.
Hoarse with crying, "Mercy!" (Mercy yet my merit),
So many vows and prayers ever made I;
That now at length to yield, mere pity were it.
Yet since the Hydra of my cares renewing,
Revives still sorrows of her fresh disdaining:
Still must I go the summer winds pursuing,
And nothing but her love and my heart's paining.
Weep hours! grieve days! sigh months! and still mourn yearly!
Thus must I do because I love her dearly.

SONNET XX.

IF BEAUTY bright be doubled with a frown,
That PITY cannot shine through to my bliss;
And DISDAIN'S vapours are thus overgrown,
That my life's light to me quite darkened is.
Why trouble I the world then with my cries,
The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?
Since I live hateful to those ruthful eyes;
Vexing with my untuned moan, her dainty ears.
If I have loved her dearer than my breath,
(My breath that calls the heaven to witness it)
And still hold her most dear until my death;
And if that all this cannot move one whit:
Yet let her say that she hath done me wrong,
To use me thus and know I loved so long.

SONNET XXI.



COME DEATH! the anchor hold of all my thoughts,
My last resort whereto my soul appealeth:
For all too long on earth my Fancy dotes,
While dearest blood my fiery passions sealeth.
That heart is now the prospective of horror
That honoured hath the cruel'st Fair that liveth;
The cruelest Fair that knows I languish for her,
And never mercy to my merit giveth;
This is the laurel and her triumph's prize,
To tread me down with foot of her disgrace;
Whilst I did build my fortune in her eyes,
And laid my soul's rest on so fair a face.
That rest I lost; my love, my life and all:
Thus high attempts to low disgrace do fall.

SONNET XXII.



F THIS be love, to draw a weary breath,
To paint on floods till the shore cry to the air;
With prone aspect still treading on the earth.
Sad horror! pale grief! prostrate despair!
If this be love, to war against my soul,
Rise up to wail, lie down to sigh, to grieve me,
With ceaseless toil CARE's restless stones to roll,
Still to complain and moan, whilst none relieve me.
If this be love, to languish in such care
Loathing the light, the world, myself and all,
With interrupted sleeps, fresh griefs repair;
And breathe out horror in perplexed thrall.
If this be love, to live a living death:
Lo then love I, and draw this weary breath.

SONNET XXIII.

MY YEARS draw on my everlasting night,
And HORROR'S sable clouds dim my life's sun;
That my life's sun, and Thou my worldly light
Shall rise no more to me. My days are done!
I'll go before unto the myrtle shades,
To attend the presence of my world's dear:
And dress a bed of flowers that never fade,
And all things fit against her coming there.
If any ask, "Why that so soon I came?"
I'll hide her fault, and say "It was my lot."
In life and death I'll tender her good name;
My life and death shall never be her blot.
Although the world this deed of hers may blame;
The Elysian ghosts shall never know the same.

SONNET XXIV.

THE STAR of my mishap imposed my paining
To spend the April of my years in crying;
That never found my fortune but in waining,
With still fresh cares my blood and body trying.
Yet her I blame not, though she might have blest me;
But my DESIRE'S wings so high aspiring:
Now melted with the sun that hath possest me
Down do I fall from off my high desiring.
And in my fall do cry for mercy speedy,
No piteous eye looks back upon my mourning;
No help I find, when now most favour need I:
My ocean tears drown me, and quench my burning.
And this my death must christen her anew,
Whiles faith doth bid my cruel Fair, "Adieu!"

SONNET XXV.



O HEAR the impost of a faith not feigning,
That duty pays, and her disdain extorteth:
These bear the message of my woeful paining,
These olive branches mercy still exhorteth.
These tributary plaints with chaste desires,
I send those eyes, the cabinets of love;
The paradise whereto my soul aspires,
From out this hell, which my afflictions prove:
Wherein, poor soul! I live exiled from mirth,
Pensive alone, none but despair about me.
My joys' liberties perished in their birth,
My cares long lived, and will not die without me.
What shall I do, but sigh and wail the while;
My martyrdom exceeds the highest style.

SONNET XXVI.



ONCE MAY I see, when years may wreck my wrong,
And golden hairs may change to silver wire;
And those bright rays (that kindle all this fire)
Shall fail in force, their power not so strong.
Her beauty, now the burden of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world's eye doth admire;
Must yield her praise to tyrant TIME's desire:
Then fades the flower, which fed her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-withered hue:
Go you my verse! go tell her what she was!
For what she was, she best may find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But Phœnix-like to make her live anew.

SONNET XXVII.

RAISING MY hope on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heaven of her heart;
My slender mean presumes too high a part:
For DISDAIN'S thunderbolt made me retire,
And threw me down to pain in all this fire.
Where lo, I languish in so heavy smart
Because th'attempt was far above my art:
Her state brooks not poor souls should come so nigh her.
Yet I protest my high aspiring will
Was not to dispossess her of her right:
Her sovereignty should have remained still,
I only sought the bliss to have her sight.
Her sight contented thus to see me spill,
Framed my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

FINIS.

[SAMUEL] DANIEL.

Canto primo.



HARK ALL you ladies that do sleep!
The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
Bids you awake! and pity them that weep!
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan;
The Fair Queen PROSERPINA
Will send abroad her fairies every one:
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms;
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs,
The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
This night by moonshine, leading merry rounds,
Holds watch with sweet LOVE,
Down the dale, up the hill.
No plaints nor griefs may move
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with LOVE,
The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
Will make you fairer than DIANA's dove.
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue;
Shall on your cheeks alight.
LOVE will adorn you.

All you that love! or loved before!
The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
Bids you increase that loving humour more!
They that have not yet fed
On delight amorous;
She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

Canto secundo.

WHAT FAIR pomp have I spied of glittering Ladies;
With locks sparkled abroad, and rosy coronet
On their ivory brows, trackt to the dainty thighs
With robes like Amazons, blue as violet,
With gold aiglets adorned, some in a changeable
Pale; with spangs wavering taught to be movable.

Then those Knights that afar off with dolorous viewing,
Cast their eyes hitherward: lo, in an agony
All unbraced, cry aloud, their heavy state rueing:
Moist cheeks with blubbering, painted as ebony
Black; their feltred hair torn with wrathful hand:
And whiles astonied, stark in a maze they stand.

But hark! what merry sound! what sudden harmony!
Look! look near the grove! where the Ladies do tread
With their Knights the measures weighed by the melody.
Wantons! whose traversing make men enamoured;
Now they fain an honour, now by the slender waist
He must her aloft, and seal a kiss in haste.

? 1591.] SONNETS AFTER *ASTROPHEL &c.* 597

Straight down under a shadow for weariness they lie
With pleasant dalliance, hand knit with arm in arm;
Now close, now set aloof, they gaze with an equal eye,
Changing kisses alike; straight with a false alarm,
Mocking kisses alike, pout with a lovely lip.
Thus drowned with jollities, their merry days do slip.

But stay! now I discern they go on a pilgrimage
Towards LOVE's holy land, fair Paphos or Cyprus.
Such devotion is meet for a blithesome age;
With sweet youth, it agrees well to be amorous.
Let old angry fathers lurk in an hermitage:
Come, we'll associate this jolly pilgrimage!

Canto tertio.

MY LOVE bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stay:
When I felt so sweet a bliss,
I had less power to pass away.
Alas! that women do not know,
Kisses make men loth to go.

Canto quarto.

LOVE WHETS the dullest wits, his plagues be such:
But makes the wise by pleasing, dote as much.
So wit is purchased by this dire disease.
O let me dote! so LOVE be bent to please,

Canto quinto.

A DAY, a night, an hour of sweet content
Is worth a world consumed in fretful care.
Unequal gods! in your arbitrement!
To sort us days whose sorrows endless are!
And yet what were it? as a fading flower;
To swim in bliss a day, a night, an hour.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein,
In every vein that leads such clods behind,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter pain.
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind?

Doth sorrow fret thy soul? O direful spirit!
Doth pleasure feed thy heart? O blessed man!
Hast thou been happy once? O heavy plight!
Are thy mishaps forepast? O happy then!
Or hast thou bliss in eld? O bliss too late!
But hast thou bliss in youth? O sweet estate!

FINIS.

CONTENT.

Megliora spero.



ACTION THAT ever dwells in Court where wit excels,
Hath set defiance.
FORTUNE and LOVE have sworn that they were never born
Of one alliance.

CUPID which doth aspire to be god of Desire,
Swears he "gives laws;
That where his arrows hit, some joy, some sorrow it:
FORTUNE no cause."

FORTUNE swears "weakest hearts," the books of CUPID's arts,
"turned with her wheel,
Senseless themselves shall prove. Venture hath place in love.
Ask them that feel!"

This discord it begot atheists, that honour not.
NATURE thought good
FORTUNE should ever dwell in Court where wits excel;
LOVE keep the wood.

So to the wood went I, with LOVE to live and die.
FORTUNE's forlorn.
Experience of my youth made me think humble TRUTH
In deserts born.

My saint I keep to me, and JOAN herself is free,
JOAN fair and true!
She that doth only move passions of love with LOVE.
FORTUNE! adieu!

FINIS.

E. O. [*i.e.* EDWARD DE VERE, Earl of OXFORD.]

[The author of the following final poem in this Collection of NEWMAN'S first Quarto of 1591 is not indicated.]



F FLOODS of tears could cleanse my follies past
And smokes of sighs might sacrifice for sin;
If groaning cries might salve my fault at last;
Or endless moan for error, pardon win:
Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ever moan
Mine error, fault, sins, follies past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
I see my favours are no lasting flowers,
I see that words will breathe no better good
Than loss of time, and lightning but at hours.
Then when I see, then this I say therefore,
That favours, hopes and words can blind no more.

FINIS.

A TRUE RELATION OF A BRAVE ENGLISH STRATAGEM PRACTISED

lately upon a sea town in Galicia, one of the kingdoms in Spain; and most valiantly and successfully performed by one English ship alone of thirty tons, with no more than 35 men in her.

AS ALSO

With two other remarkable Accidents between the English and Spaniards, to the glory of our Nation.

Printed for *Mercurius Britanicus*.
1626.

A True Relation of a Brave English

Stratagem practised lately upon a sea town in Galicia, one of the kingdoms in Spain; and most valiantly and successfully performed by one English ship alone of thirty tons, with no more than 35 *men in her.*

With two other remarkable Accidents between the English and Spaniards, to the glory of our Nation.



OU SHALL here, loving Countrymen! receive a plain, full and perfect relation of a stratagem bravely attempted, resolutely seconded with bold English spirits, and by them as fortunately executed upon our enemies, the Spaniards: who, albeit upon what kingdom soever they once set but footing, they write *Plus ultra*; devouring it up in conceit, and feeding their greedy ambition that it is all their own. Yet this golden faggot of dominion may have many sticks plucked out of it, if cunning fingers go about to undo the band: as by this Galician enterprise may appear.

A pregnant testimony hereby being given, that if the great warriors of the sea would join together, and thunder all along the Spanish coasts; the Castilian kingdoms might easily be shaken: when so poor a handful of our English being spread before one of their sea towns, was the forerunner of so terrible a storm to all the inhabitants.

Such a brave mustering of all the gods of the Ocean into one conjoined army, would quickly make the great Dons to alter their proud and insolent poesy of *Non sufficit orbis*, "the

world is too little" to fill their belly (when the East Indies lies upon one of their trenchers, and the West Indies upon another), yea, and compel them to dwell quietly at home in their own hot barren country of Spain; contented with a dinner of a few olives, a handful of raisins, and such poor trash: not intruding into other King's territories (especially these fruitful ones of ours) to eat up our fat beefs [*oxen*], veals [*calves*], muttons [*sheep*] and capons; victuals too good for such insatiable feeders, when whole countries—might they swallow down their fill—are nothing to be devoured at one meal.

Come forth, therefore, you renowned English! and by the example of a few countrymen of yours, plough up the furrows of your enemy's seas! and come home ladened, as we have done, with spoils, honours, victory and richly purchased prizes.

Fear not to fight! albeit five Kings bring their men of war into the field: for you have a JOSHUA [? *CHARLES I.*] to stand up in your defence, and to bid them to battle.

And when you go to draw your swords, or to discharge your cannon against the iron ribs of the Armadas of this potent and bloody Enemy: pray unto the LORD toward the way of the city which he hath chosen! and toward the house which in that place is built for His name! and He in heaven will hear your prayers and supplications, and judge your cause; and deliver these wild boars and bulls of Tarifa into your toils.

To arm you for action for your country, for your fames, for wealth, and the credit of your nation: whensoever it pleaseth GOD that you put to sea, may you be prosperous! and speed no worse than these have done! whose story I am now going to set down.

One Captain QUAILE, born in Portsmouth, desiring to attempt something for the honour of England and the benefit of himself and followers: by the license and authority of those in England, who might give him leave; got a bark of Plymouth, which by him and his friends, was sufficiently furnished with men, victuals and munition. The bark being but of thirty tons, and the men in her to the number of 34 or 35.

This captain and the resolute gang with him, went merrily to sea, and sailed to and fro; without fastening on any purchase answerable to their expectation or defraying such a charge as they and their ship had been at. Their fortunes in England were not great, and if they should return

home without some exploits, their estates would be less. Hereupon, the Captain discovering his mind to his Lieutenant, whose name was FROST; they two, after consultation between themselves, persuaded the rest of their company to try their uttermost adventures rather than like cowards to go back: who, hearing the Captain's resolution, were on fire to follow him through all dangers, happen whatsoever could. And so they clapped hands upon this desperate bargain, yet protesting and seriously vowing not to turn pirates; thereby to make booty either of their own countrymen or friends to the State.

Good hope thus, and a prosperous wind filling their sails; they hovered along the coast of Galicia, which lies upon the head of Portugal to the northward. In passing by which, the ship being clear [? of enemies] and the shores quiet; the Captain commanded them to cast anchor before a certain town called Cris, which had a platform or fort with ordnance to defend it. And this was done at noon day.

Then he, being perfect in the French tongue, wrote a letter in that language to the Governor or Captain of the fort, importing thus much. "That they were poor distressed Frenchmen, driven thither by some Turkish Men of War; and flying to them (as to their friends) for succour: pretending their greatest want to be wood for firing, and fresh water to relieve them. Of both which necessaries, they knew that place to be abundantly stored; and for which they would give any reasonable content." Thus riding at anchor in sight of the town, and their cock-boat being lost in a storm; they had no other device to convey the letter to the Spanish Commander, than by sending a sailor upon an empty hogshead, with an oar in his hand to guide him to land; he being very skilful both in French, and in swimming.

The Spaniards seeing a man making to them in that strange manner, thought verily they were men distressed indeed: and thereupon manning out a skiff to meet and receive him, they took him in.

The letter spake his business to the Spanish Captain, who talking further in French to the mariner, and being thereupon certainly assured of their distress; determined to sell to them such commodities as they wanted at as dear a rate as he could: and for that purpose commanded another skiff to be manned out with certain Spaniards; who, suspecting nothing,

hastened to go aboard the Pinnace, with their Captain in company.

In the meantime, Captain QUAILE had shut his portholes close and hid his ordnance; discovering not above five men above the hatches, who seemed to carry sickly faces and weak bodies, and were all unarmed. The Spaniards were joyfully embraced and welcomed. Such poor victuals as they had aboard, were with arguments of much love set before them. Holland cheeses were cut in the middle; and such wine and beer offered them, as they were furnished with.

This entertainment carrying away all suspicion with it: Captain QUAILE invited the Spanish Captain and the rest of his company to his cabin. In passing into which, the Spanish commander espied a piece of ordnance: at which, starting back, and, not half well pleased, demanding "why it lay there;" QUAILE excused it and said "that it was all the protection they carried about them to defend them from dangers:" and so, with much cunning as he could, he drew by compliment and disguised fair language all the Spaniards into his cabin. Whither with good words he welcomed them, and saluted them with cans of wine: which, while they were tossing—albeit the Spaniard is the most temperate drinker in the world—Captain QUAILE, with his foot giving a knock for more; that sign of the foot was a watchword to fetch up all mariners. Who, crying "St. George!" appeared in their full number, every man armed with a charged pistol and a short sword drawn in his hand.

The Spaniards, astonished at this unexpected surprisal, seeing no remedy, yielded themselves; and so were all taken prisoners: an assurance being given them by the English Captain—upon the oath of a soldier (his honour) and the faith of an Englishman (which to an enemy he scorns to break)—that not a Spaniard there should be in any danger for his life, so they would be quiet and silent; otherwise death!

Certain fishermen were all this while round about them, at their labour; yet perceived nothing.

With all speed therefore that possibly could be used, Captain QUAILE and his Lieutenant, making their prisoners sure; manned out the two Spanish skiffs with his English musketeers: every one of them lying down in the skiffs flat

on his belly; none that might be mistrusted being seen, but such only as rowed the two skiffs.

Then, with great circumspection (attended upon by a resolution to meet death face to face) they landed themselves; and, active as fire, suddenly, with little or no danger at all, surprised the platform, and, with the same dexterity, were masters of the fort. For the act being quick as lightning, so amazed the Spaniards: that it took from them all apprehension not only of fear, but of prevention or acknowledgment of that danger which trod upon their heels. So that Captain QUAILE, what with his own success and the others' astonishment, in a short time, and without resistance, seized upon the ordnance of the platform, which turning and discharging upon the town, and his own bark likewise giving fire to her pieces on the other side: away ran the people, to the number of two hundred persons, besides women and children. At the noise of these sudden terrors, the fishermen likewise, cutting their nets, hastened as fast as they could to the shore; having more care to save themselves than to catch any fish. And so the people flying up into the country, the town was left naked, and let to new landlords.

Who, meeting no Spaniards willing to be their tenants; and the Englishmen themselves being loth to tarry among such bad neighbours: they rifled both the fort and the town, and had the pillaging of both for eight hours together. In which time, they hurried to their ship anything that was of value: and besides the abundance of much riches; they brought away the ordnance of the fort, the bell out of the church, and the chalice. And so, without wrong to their persons, putting their Spanish prisoners into their own skiffs; to shore they sent them: with a warlike triumphing farewell from their own pieces; and are now with much honour arrived in England.

If this example, noble Countrymen! cannot give you sufficient encouragement: do but look back into the former ages, and take a brief survey what honourable attempts, exploits, undertakings and stratagems have in foreign countries been enterprized and achieved by the English. When brave OHN of GAUNT, Duke of LANCASTER, &c., being but a subject, without borrowing or charging of the King's

treasures; out of his own purse and coffers, and assisted by his friends and such voluntary gentlemen as craved dependence upon his fortunes, without press or compelling any man, beating up his drums, levied so sufficient an army that with it he conquered all Spain, removed the usurper and reinstated the expulsed Don PEDRO: and after by interchangeable marriages, made himself and successive issue, competitors and allies to the Crown and Dignity Imperial.

Of what honours our nation have purchased from the French, even their own Chronicles without the flattery of ours, give ample and sufficient testimony. Witness the battles of Poitiers and Cressy, fought by "the Invincible Soldier" (for the great terror, which he brought into France) called the Black Prince; who, with inimitable valour, courage undaunted, and expedition almost beyond human apprehension, against infinite odds, and nothing in his own party to encourage him, save want of numbers and disadvantage of place: yet notwithstanding, not only disrouted their mighty armies, killing many and defeating all, but brought the King, Dauphin, and all the Prince Peers of the land, prisoners, and presented them at the feet of his father.

The Scotch King, taking the advantage of the King of England then being in France, who lay at Calais; made inroads and excursions into this land: whom the Queen PHILIPPA—then destitute of all her nobility and gentry, as being then with the King her husband in France—met with an army of priests, husbandmen, artificers and some few gentlemen; gave him battle, vanquished his army, took him prisoner, and added one thing more to the eternising of her husband's and son's famous and renowned valours.

I omit the great battle fought by HENRY V. at Agincourt, with many others: and lest I be taxed of [*with*] too great a digression, return to the former discourse; by me promised, and I make no question by you expected.

In Lisbon, not long since, a young merchant, who for divers respects desires to have his name concealed, being in the company of certain Dons, and falling into discourse about the valour of several nations, they so far exceeded in the hyperboles of their own praise, that they blushed not to affirm that one Spaniard was able to beat two Englishmen

out of the field, which they in their braggadesme [*braggadacio*] enforced so far; that though the rest were silent, this young gentleman, not able to conceal a true English spirit, after some retort of language, there made a protestation, "That if it pleased the Governor to give him leave, he himself would undertake (making choice of his weapon) to fight singly against three of the proudest champions they could produce against him." To cut off circumstance; the challenge was accepted. The Governor prepared the combatants, with the time and place appointed. A great confluence of people assembled: where one young merchant, armed only with his sword and a Spanish pike, in the lists appeared, who by the three adversaries was boldly and resolutely charged. But GOD and his good cause defended him so well, that the combat continued not long till one of them he had laid dead at his foot; and having received from them some few scratches with the loss of a small quantity of blood and without danger, he so actively and resolutely behaved himself against the survivors that they, after divers wounds from him received, began to quail in their former courage and fight more faintly and further off: which the Governor perceiving, commanded the combat to cease, and withal to guard the Englishman from the fury of the displeased multitude who could have found in their hearts to have plucked him in pieces. There calling him up to him, conveyed him safe to his heuse and, after much commendation of his valour, very nobly secured him to his ship; wishing him for his own safety to be seen no more ashore: whose counsel he followed; and since with much envy from them and great honour to us, he is arrived in his own country.

I desire to be tedious in nothing, but will acquaint you with another exploit; no less remarkable than the former, performed in the beginning of this last month,* April: and thus it was.

A worthy gentleman, one Captain WARNER, with two small Pinnaces, was bound towards some part of the West Indies: neither of them being of above thirty tons burthen. He, being

* It is clear from this, that this tract was written in May, 1626. The foregoing incident is a confused and inaccurate account of R. PEEKE's brave act, which will be found, narrated by himself, on pages 621–643.

thus at sea, was chased by a tall Man of War, a Dunkirker [*coming from Dunkirk*]; who came towards them, as if she meant to overrun them at once and bury their ruins [*fragments*] in the bottom of the ocean. Which WARNER perceiving, pretended to make away with one of his Pinnaces; as if he purposed to save a stake, and leave the other to the enemy's fury and spoils. The Dunkirker, not able to fasten on both at once, took the advantage of the first; intending when he had seized her to make like prize of the other: hails her, boards her; his sailors and soldiers, being all greedy of booty, neglect their own ship; only busying themselves in the rifling of the other, where I leave them all busy at work.

Which WARNER perceiving, and not willing to slack so good an opportunity, takes advantage of the wind, suddenly casteth about [*tacks*] and seizeth upon the Dunkirk's ship, whose men were, most of them, aboard the other pinnace; boards her, takes her, mans her: and now being armed with her strength; commands both his other Pinnace and all the enemies aboard her. By which stratagem, he not only ransomed his own, but subdued his enemies; made prize both of ship and goods, and took all the men prisoners. A noble encouragement to all the brave captains and commanders of our nation to try to imitate him in his resolution and valour.

And thus, worthy Countrymen! you see that notwithstanding the proud braves [*bravados*] of the Public Enemy, their scandals and calumnies with all the aspersions of disgrace that their malice can devise, to cast upon our Kingdom and country; maugre their invasions threatened on land or their naval triumphs boasted at sea: how the great Creator of all things (in whose sight pride, vainglory and ambition are abominable) can when He pleases, by the hand of the young man DAVID stoop the stiff neck of the strongest GOLIATH. And, noble countrymen! may these few encouragements put into you the ancient courage of your ancestors; whose memories through all seas, nations and languages, have been and ever shall be sacred to all posterities. Now is the time of acting, and to show yourselves as you have been ever held and esteemed; brave in attempting, and bold in performing. And so, without question, your expeditions shall be successful, as the fame of your virtues immortal.

FINIS.

Love Posies.

The manuscript in which this Collection is found, was written about 1596.

[*Harl. MS.* 6910.]

There is no smart
Can turn my heart.

I'll never be his,
Whose ring this is.

A small remembrance.

Take me up, as I.

There is a time.

As black as a cony.

You wot what I wish.

Delayed too long.

Never fainthearted.

A foe, where you hate.

Mirth means wells.

A better were fitter.

I am not glad,
If you be sad.

As true in love,
As turtle-dove.

So able, as willing.

Faithful am I,
So will I die.

Respect my mind,
And not my gift.

I require,
But you retire.

I will not refuse thee,
Till life refuse me.

Though a gift be small,
Yet goodwill is all.

I give it thee
To think on me.

Sith hands are tied with hearts consent,
Let only death the knot prevent.

Your mouse am I,
So I will die.

Thoughts keep me waking.

Farewell! till then.

Chastity is a jewel.

A mite for a million.

No revel runs riot.

It is done, what then?

Wilt thou? whit not I?

A token to present
The absent.

In thee my choice,
I do rejoice.

A token of my goodwill.

Rather die,
Than faith deny.

Chastity, my felicity.

I love no honey.

A friend's gift.

Wear this for a remembrance.

Not the gift,
But the giver.

I present the absent.

Too light to requite.

I live I, if not I die.

As brown as a berry.

The hidden flame burneth hottest.

Your constancy
Is my felicity.

Hope is my only comfort.

Forgetfulness breeds disdain.

No chance shall alter mind.

As faithful, as friendly.

Accept my goodwill.

Hold, lest I fall.

O slay not!

As you find, so use.

Wantons waver!

A New Year's toy.

I would if I might.

Love lives in loyalty.

Accept my gift in loyalty.

Accept my gift in goodwill.

Desert deserveth.

Deserve and then desire.

Happy choice is my secret joy.

I favour, as I find.

In time, or never.

Desire, what love may require.

I require,
But you retire.

I hope to see
You yield to me.

If I may stay,
Pass one day.

Let me find thee
In one agree.

Disdain not me!
That am happy in thee.

Death strike! if
She show spite.

O happy time!
When you yield mine.

My troubled head
Wisheth you his bed.

A friend to one,
Enemy to none.

Not the gold, but the giver

My love is sure,
Firm to endure.

If you will me love,
I will it quickly prove.

Never fear to love.

We join our hearts in GOD.

Faithful to one,
And faithless to none.

A friend to the end.

Whilst I breathe, I hope.

Yours by desert.

More for remembrance,
Than for recompense.

To thee, a friend in all.

Keep secret for me.

As I love, so I like.

Fancy flattereth me.

If thou be well, all is well.

No beauty without virtue.

All my wits die in your decay.

It is pain to part.

Firm faith flourisheth.

As you find me, so use me.

My heart is yours.
Yours in heart.
Let virtue be thy guide.
Love and obey.
Advised choice, admits no change.
My joy I do enjoy.
Love and Fortune's best conclusion.
My choice is made, I am content.
Away; you hurt me.
Disdain doubleth death.
Desire hath set my heart on fire.
Last but best.
I mourn till then,
I know not when.
Sweet! wipe thine eyes!
I am fast bound his,
That gave me this.
The yoke of friendship.
Dally, but do it not!
Faith flattereth not.
Caught and content.
Seal me in thy heart!
With hope, my mind is eased.
Goodwill is worth goodwill.
By me to thee.
Not mine but thine.
As promise doth bind,
Be faithful and kind.
This ring is round and hath no end,
So is my love unto my friend.
If you deny, my heart will die.
If you deny, I wish to die.
I wish my faith could fancy please.
With hope my mind is eased.
Forget not him that thinks on you.
It is good to fish in time.
GOD's providence is my inheritance.
Continue you, for I am true.
The end of my hope.
To me be true, as I to you.
A constant mind, I hope to find.
My choice, no change can like.
Love envieth not.
Redeem the time.
Your faith is my freedom.
Mine eye is pleased,
Mine heart is eased.
Not so able, as willing.
Let pity plead my suit!
Naked truth is the anchor of credit.
Careful to comfort thee.
In trust, be just!
Though not rich, yet content.
Link love with liking.
Stand to your tackling!
Finish my desire!
My constancy continued,
May not be removed.
I choose not you, in hope to change.
Love is a trouble.
As GOD decreed, so we agreed.
One pleased, both eased.

True love hath led my heart to choose.

My heart is dead, if you refuse.

As faithful to thee, as may be.

I vow to be thine!

Long wished, at last obtained.

By desert worthy of praise.

Restless I live.

Loathing life yet living death.

My secret hope in time may hap.

No lack where love.

Pity his part,
Who presenteth thee his heart.

Let love prevail,
Till death doth fail.

Let not absence forget friendship.

Death is gain, life is pain.

Let love increase!

When fortune frowneth,
Then love is changed.

The pledge of her remembrance.

Bold force overcometh high things.

Together, and for ever.

Blessed are the dead
That die in the LORD.

Be true till death
Doth take thy breath.

Wherever I be,
Think on me.

Friends fail, but GOD never.

Let no man part that GOD hath joined.

Nothing but GOD above
Can part my love.

No good cometh of idleness.

The courteous person will say well.

Ever, or never.

My rejoicing is repentance.

Yours, or not his own.

If virtue thou embrace,
Thou needs must fear disgrace.

No friend to faith in sickness or health.

My faith unfeigned, my friend shall find.

Requite my love.

Remit my love.

GOD guide the hand,
Whereon I stand.

Experientia docet.

Bought wit is best.

Out of sight, out of mind.

Time trieth all things.

Time tarrieth no man.

By faith I live, and faith I give.

O that I were as able as willing!

Speak well, or else be mute.

What joy to a contented mind?

Live in love without mislike.

The man that receiveth well, fareth not ill.

No labour lost in doing well.

A quiet wife prolongeth life.

Live well, and die never;
Die well, and live ever.

Repentance deserveth pardon.

GOD made my choice,
To cause my joy.

Fancy is fickle.

Change not thy chosen friend!

Mutual consent in love affords happy content in life.

That want denies, goodwill supplies.

My body heartless, my grief endless.

Live, love and die
In faith and constancy.

As promise doth bind thee,
So let me find thee.

Gold pure, love a friend sure!

A merry heart is life.

I give it thee
To think on me.

As you find me, so use me!

I wish you joy.

Nothing but to be.

Let patience conquer grief!

A merry heart,
Puts by smart.

I would I were
With you, my Dear!

I would be glad,
If you I had.

If so I may,
I will not say "Nay."

I have done,
If you yield not soon.

Spent is time,
And you not mine!

Remember me,
As I do thee.

If you be pleased,
My heart is eased.

Thy death is mine,
My life is thine.

That love hath wrought
Is dearly bought.

There is no pain
To love in vain.

No heart can starve,
Where love doth carve.

Good luck shall be my lot.

The end doth try a faithful friend.

Take in good part
My loving heart!

When this you see,
Remember me!

Love not for gain,
True dealing is plain.

Glad for your goodwill,
Sad for [your] ill.

Better dead, than doubtful.

In trial trusty.

Far off, yet not forgot.

Remember me, as I love thee.

When you see this,
Wish me a kiss.

I rest in hope, and time.

Your stay, my wound.

I am constant, and love ever.

No bravery to beauty.

Reward desert.

Hope, heart's handmaid.

I live to love.

Try as gold,
Fear to be bold.

Cast my deserts!

Pity my passion!

Consent is sweet.

Be resolute till death!

Now, or never!

If once, for ever!
This, with me.
Remember your friend!
Love to be loved!
To me have regard,
And with love me reward.
Suppose you love me!
Yours to command.
Oh, that I might!
Do not to repent
And so to be shent.
My affection is my affliction.
Firm friendship flourisheth.
Help many, hurt not any.
Mistrust not the true!
A friend to hold,
Is better than gold.
A friend to find,
No time unbind.
I joy to find,
A constant mind.
In silence I sorrow.
Advised choice is void of change.
In heart I him grave,
His love-knot this gave.
In my choice,
I do rejoice.
As joined in one,
So joy in one.
One quiet; both happy.
Stand fast in faith!
Love and fear GOD!
GOD hath appointed, I am content.
No earthly voice
Shall change my choice.
Never inconstant.
Continue faithful!
Rather death, than false of faith.
Be faithful and loving.
Homely choice and happy joy.
In GOD is my trust.
True love is the bond of peace.
Keep faith till death!
No hell to a dissembler.
If part, I pine.
No joy to heaven.
Your perfect friend
Till ground have end.
Love unloved, labour ill lost.
Time shall tell thee,
How much I love thee!
Your wrong, my grief.
No bliss so sweet as this.
Let not the guiltless mourn!
My joy consisteth in hope.
Poverty preventeth me.
Myself and mine are only thine.
My hue doth show
My mistress' woe.
Better never, if not ever.
I mourn with silence.
Contented with my hidden hap.
Heigh ho!
Tread off my toe!
Beauty is brave,
If love thou have.
Let virtue guide!
Your goodness, my happiness.
A pretty thing for a maiden.
Hard heart! adieu!

In silence, yours!

I see and say nothing.

Until death!

Twixt life and death.

Silent sorrow.

Love is truth.

Life in death.

Still in hope.

My faith is firm.

Waver not!

To thee, a friend in all.

Absent I am but for a time.

And will you not
Fall to my lot?

If I hap ill,
My hope I spill.

Seldom seen is soon forgot.

When I was fit,
I could not sit.

He meant you his,
I sent you this.

One to one
Is match alone.

Give him his due,
That is so true!

Denials breed my smart.

Not too fast,
But to last.

Slow but sure.

Hap what may,
I list not stay.

And why not I? if thou agree.

I die if thou deny.

Have at all,
Hap what shall.

Fear GOD! love will live ever.

I nought do crave
But you to have.

Outward shape,
Doth reason hate.

Where faith doth abide
There love doth guide.

Faith absent, desires content.

Each good thing
From GOD doth spring.

No friendlier recompense
Than true obedience.

True love with continuance
Keeps this in remembrance.

Thou hast my heart, and shall.

A knot-knit love.

My words! myself!

Yours at midnight, take this in hand.

No longer life
Than faithful wife.

I hope my good will help my grief.

Be true in heart,
Till death depart!

[i.e. *part from one another.*]

Let not your heart
From your love start!

I like, I love, I live content,
I made my choice not to repent.

A pledge that binds
Two hearts, two minds.

My ring a toy,
My wife my joy.

Fides tua, spes mea.

A gage to love,
Not to remove.

I still rejoice
In my first choice.

Obey and command!
Yield and conquer!

Pari jugo, dulcis tractus.

Be faithful and loving!

Believe and live!

One and all, and one is all.

Retire unstained!

Oh! quando!

No more of that!

Say, but swear not!

I may not, if I would.

For virtue, and not for wealth.

I may and will not.

Come, kiss me daintily!

One to one I wish alone.

Climb not too high!

Thought is dear bought.

My mind I frame
To bear no blame.

Unity increaseth amity.

Hate not any!
Lest hated of many.

Never dread to love a maid!

The summer is gay
For maids to play.

The shoe maketh me woo.

Once chosen, never changing.

No wealth to well content.

Refuse not friendly faith!

The heart that is thine,
I would it were mine.

If I deserve, I ought to have.

I pray you give my heart again!

That is desired of many,
Is hardly kept of any.

Faint heart delayeth too long.

I like where I dare not love.

Are you content?
I yield consent!

Know thyself!

Keep a mean!

Restraint augments desire.

I serve in secret.

Dread no doubleness!

Be quick and ready!

Pity my passions!

Bent to content.

My gain is grief.

Record my love!

I am glad it likes you.

The want of thee,
Is grief to me.

Your consent,
My content.

As joined to thee,
So joy in me.

Thy pitiless heart
Hath wrought my smart.

Resolve my doubts!

Death only shall separate.

Live and enjoy!

Let constant love content!

Hope helpeth grief.

Your faithful friend unto the end.

Once mine, always thine!

Yours ever though never.

No recompense, but remembrance.

My joy consisteth in hope.

Two bodies, one heart.

I receive it thankfully.

Think on the giver!

As I deserve, so I desire.

No time altereth me.

Time trieth truth.

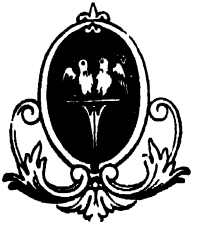
For ever or never.

A friend's gift.

Still in hope!

Good hope upholds the heart.

True love alone
Joins two in one.



Robert Greene, M.A.

Lamilia's song.

[*Groatsworth of Wit*].

Fie! fie on blind fancy!
It hinders youth's joy.
Fair virgins learn by me,
To count love a toy.



hen Love learned first the A. B. C. of delight,
And knew no figures nor conceited phrase;
He simply gave to due desert her right:
He led not lovers in dark winding ways.
He plainly willed to love, or flatly answered "No!"
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.
Fie! fie then on fancy!
It hinders youth's joy.
Fair virgins learn by me,
To count love a toy.

For since he learned to use the poet's pen,
He learned likewise with smoothing words to feign:
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men;
And wronged faith with falsehood and disdain.
He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth "No!"
Who listeth for to prove, shall find his changing so.
Fie! fie then on fancy!
It hinders youth's joy.
Fair virgins learn by me,
To count love a toy.

THREE TO ONE.

Being an English-Spanish combat performed by a Western Gentleman of Tavistock in Devonshire, with an English quarterstaff, against three Spaniards [at once] with rapiers and poniards; at Sherries [*Xeres*] in Spain, the 15th day of November 1625: in the presence of Dukes, Condes, Marquises, and other great Dons of Spain; being the Council of War.

The author of this book, and the actor in this encounter;

R[ICHARD] PEEKE.



Printed at London for I. T. and are to be sold at his shop.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

IF I were again in Spain, I should think no happiness on earth so great as to come into England; and at your royal feet, to lay down the story of my dangers and peregrination: which I tell, as a late sea-wrecked man, tossed and beaten with many misfortunes; yet, setting my weary body at last on a blessed shore: my hands now lay hold on your altar, which is to me a sanctuary. Here I am safe in harbour.

That psalm of kingly DAVID, which I sang in my Spanish captivity,

When as we sate in Babylon &c. [Psal. cxxxvii.]

I have now changed to another tune; saying, with the same prophet,

Great is Thy mercy towards me, O LORD! for Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest grave! [Psal. xvi. 16.]

And, as your Majesty hath been graciously pleased both to let

your poor soldier and subject behold your royal person, and to hear him speak in his rude language: so if your Majesty vouchsafe to cast a princely eye on these his unhandsome papers: new sunbeams shall spread over him, and put a quickening soul into that bosom, which otherwise must want life for want of comfort. Those graces from your excellent clemency already received being such, that I am ashamed and sorry not to have endured and to have done more in foreign countries for the honour of Yours: when from so high a throne, my Sovereign deigns to look down on a creature so unworthy, whose life he prostrates before your Highness.

Ever resting Your Majesty's

Most humble and loyal subject,

RICHARD PEEKE.



THREE TO ONE.

BEING

AN ENGLISH-SPANISH COMBAT.



OVING Countrymen! Not to weary you with long preambles, unnecessary for you to read and troublesome for me to set down; I will come roundly to the matter: entreating you, not to cast a malicious eye upon my actions nor rashly to condemn them, nor to stagger in your opinions of my performance; since I am ready with my life to justify what I set down, the truth of this relation being warranted by noble proofs and testimonies not to be questioned.

I am a Western man; Devonshire my country, and Tavistock my place of habitation.

I know not what the Court of a King means, nor what the fine phrases of silken Courtiers are. A good ship I know, and a poor cabin; and the language of a cannon: and therefore as my breeding has been rough, scorning delicacy; and my present being consisteth altogether upon the soldier (blunt, plain and unpolished) so must my writings be, proceeding from fingers fitter for the pike than the pen. And so, kind Countrymen! I pray you to receive them.

Neither ought you to expect better from me, because I am but the chronicler of my own story.

After I had seen the beginning and end of the Algiers' voyage; I came home somewhat more acquainted with the world, but little amended in estate: my body more wasted and weather-beaten; but my purse, never the fuller, nor my pockets thicker lined.

Then the drum beating up for a new expedition, in which

many noble gentlemen and heroical spirits were to venture their honours, lives and fortunes; cables could not hold me: for away I would, and along I vowed to go; and did so.

The design opening itself at sea for Cadiz, proud I was to be employed there; where so many gallants and English worthies did by their examples encourage the common soldiers to honourable darings.

The ship I went in was called the *Convertine*, one of the Navy Royal. The captain, THOMAS PORTAR.

On the two and twentieth day of October, being a Saturday, 1625; our fleet came into Cadiz, about three o'clock in the afternoon: we, being in all, some 110 sail.

The Saturday night, some sixteen sail of the Hollanders, and about ten White Hall Men (who in England are called Colliers) were commanded to fight against the Castle of Punthal, standing three miles from Cadiz: who did so accordingly; and discharged in that service, at the least, 1,600 shot.

On the Sunday morning following, the Earl of ESSEX going up very early, and an hour at least before us, to the fight; commanded our ship, the *Convertine*, being of his squadron, to follow him: the Castle playing hard and hotly upon his Lordship.

Captain PORTAR and the Master of our ship whose name is Master HILL, having upon sight of so fierce an encounter an equal desire to do something worthy of themselves and their country; came up so close to the Castle as possibly men in such a danger either could or durst adventure, and there fought bravely. The Castle bestowed upon us a hot salutation (and well becoming our approach) with bullets; whose first shot killed three of our men, passing through and through our ship; the second killed four; and the third two more at least; with great spoil and battery [*battering*] to our ship: the last shot flying so close to Captain PORTAR that with the windage of the bullet, his very hands had almost lost the sense of feeling, being struck into a sudden numbness.

Upon this, Captain PORTAR perceiving the danger we and our ship were in, commanded a number of us to get upon the upper deck; and with our small shot [*musketry fire*] to try if we could not force the cannoniers from their ordnance.

We presently advanced ourselves, fell close to our work

and plied them with pellets [*bullets*]. In which hot and dangerous service, one Master WILLIAM JEWELL behaved himself both manly and like a noble soldier, expressing much valour, ability of body, and readiness: with whom and some few more (I, among the rest) stood the brunt which continued about three hours.

Our ship lay all this while with her starboard side to the fort; which beat us continually with at least two hundred muskets, whose bullets flew so thick that our shrouds were torn in pieces, and our tacklings rent to nothing: and when she came off, there were to be seen five hundred bullets, at the least, sticking in her side. I, for my part (without vain-glory be it spoken) discharged at this time, some threescore and ten shot; as they recounted to me, who charged my pieces for me.

In the heat of this fight, Sir WILLIAM SAINT LEGER, whether called up by my Lord of ESSEX or coming of himself I know not, seeing us so hardly beset; and that we had but few shot upon our deck in regard of the enemy's numbers which played upon us: came, with a valiant and noble resolution, out of another ship into ours; bringing some forty soldiers with him. Who there with us, renewed a second fight as hot or hotter than the former: where in this fight, one of our bullets [*cannon-balls*] was shot into the mouth of a Spanish cannon; where it sticketh fast and putteth that roarer to silence.

Upon this bravery, they of the fort began to wax calmer and cooler: and in the end, most part of their gunners being slain, gave over shooting; but yielded not the fort until night.

Whilst this skirmish continued, a company of Spaniards within the castle, by the advantage of a wall whose end jutted out, they still as they discharged retired behind it, saving themselves and extremely annoying us: I removed into the forecastle of our ship, and so plied them with hailshot, that they forsook their stand.

What men on our own part were lost by their small shot I cannot well remember, but sure I am, not very many: yet the Spaniards afterwards before the Governor of Cadiz, confessed they lost about fifty; whose muskets they cast into a well because [*in order that*] our men should not use them, throwing the dead bodies in after.

My hurts and bruises here received, albeit they were neither many nor dangerous, yet were they such that when the fight was done; many gentlemen in our ship, for my encouragement, gave me money.

During this battle the Hollanders and White Hall Men, you must think, were not idle; for their great pieces went off continually from such of their ships as could conveniently discharge their fire, because our ship lay between them and the fort: and they so closely plied their work that at this battery, were discharged from their ordnance, at least four thousand bullets [*cannon balls*].

The castle being thus quieted, though as yet not yielded; the Earl of ESSEX, about twelve at noon, landed his regiment close by the fort, the Spaniards looking over the walls to behold them. Upon the sight of which, many of those within the castle (to the number of six score) ran away; we pursuing them with shouts, halloings and loud noises, and now and then a piece of ordnance overtook some of the Spanish hares, and stayed them from running further.

Part of our men being thus landed, they marched up not above a slight [musket] shot off, and there rested themselves. Then, about six at night, the castle yielded upon composition to depart with their arms and colours flying, and no man to offend them; which was performed accordingly.

The Captain of the fort, his name was Don FRANCISCO BUSTAMENTE; who, presently upon the delivery, was carried aboard the Lord General's ship, where he had a soldierly welcome: and the next day, he and all his company were put over to Puerto Real upon the mainland, because they should not go to Cadiz, which is an island.

On the Monday [October 24th], having begun early in the morning; all our forces, about noon, were landed: and presently marched up to a bridge between Punthal and Cadiz. In going up to which, some of our men were unfortunately and unmanly surprised; and before they knew their own danger, had there their throats cut. Some had their brains beaten out with the stocks of muskets; others, their noses sliced off; whilst some heads were spurned up and down the streets like footballs; and some ears worn in scorn in Spanish hats. For when I was in prison in Cadiz, whither some of these Spanish *picaroes* [robbers] were brought

in for flying from the castle, I was an eyewitness of Englishmen's ears being worn in that despiteful manner.

What the forces being on shore did or how far they went up I cannot tell, for I was no land soldier; and therefore all that while kept aboard. Yet about twelve o'clock, when they were marched out of sight, I (knowing that other Englishmen had done the like, the very same day) ventured on shore likewise, to refresh myself: with my sword only by my side; because I thought that the late storms had beaten all the Spaniards in, and therefore I feared no danger.

On therefore I softly walked, viewing the desolation of such a place: for I saw nobody. Yet I had not gone far from the shore, but some Englishmen were come even almost to our ships; and from certain gardens had brought with them many oranges and lemons. The sight of these sharpened my stomach the more to go on; because I had a desire to present some of those fruits to my Captain. Hereupon I demanded of them, "what danger there was in going?" They said, "None, but that all was hushed; and not a Spaniard stirring." We parted; they to the ships, I forward.

And before I had reached a mile, I found (for all their talking of no danger) three Englishmen stark dead; being slain, lying in the way, it being full of sandy pits, so that I could hardly find the passage: and one, some small distance from them, not fully dead. The groans which he uttered led me to him; and finding him lying on his belly; I called to him, and turning him on his back saw his wounds, and said, "Brother! what villain hath done this mischief to thee?" He lamented in sighs and doleful looks; and casting up his eyes to heaven, but could not speak. I then resolved, and was about it, for Christian charity's sake and for country's sake; to have carried him on my back to our ships, far off though they lay; and there, if by any possible means it could have been done, to have recovered him.

But my good intents were prevented. For on a sudden, came rushing in upon me, a Spanish horseman, whose name, as afterwards I was informed, was Don JUAN of Cadiz, a Knight. I seeing him make speedily and fiercely at me with his drawn weapon, suddenly whipped out mine, wrapping my

cloak about mine arm. Five or six skirmishes we had; and for a pretty while, fought off and on.

At last, I getting, with much ado, to the top of a sandy hillock, the horseman nimbly followed up after. By good fortune to me (though bad to himself) he had no petronel or pistols about him: and there clapping spurs to his horse's sides; his intent, as it seemed, was with full career to ride over me, and trample me under his horse's feet. But a providence greater than his fury, was my guard.

Time was it for me to look about warily and to lay about lustily; to defend a poor life so hardly distressed. As therefore his horse was violently breaking in upon me, I struck him in the eyes with a flap of my cloak. Upon which, turning sideward, I took my advantage; and, as readily as I could, stepping in, it pleased GOD that I should pluck my enemy down, and leave him at my mercy for life: which notwithstanding I gave him, he falling on his knees, and crying out in French to me. *Pardonnez-moi, je vous prie, je suis un bon Chrêtien.* "Pardon me, Sir! I am a good Christian."

I, seeing him brave, and having a soldier's mind to rifle him, I searched for jewels but found none, only five pieces of eight about him in all, amounting to twenty shillings English. Yet he had gold, but that I could not come by. For I was in haste to have sent his Spanish knighthood home on foot, and to have taught his horse an English pace.

Thus far my voyage for oranges had sped well; but in the end, it proved a sour sauce to me: and it is harder to keep a victory than to obtain one. So here it fell out with mine.

For fourteen Spanish musketeers spying me so busy about one of their countrymen, bent [*aimed*] all the mouths of their pieces to kill me; which they could not well do, without endangering Don JUAN's life. So that I was enforced (and glad I escaped so too) to yield myself their prisoner.

True valour, I see, goes not always in good clothes. For he, whom before I had surprised, seeing me fast in the snare; and as the event proved, disdaining that his countrymen should report him so dishonoured; most basely, when my hands were in a manner bound behind me, drew out his

weapon, which the rest had taken from me to give him, and wounded me through the face, from ear to ear: and had there killed me had not the fourteen musketeers rescued me from his rage.

Upon this, I was led in triumph into the town of Cadiz: an owl not more wondered and hooted at; a dog not more cursed.

In my being led thus along the streets, a Fleming spying me, cried out aloud "Whither do you lead this English dog? Kill him! Kill him! he is no Christian." And with that, breaking through the crowd, in upon those who held me; ran me into the body with a halbert, at the reins [*groin*] of my back, at the least four inches.

One Don FERNANDO, an ancient Gentleman, was sent down this summer from the King at Madrid, with soldiers: but before our fleet came, the soldiers were discharged; they of Cadiz never suspecting that we meant to put in there.

Before him, was I brought to be examined: yet few or no questions at all were demanded of me; because he saw that I was all bloody in my clothes, and so wounded in my face and jaws that I could hardly speak. I was therefore committed presently to prison, where I lay eighteen days: the noble gentleman giving express charge that the best surgeons should be sent for: lest being so basely hurt and handled by cowards, I should be demanded at his hands.

I being thus taken on the Monday when I went on shore; the fleet departed the Friday following from Cadiz, at the same time when I was there a prisoner. Yet thus honestly was I used by my worthy friend Captain PORTAR. He, above my deserving, complaining that he feared that he had lost such a man; my Lord General, by the solicitation of Master JOHN GLANVILLE, Secretary to the Fleet, sent three men on shore to enquire in Cadiz for me; and to offer, if I were taken, any reasonable ransom. But the town thinking me to be a better prize than indeed I was; denied me, and would not part from me.

Then came a command to the Terniente or Governor of Cadiz to have me sent to Sherrys, otherwise called Xerez, lying three leagues from Cales.

Wondrously unwilling, could I otherwise have chosen,

was I to go to Xerez, because I feared I should then be put to torture.

Having therefore a young man (an Englishman and a merchant, whose name was GOODROW), my fellow prisoner who lay there for debt, and so I thinking there was no way with me but one (that I must be sent packing to my long home); thus I spake unto him, "Countryman! what my name is, our partnership in misery hath made you know; and with it, know that I am a Devonshire man born, and Tavistock the place of my once abiding. I beseech you! if GOD ever send you liberty, and that you sail into England; take that country [*Tavistock*] in your way. Commend me to my wife and children, made wretched by me; an unfortunate husband and father. Tell them and my friends (I entreat you, for GOD's cause) that if I be, as I suspect I shall be, put to death in Sherris [*Xerez*], I will die a Christian soldier: no way, I hope, dishonouring my King, country, or the justice of my cause, or my religion."

Anon after, away was I conveyed with a strong guard by the Governor of Cadiz and brought to Xerez on a Thursday about twelve at night.

On the Sunday following, two friars were sent to me; both of them being Irishmen, and speaking very good English. One of them was called Padre JUAN (Father JOHN). After a sad and grave salutation, "Brother," quoth he, "I come in love to you and charity to your soul to confess you; and if to us, as your spiritual ghostly fathers, you will lay open your sins, we will forgive them and make your way to heaven: for to-morrow you must die."

I desired them that they would give me a little respite that I might retire into a private chamber; and instantly I would repair to them, and give them satisfaction. Leave I had; away I went; and immediately returned. They asked me "if I had yet resolved, and whether I would come to confession?" I told them, that "I had been at confession already." One of them answered "With whom?" I answered, "With GOD the Father." "And with nobody else," said the other. "Yes," quoth I, "and with JESUS CHRIST my Redeemer; who hath both power and will to forgive all men their sins, that truly repent. Before these Two have I fallen on my knees, and confessed my grievous offences; and trust They will give me a free absolution and pardon."

"What think you of the Pope?" said Father JOHN. I answered "I knew him not." They, hereupon, shaking their heads; told me "they were sorry for me:" and so departed.

Whilst thus I lay at Xerez, the Captain of the fort [at Punthal], Don FRANCISCO BUSTAMENTE, was brought in prisoner for his life, because he delivered up the castle; but whether he died for it or not, I cannot tell.

Duke of MEDINA, Duke of MACADA, Duke FERDINANDO GIRON, Marquis DE ALQUENEZES &c.

My day of trial being come; I was brought from prison into the town of Xerez, by two drums [*drummers*] and a hundred shot [*musketeers*], before three Dukes, four Condes or Earls, four Marquises; besides other great persons. The town having in it, at least, five thousand soldiers.

At my first appearing before the Lords; my sword lying before them on a table, the Duke of MEDINA asked me, "if I knew that weapon." It was reached to me. I took it and embraced it with mine arms; and, with tears in mine eyes, kissed the pummel of it. He then demanded, "how many men I had killed with that weapon?" I told him, "If I had killed one, I had not been there now before that princely assembly: for when I had him at my foot, begging for mercy, I gave him life: yet he, then very poorly, did me a mischief." Then they asked Don JOHN (my prisoner) "what wounds I gave him?" He said "None." Upon this he was rebuked and told "That if upon our first encounter, he had run me through; it had been a fair and noble triumph: but so to wound me, being in the hands of others, they held it base."

Then said the Duke of MEDINA to me, "Come on! Englishman! what ship came you in?" I told him "The *Converture*." "Who was your Captain?" "Captain PORTAR." "What ordnance carried your ship?" I said "Forty pieces." But the Lords looking all this while on a paper, which they held in their hands; the Duke of MEDINA said, "In their note, there were but thirty-eight."

In that paper—as after I was informed by my two Irish interpreters—there was set down the number of our ships; their burden, men, munition, victuals, captains, &c., as perfect as we ourselves had them in England.

"Of what strength," quoth another Duke," is the fort at Plymouth?" I answered, "Very strong." What ordnance in it? "Fifty," said I. "That is not so," said he, "there

are but seventeen." "How many soldiers are in the fort?" I answered, "Two hundred." "That is not so," quoth a Conde, "there are but twenty."

The Marquis ALQUENEZES asked me "Of what strength the little island was before Plymouth?" I told him, "I knew not." "Then," quoth he, "we do."

"Is Plymouth a walled town?" "Yes, my Lords." "And a good wall?" "Yes," said I, "a very good wall." "True," says a Duke, "to leap over with a staff!" "And hath the town," said the Duke of MEDINA, "strong gates?" "Yes." "But," quoth he, "there was neither wood nor iron to those gates; but two days before your fleet came away."

Now before I go any further, let me not forget to tell you, that my two Irish confessors had been here in England the last summer; and when our fleet came from England, they came for Spain: having seen our King at Plymouth when the soldiers there showed their arms, and did then diligently observe what the King did, and how he carried himself.

"How did it chance," said the Duke GIRON, that "you did not in all this bravery of the fleet, take Cadiz as you took Punthal?" I replied, "That the Lord General might easily have taken Cadiz, for he had near a thousand scaling ladders to set up, and a thousand men to lose; but he was loth to rob an almshouse, having a better market to go to." "Cadiz," I told them, "was held poor, unmanned and unmunitioned." "What better market?" said MEDINA. I told him, "Genoa or Lisbon." And as I heard there was instantly, upon this, an army of six thousand soldiers sent to Lisbon.

"Then," quoth one of the Earls, "when thou meetest me in Plymouth, wilt thou bid me welcome?" I modestly told him, "I could wish they would not too hastily come to Plymouth; for they should find it another manner of place, than as now they slighted it."

Many other questions were put to me by these great Dons; which so well as GOD did enable me I answered. They speaking in Spanish, and their words interpreted to me by those two Irishmen before spoken of; who also related my several answers to the Lords.

And by the common people, who encompassed me round, many jeerings, mockeries, scorns and bitter jests were to my face thrown upon our nation: which I durst not so much

as bite my lip against, but with an enforced patient ear stood still, and let them run on in their revilings.

At the length, amongst many other reproaches and spiteful names; one of the Spaniards called Englishmen, *Gallinas* (hens). At which the great Lords fell a laughing. Hereupon one of the Dukes, pointing to the Spanish soldiers; bade me note how their King kept them—and indeed they were all wondrously brave in apparel; hats, bands, cuffs, garters, &c.: and some of them in chains of gold—and asked further, "If I thought these would prove such hens as our English; when next year they should come into England?" I said, "No." But being somewhat emboldened by his merry countenance, I told him as merrily, "I thought they would be within one degree of hens." "What meanest thou by that?" said a Conde. I replied, "They would prove pullets or chickens." "Darest thou then," quoth the Duke of Medina, with a brow half angry, "fight with one of these Spanish pullets?"

"O my Lord!" said I, "I am a prisoner and my life at stake; and therefore dare not to be so bold as to adventure upon any such action. There were here of us English, some fourteen thousand; in which number, there were above twelve thousand better and stouter men than ever I shall be: yet with the license of this princely assembly, I dare hazard the breaking of a rapier." And withal told him, "He is unworthy of the name of an Englishman, that should refuse to fight with one man of any nation whatsoever." Hereupon my shackles were knocked off; and my iron ring and chain taken from my neck.

Room was made for the combatants; rapier and dagger were the weapons. A Spanish champion presented himself, named Signior TIAGO: when, after we had played some reasonable good time, I disarmed him, as thus. I caught his rapier betwixt the bars of my poniard and there held it, till I closed with him; and tripping up his heels, I took his weapons out of his hands and delivered them to the Dukes.

I could wish that all you, my dear Countrymen! who read this relation had either been there, without danger, to have beheld us: or that he with whom I fought were here in prison, to justify the issue of that combat.

I was then demanded, "If I durst fight against another?"

I told them, "My heart was good to adventure; but humbly requested them to give me pardon, if I refused."

For to myself I too well knew that the Spaniard is haughty, impatient of the least affront; and when he receives but a touch of any dishonour, disgrace or blemish (especially in his own country, and from an Englishman) his revenge is implacable, mortal and bloody.

Yet being by the nobleman pressed again and again, to try my fortune with another; I (seeing my life in the lion's paw, to struggle with whom for safety there was no way but one, and being afraid to displease them) said "that if their Graces and Greatnesses would give me leave to play at mine own country weapon called the quarterstaff; I was then ready there, an opposite against any comer, whom they would call forth: and would willingly lay down my life before those Princes to do them service; provided my life might by no foul means, be taken from me."

Hereupon, the head of an halbert, which went with a screw, was taken off, and the steel [*handle*] delivered to me; the other butt end of the staff having a short iron pike in it. This was my armour: and in my place I stood, expecting an opponent.

At the last, a handsome and well-spirited Spaniard steps forth, with his rapier and poniard. They asked me "What I said to him?" I told them, "I had a sure friend in my hand that never failed me, and therefore made little account of that one to play with: and should show them no sport."

Then a second, armed as before, presents himself. I demanded, "If there would come no more?" The Dukes asked, "How many I desired?" I told them, "Any number under six." Which resolution of mine, they smiling at in a kind of scorn; held it not manly, it seemed, not fit for their own honours, and the glory of their nation, to worry one man with a multitude: and therefore appointed three only, so weaponed, to enter into the lists.

Now, Gentlemen! if here you condemn me for plucking with mine own hands, such an assured danger upon mine own head; accept of these reasons for excuse.

To die, I thought it most certain; but to die basely, I would not. For three to kill one had been to me no dishonour; to them, weapons considered, no glory. An honourable

subjection, I esteemed better than an ignoble conquest. Upon these thoughts I fell to it.

The rapier men traversed their ground; I, mine. Dangerous thrusts were put in, and with dangerous hazard avoided. Shouts echoed to heaven to encourage the Spaniards: not a shout nor hand to hearten the poor Englishman. Only heaven I had in mine eye, the honour of my country in my heart, my fame at the stake, my life on a narrow bridge, and death both before me and behind me.

It was not now a time to dally. They still made full at me; and I had been a coward to myself, and a villain to my nation, if I had not called up all that weak manhood which was mine to guard my own life, and overthrow my enemies.

Plucking up therefore a good heart, seeing myself faint and wearied; I vowed to my soul to do something, ere she departed from me: and so setting all upon one cast, it was my good fortune (it was my GOD that did it for me), with the butt end, where the iron pike was, to kill one of the three; and within a few bouts after, to disarm the other two; causing the one of them to fly into the army of soldiers then present, and the other for refuge fled behind the bench.

I hope, if the braving Spaniards set upon England as they threaten; we shall every One of us, give repulse to more than Three. Of which good issue for the public, I take this my private success to be a pledge.

Now was I in greater danger, being, as I thought, in peace; than before when I was in battle. For a general murmur filled the air, with threatenings at me: the soldiers especially bit their thumbs, and was it possible for me to escape?

Which the noble Duke of MEDINA SIDONIA seeing, called me to him; and instantly caused proclamation to be made that none, on pain of death, should meddle with me: and by his honourable protection I got off, not only with safety but with money. For by the Dukes and Condes were given me in gold, to the value of four pounds, ten shillings sterling: and by the Marquis ALQUENEZES himself, as much; he, embracing me in his arms, and bestowing upon me that long Spanish russet cloak I now wear; which he took from one of his men's backs, and withal, furnished me with a clean band and cuffs. It being one of the greatest favours a Spanish

Lord can do to a mean man to reward him with some garment, as recompense of merit.

After our fight in Xerez, I was kept in the Marquis ALQUENEZES' house; who, one day, out of his noble affability, was pleasant in speech with me: and, by my interpreter, desired I would sing. I, willing to obey him (whose goodness I had tasted), did so: and sang this psalm,

When as we sate in Babylon, &c.

The meaning of which being told; he said to me "Englishman comfort thyself! for thou art in no captivity."

After this, I was sent to the King of Spain, lying at Madrid. My conduct [*guard*] being four gentlemen of the Marquis ALQUENEZES': he allowing unto me in the journey twenty shillings a day when we travelled, and ten shillings a day when we lay still.

At my being in Madrid, before I saw the King, my entertainment by the Marquis ALQUENEZES' appointment, was at his own house; where I was lodged in the most sumptuous bed that ever I beheld: and had from his noble Lady a welcome far above my poor deserving, but worthy the greatness of so excellent a woman. She bestowed upon me whilst I lay in her house a very fair Spanish shirt, richly laced: and at my parting from Madrid, a chain of gold and two jewels for my wife, and other pretty things for my children.

And now that her noble courtesies, with my own thankfulness, lead me to speak of this honourable Spanish Lady; I might very justly be condemned of ingratitude, if I should not remember with like acknowledgement, another rare pattern of feminine goodness to me a distressed miserable stranger: and that was the Lady of Don JUAN of Cadiz. She, out of a respect she bare me for saving her husband's life, came along with him to Xerez; he being there to give evidence against me: and, as before when I lay prisoner in Cadiz, so in Xerez, she often relieved me with money and other means. My duty and thanks ever wait upon them both!

Upon Christmas Day, I was presented to the King, the Queen, and Don CARLOS the Infante.

Being brought before him: I fell, as it was fit, on my knees. Many questions were demanded of me; which, so well as my plain wit directed me, I resolved.

In the end, His Majesty offered me a yearly pension (to a good value) if I would serve him either at land or at sea. For which his royal favours, I (confessing myself infinitely bound and my life indebted to his mercy) most humbly intreated, that with his Princely leave, I might be suffered to return unto mine own country: being a subject only to the King of England, my Sovereign.

And besides that bond of allegiance, there was another obligation due from me to a wife and children: and therefore I most submissively begged that His Majesty would be so Princely minded as to pity my estate, and let me go. To which he, at last, granted; bestowing upon me one hundred pistolets [= £25 = £150 *in present value*] to bear my charges.

Having thus left Spain, I took my way through some part of France. Where by occasion, happening into company of seven Spaniards; their tongues were too lavish in speeches against our nation. Upon which, some high words flying up and down the room; I leaped from the table, and drew. One of the Spaniards did the like, none of the rest being weaponed; which was more than I knew. Upon the noise of this bustling, two Englishmen more came in: who, understanding the abuses offered to our country; the Spaniards, in a short time, recanted on their knees, their rashness.

And so hoisting sail for England, I landed on the three and twentieth day of April 1626, at Foy in Cornwall.

And thus endeth my Spanish pilgrimage. With thanks to my good GOD, that in this extraordinary manner preserved me, amidst these desperate dangers.

Therefore most gracious GOD! Defender of men abroad! and Protector of them at home! how am I bounden to thy Divine Majesty, for thy manifold mercies?

On my knees I thank Thee! with my tongue will I praise Thee! with my hands fight Thy quarrel! and all the days of my life serve Thee!

Out of the Red Sea I have escaped; from the lion's den been delivered, aye rescued from death and snatched out of the jaws of destruction, only by Thee! O my GOD! Glory be to Thy Name for ever and ever! Amen.

Certain Verses written by a friend in commendation of the Author, RICHARD PEEKE.



ELDOM DO clouds so dim the day,
But SOL will once his beams display;
Though NEPTUNE drives the surging seas,
Sometimes he gives them quiet ease:
And so few projects speed so ill,
But somewhat chanceth at our will.

I will not instance in the great,
Placed in Honour's higher seat;
Though virtue in a noble line
Commends it, and the more doth shine.
Yet this is proved by sword and pen.
Desert oft dwells in private men.

My proof is not far hence to seek;
There is at hand brave RICHARD PEEKE,
Whose worth his foes cannot revoke:
Born in the town of Tavistock
In Devon; where MINERVA sits
Shaping stout hearts, and pregnant wits.

This well-resolved and hardy spark
Aiming at fame, as at a mark;
Was not compelled against his will,
In MARS his field to try his skill:
As voluntary he did go
To serve his King against his foe.

If he had pleased, he might have spent
His days at home in safe content;
But nursing valour in his breast
He would adventure with the best:
Willing to shed his dearest blood,
To do his Prince and Country good.

Thus bent, he, adding wings to feet,
Departed with the English fleet.
There was no rub, no stay at all,
The ships sailed with a pleasant gale:
In setting forth they by their hap,
Seemed lulled in AMPHITRITE's lap.

At length they did arrive at Cales;
Where restless PEEKE against the walls
Made fourscore shot towards the shore,
Making the welkin wide to roar:
He kept his standing in this strife,
Setting a straw by loss of life.

Into a vineyard afterward
He marched, and stood upon his guard;
There he an horseman did dismount,
By outward port of good account:
But did on him compassion take,
And spared his life, for pity's sake.

The next assault uneven he felt,
For with twelve Spaniards he dealt
At once, and held them lusty play;
Until through odds, theirs was the day:
From ear to ear, they pierced his head,
And to the town him captive led.

In prison, they him shut by night,
Laden with chains of grievous weight;
All comfortless, in dungeon deep,
Where stench annoys, and vermin creep:
He grovelled in this loathsome cell,
Where ghastly frights and horrors dwell.

Yet nothing could his courage quail,
Hunger, nor thirst, nor wound, nor gaol;
For being brought before a Don,
And asked "Why England did set on
A scraping, no a pecking hen?
He answered "Stain not Englishmen!

"That England is a nation stout,
And till the last will fight it out;
Myself could prove by chivalry,
If for a captive this were free."
"Why," quoth the Duke, "durst thou to fight
With any of my men in sight?"

"Of thousands whom in war you use;
Not one," quoth PEEKE, "do I refuse."
A chosen champion then there came;
Whose heels he tripped, as at a game:
And from his hand his rapier took,
Presenting it unto the Duke.

Then Three at once did him oppose;
They rapiers, he a long staff chose:
The use whereof so well he knows,
He conquered them with nimble blows:
One that beside him played his round
He threw as dead unto the ground.

The noble Duke who this did see,
Commended PEEKE, and set him free.
He gave him gifts, and did command
That none should wrong him in their land.
So well he did him entertain,
And sent him to the Court of Spain.

There he was fed with no worse meat
Than which the King himself did eat;
His lodging rich, for he did lie
In furniture of tapestry.
The King what of him he had heard,
Did with his treasure well reward.

Our then Ambassador was there,
PEEKE's pike and praise he doth declare:
At Spanish Court while he attends,
He thrives for virtue's sake: as friends,
Foes sent him in triumphant sort,
Home from a foe and foreign port.

If thus his very foes him loved,
And deeds against themselves approved;
How should his friends his love embrace
And yield him countenance and grace?
The praise and worth how can we cloke
Of manly PEEKE of Tavistock.

FINIS.

J. D.

Sir W[ILLIAM?] H[ERBERT?].

The Boat of Bale.

[*Phœnix Nest.*]



THESE LINES I send by waves of woe,
And Bale becomes my boat;
Which Sighs of Sorrows still shall keep
On floods of fear afloat.

My Sighs shall serve me still for wind,
My lading is my Smart;
And True Report my pilot is,
My haven is thy heart.

My keel is framed of Crabbèd Care,
My ribs are all of Ruth,
My planks are nothing else but Plaints,
With treenails joined with Truth.

My mainmast made of nought but Moan,
My tackling Trickling Tears;
My topyard, like a Troubled Mind,
A flag of folly bears.

My cable is a Constant Heart;
My anchor, Luckless Love,
Which Reason's capstan from the ground
Of grief cannot remove.

My decks are all of Deep Disgrace,
 My compass Discontent;
And Peril is my Northern Pole,
 And Death my Orient.

My sailors are my Sorrowing Thoughts,
 The boatswain, Bitter Sense;
The master, Misery; his mate
 Is Doleful Diligence.

Sir W. H.

EDWARD LEIGH, Esquire, M.A.

Hints for Travellers.

1571–1671 A.D.

[*Three Distribes &c.*]

IN SUCH a one going to travel; there is required—

First. A competent age. That he be above eighteen or twenty years old: although the years of fourteen or fifteen are more proper for learning the true accent of any language; and all exercises belonging to the body.

Secondly. That he hath the Latin tongue; and some skill in the liberal sciences.

Thirdly. That he be skilful in architecture: able so well to limn or paint, as to take in paper the situation of a castle or a city, or the platform [*plan*] of a fortification.

Fourthly. That he be well grounded in the true religion: lest he be seduced and perverted.

Fifthly. He should be first well acquainted with his own country, before he go abroad; as to the places and government. If any came heretofore to the Lords of the Council for a license to travel: the old Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH would examine him of England. If he found him ignorant; he would bid him stay at home, and know his own country first.

Sixthly. It were of use to inform himself, before he undertakes his voyage, by the best chorographical and geographical map of the situation of the country he goes to; both in itself, and relatively to the universe: to compare the *vetus et hodierna regio*; and to carry with him the republics [*government*] of the nations to which he goes; and a map of every country he intends to travel through.

Seventhly. Before his voyage, he should make his peace with GOD; receive the Lord's Supper; satisfy his creditors, if he be in debt; pray earnestly to GOD to prosper him in his voyage, and to keep him from danger: and—if he be *sui juris*—he should make his last will, and wisely order all his affairs; since many that go far abroad, return not home.

In the survey of a country, these things are observable.

First. The Name and its derivation; the Latitude and Longitude of the place. The temperature of the climate. The goodness or barrenness of the ground. The populousness or scarcity of the people. The limits of the country; how it is bounded by sea or land, or both. The commodities, natural and artificial. The discommodities; either imperfections or wants. The manners, shape, language, and attire of the people. Their building; their havens and harbours. The religion and government. The history of the country and families.

Secondly. The Courts of Princes are to be seen and observed; especially when they give audience to Ambassadors: the Courts of Justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of Consistories Ecclesiastical. The churches and the monuments therein. The walls and fortifications of cities and towns; Antiquities and Ruins; Libraries, Colleges; Disputations and Lectures, where they are. Shipping and Navies; Houses and Gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; Armouries, Arsenals, Magazines, Exchanges, Bourses, Warehouses; Exercises of horsemanship; fencing; training of soldiers; and the like. Treasuries of jewels and robes; Cabinets; and rare Inventions.

AUBERTUS MIRÆUS, in the life of LIPSIUS, saith that when he came first to Rome, he spent all his time, when he was at leisure, in viewing the stones and ancient places, and other rarities there: and that he spent his time in the Pope's Vatican library, in comparing together the manuscripts of SENECA, TACITUS, PLAUTUS, PROPERTIUS, and other ancients. He viewed also other famous libraries, public and private.

Thirdly. The choice herbs and plants, beasts, birds, fishes and insects proper to that country; are to be taken notice of: together with minerals, metals, stones, and earths.

Their proverbs also should be observed; in which, much of the wisdom of a nation is found.

Fourthly. Learned men, and such as have abilities of any kind; are worthy to be known: and the best books there, are to be inquired after.

Men that travel must be very cautious both of speech and demeanour. The Italian proverb saith, "For a man to travel safely through the world; it behoveth him to have a falcon's eye, an ass's ears, a monkey's face, a merchant's words, a camel's back, a hog's mouth, and a deer's feet."

Sir HENRY WOTTON, in his *Letters*, mentions twice the answer that was given to him by ALBERTO SCIPIONI; when he begged his advice, how he might carry himself securely at Rome. *Signior Arrigomio*, says he, *pensieri stretti, e il viso sciolto.* "Your thoughts close and your countenance loose [*open*] will go safely over the world."

Fifthly. Make choice of the best places for attaining of the language. As, Valladolid for the Spanish; Orleans or Blois for the French; Florence or Sienna for the Italian; Leipsic or Heidelberg for the High-Dutch [*German*] tongues. In these places, the best language is spoken.

What profit travelling brings to an architect, VITRUVIUS shows. What, to a soldier, VEGETIUS. What, to a limner or statuary [*sculptor*], the horses of PHIDIAS and PRAXITELES made by art, witness: these, with other colossal statues and pictures are yet at Rome. Merchandise is almost maintained by travel. How much are cosmography, topography and astronomy improved and furthered by travel!

Change of air by travelling, after one is used to it, is good: and therefore great travellers have been long lived[l].

In the *Philosophical Conferences* of the Virtuosi of France, *Conference* 87, it is determined whether Travel be necessary to an ingenuous man. He saith there, if you except embassies—in which the good of the State drowns all other considerations—those that would travel must be young and strong, rich and well-born; to get any good by their travels.

The French say *Un honnête homme est un homme mêlé*, "An

honest man is a mixed man;" that is, one who has something in him, in point of knowledge, of all nations.

CHARLES V. made nine voyages into Germany; six into Spain; seven into Italy; four into France; ten into the Low Countries; two into England; as many into Africa. He also passed the Ocean and Mediterranean seas, eleven times.

The Emperor HADRIAN travelled over a great part of the world; and with his head bare, though it were cold and wet: and so fell into a deadly disease. Whence the verses of FLORUS the poet.

Ego nolo CÆSAR esse,
Ambulare per Britannos,
Scythicas pati pruinas.

I will in no wise CÆSAR be,
To walk along in Britainie,
The Scythic frost to feel and see.

To which the Emperor answered in like strain.

Ego nolo FLORUS esse,
Ambulare per tabernas,
Latitare per popinas,
Culices pati rotundos.

And I will never FLORUS be,
To walk from shop to shop, as he,
To lurk in taverns secretly,
And there to feel the Rome wine fly.

Whoever, since the beginning of things and men, hath been so often, by royal employment, sent Ambassador; or to so many princes, so distant in place, so different in rites, as Sir ROBERT SHIRLEY? Two Emperors, RONDOLPH and FERDINAND; two Popes, CLEMENT VII. and PAUL; twice the King of Spain; twice the Polonian; the Muscovite also; have given him audience: and twice also—though not the

least, for a born subject to be Ambassador to his Sovereign—His Majesty hath heard his embassage from the remote Persian. PURCHAS, *Pilgrims*, ii. *lib.* 10. *c.* 10.

Doctor NICHOLAS WOTTON, uncle to Sir HENRY WOTTON, was Privy Councillor to four successive Sovereigns, viz.: King HENRY VIII, King EDWARD VI, Queen MARY, and Queen ELIZABETH. He was nine times Ambassador for the crown of England; to the Emperor, the Kings of France and Spain, and other Princes. CAMDEN, *History of Queen ELIZABETH.*

Sir THOMAS ROE, after many Embassies—to almost all the Princes and States in Christendom—all which were managed with admirable dexterity, success, and satisfaction; was last of all, Ambassador Extraordinary to FERDINAND III, Emperor of Germany: who gave him this character, "I have met with many gallant persons of many nations; but I scarce ever met with an Ambassador till now."

Paris, Rome and Constantinople are the Court of the world; Venice, Genoa and Lisbon the City; Provence, Andalusia and Italy, the Garden; Africa and America, the Desert and Wilderness. FLECKNOE's *Relation* [*of ten years' travels, &c.*] *Letter* xxii.

JOHNSON in his *Relation of the many famous Kingdoms*, lib. i. *Of Travel;* adviseth a traveller to take heed of the pride of Spain, the poison of Italy, the treason of France, and the drink of Flanders.

Sir BENJAMIN RUDYARD—whose discourse and speeches were full of apothegms—was wont to say, "France is a good country to ride through, Italy a good country to look upon, Spain a good country to understand, but England a good country to live in."

So wishing the traveller a prosperous voyage: I here cast anchor.

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

A fourth version of *CUPID'S attack.*



IS NOW since I sat down before
That foolish Fort, a heart;
(Time strangely spent!) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

2. Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

3. Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was Engineer:
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

4. When this did nothing; I brought down
Great cannon-oaths; and shot
A thousand thousand to the town:
And still it yielded not.

5. I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

6. To draw her out, and from her strength;
I drew all batteries in,
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

7. When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own;
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

8. I sent to know from whence, and where
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy informed, HONOUR was there
And did command in chief.

9. "March!" "March!" quoth I, "the word straight give.
Let's lose no time, but leave her:
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever."

10. "To such a place our camp remove,
As will no siege abide.
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride."

Bishop JOHN EARLE.

Character of a Child.

[*Microcosmography &c.*]



CHILD is a man in a small letter; yet the best copy of ADAM before he tasted of EVE, or the apple: and he is happy, whose small practice in the world can only write this character.

He is Nature's fresh picture, newly drawn in oil; which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world; wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note book.

He is purely happy; because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise; nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them.

He kisses and loves all; and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him; and entice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy.

His hardest labour is his tongue; as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it, when he can but prattle.

We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his drums, rattles and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of man's business.

His father hath written him as his own little story; wherein he reads those days of his life which he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived.

The older he grows, he is a stair lower from GOD; and like his first father much worse in his breeches.

He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse. The one imitates his pureness, the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden; and exchanged but one heaven for another.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Conclusion of his History.

(*History of the World.*)

BY THIS which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first Monarchies of the world; whereof the founders and the erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field; having rooted up, or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had. The storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another. Her leaves shall fall off, her limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field and cut her down.

Now these great Kings and conquering Nations have been the subject of those ancient histories, which have been preserved and yet remain among us: and withal of so many tragical poets as, in the persons of powerful Princes and other mighty men, have complained against Infidelity, Time, Destiny; and most of all, against the Variable Success of Worldly Things and Instability of Fortune.

To these undertakings, these great Lords of the World have been stirred up, rather by the desire of Fame, which plougheth up the air and soweth in the wind; than by the affection of bearing rule, which draweth after it so much vexation and so many cares. And that this is true, the good advice of CINEAS to PYRRHUS proves.

And certainly, as Fame hath often been dangerous to the living; so to the dead it is of no use at all, because separate from knowledge. Which were it otherwise, and the extreme ill bargain of buying this Lasting Discourse understood by

them which are dissolved: they themselves would then rather have wished to have stolen out of the world without noise, than to be put in mind that they have purchased the report of their actions in the world by rapine, oppression and cruelty; by giving in spoil the innocent and labouring soul, to the idle and insolent; and by having emptied the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filled them again with so many and so variable sorts of sorrows.

Since the fall of the Roman Empire (omitting that of the Germans, which had neither greatness nor continuance) there hath been no State fearful in the East, but that of the Turk; nor in the West, any Prince that hath spread his wings far over his nest, but the Spaniard: who, since the time that FERDINAND expelled the Moors out of Granada, have made many attempts to make themselves Masters of all Europe. And it is true, that by the treasures of both Indies and by the many kingdoms which they possess in Europe, they are at this day the most powerful. But as the Turk is now counterpoised by the Persian: so instead of so many millions as have been spent by the English, French and Netherlands in a defensive war, and in diversions against them; it is easy to demonstrate, that with the charge of £200,000 continued but for two years, or three at the most; the Spaniards may not be only persuaded to live in peace, but all their swelling and overflowing streams may be brought back into their natural channels and old banks. These two Nations, I say, are at this time the most eminent, and to be regarded: the one seeking to root out the Christian religion altogether, the other the true and sincere profession thereof; the one to join all Europe to Asia; the other, the rest of Europe to Spain.

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal man; we may add to that which hath been already said: that the Kings and Princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those Great Ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one; but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the counsel of GOD while they enjoy life, or hope of it: but then follow they the counsel of DEATH upon his first

approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word: which GOD, with all the words of his Law, promises or threats doth infuse. DEATH, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed: GOD, which made him and loves him, is always deferred. "I have considered," saith SOLOMON, "all the works that are under the sun; and, behold! all is vanity and vexation of spirit:" but who believes it, till DEATH tells it to us?

It was DEATH, that opening the conscience of CHARLES the FIFTH, made him enjoin his son PHILIP to restore Navarre; and King FRANCIS the FIRST of France to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he had neglected.

It is therefore DEATH alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant: makes them cry, complain and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness: and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just and mighty DEATH! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded! What none have dared, thou hast done! And whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised! Thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man: and covered it all over with these two narrow words:

Hic jacet.

THE END OF THE

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